



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



John Bellows

John Bellows, Elizabeth Earnshaw Bellows



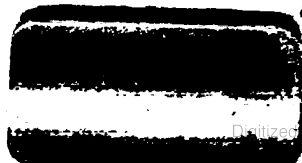
LIBRARY
SCHOOL

157-

A H Church,
Shelby,
Ken-Gardens.

(see pp. 308-9)

Be
131



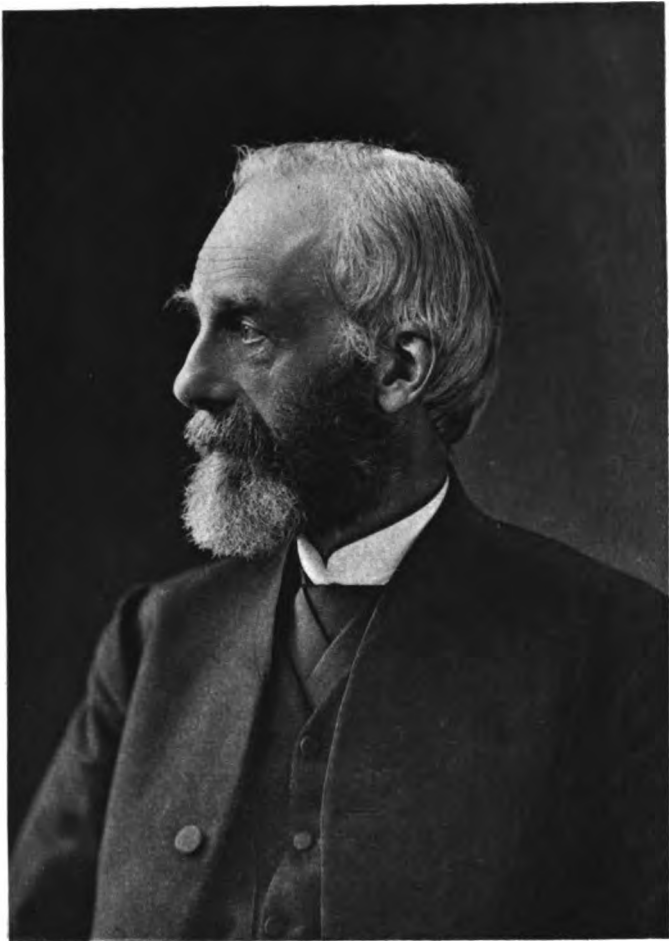


Photo by Mason, Haverhill, N.H.

John Bellows.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF

NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN B. HENRY
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

1894



JOHN BELLOWS

LETTERS AND MEMOIR

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

WITH
PORTRAITS, MAP, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

London :
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO. LTD.
DRYDEN HOUSE, GERRARD STREET, W.

1904

LIBRARY
SCHOOL

Z232
B43A3
Library
School

TO
MY DEAR CHILDREN
AND TO THE
BELOVED MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

IN THE following pages I have given a selection of such of my husband's letters as were available for publication: leaving them, as far as possible, to tell their own story, and supplementing them with a slight sketch of his life. For the sake of brevity, I have been obliged to omit many letters of considerable interest; whilst others, for the same reason, have been curtailed. Chronological order has been adhered to in the correspondence, except in a few instances where *subject* order has appeared preferable.

My task in editing this volume would have been more difficult but for the advice and assistance of my friend Miss Stephen, of Cambridge, to whom I offer my grateful thanks. Her fine critical faculty and literary taste have been of exceptional value to me in the selection of the letters. My thanks are also due to Dr Thomas Hodgkin for his help on certain archæological subjects: to the many friends who have placed letters at my disposal for publication: and to my son William for the valuable assistance he has given me in the work.

The frontispiece is a reproduction from a photograph taken in 1891 by Mr H. W. Watson, of Gloucester. The portrait facing page 357 is from the painting by Percy Bigland, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1902, and now in my possession. A replica of this painting has recently been presented to the City of Gloucester by my husband's friends, and placed in the Guildhall. The outline illustrations—excepting those on pp. 22 and 78—are facsimiles of my husband's own sketches in his letters.

ELIZABETH BELLOWS.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER.

April, 1904.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.		PAGE
Parentage—Early Life—Settles in Gloucester—Religious Con- victions—Marriage—Max Müller—Cornish Antiquities—Outline Dictionary		I
CHAPTER II.		
Work at Metz—Views on War—French Dictionary—Discovery of the Roman Wall of Gloucester—Roman Antiquities . . .		15
CHAPTER III.		
Cornish Friends—Death of his Parents—Religious Corre- spondence—Vals and the Auvergne—Loss of a Child—‘Upton Holl’ built		33
CHAPTER IV.		
The Home Rule Struggle		61
CHAPTER V.		
Travel—Home Life—Archæology—Tithe—J. A. Froude . . .		70
CHAPTER VI.		
Joseph Neave—Journey to Russia—Minden—St. Petersburg . .		100
CHAPTER VII.		
Journey to South Russia—Count Tolstoi—Vladikafkas—Through the Mountains—Magnificent Scenery—Arrival at Tiflis . . .		117
CHAPTER VIII.		
Incidents of Stay at Tiflis		136
CHAPTER IX.		
Visit to the Kedabek Mines—Doukhobor Village—Caucasian Scenery—Elizabethpol—Udzharri		155
CHAPTER X.		
Tartar Caravanserai—Brigandage—Shusha—Armenian Villages —Gerusi—Ali Akber—Funeral Scene—Evelach Station— Return to Tiflis		176
CHAPTER XI.		
Visit to Bashketchet		212
CHAPTER XII.		
Kutais—Poti—Farewell to Tiflis—Flowers—On the Black Sea— Sevastopol—Little Russia—St. Petersburg again—At Count Tolstoi’s—Return to England		221

CONTENTS—continued.

CHAPTER XIII.

Oliver Wendell Holmes—Senator Hoar—American Antiquarian Society—Paignton—Letters on Religious Subjects—Latin v. Saxon—Archæology—Tolstoi—Khama—Chelsea 246

CHAPTER XIV.

Relief-work in Bulgaria and Constantinople 273

CHAPTER XV.

Quakerism—Ancient Rights—Peace—The Hague Conference—Forest of Dean—Seeds from Borneo—Transvaal War—Letter on Peace 290

CHAPTER XVI.

The Doukhobors—Second Journey to Russia 318

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to the United States—Philadelphia—Worcester—Boston—Plymouth—Concord—Harvard University 338

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trials of Faith—Tolstoi's 'Resurrection'—Lake District—Correspondence with Senator Hoar—The Divinity of Christ . . 357

CHAPTER XIX.

Traits and Characteristics—Conclusion 375

APPENDIX.

A List of John Bellows' writings.

INDEX.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF JOHN BELLOWS, AGED 60, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH	<i>Frontispiece</i>
REPRODUCTION OF A PORTION OF FRENCH DICTIONARY MS.	<i>facing page 24</i>
UPTON KNOLL	" 50
MAP OF THE TRANS-CAUCASUS	" 117
PORTRAIT OF JOHN BELLOWS, AGED 70, FROM THE PAINTING BY PERCY BIGLAND	" 357

HANDLOW HOUSE, CHURCHAM ...	<i>Page 22</i>
BIRTHPLACE AT LISKEARD ...	" 78

OUTLINE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM JOHN BELLOWS' OWN SKETCHES

APPEAR ON

pp. 30, 31, 45, 88, 179, 183, 188, 191, 193, 195,
197, 198, 199, 203, 214, 216, 217 and 278.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE—EARLY LIFE—SETTLES IN GLOUCESTER—RELIGIOUS
CONVICTIONS—MARRIAGE—CORNISH ANTIQUITIES—OUTLINE
DICTIONARY.

JOHNN BELLOWES was the elder son of William Lamb and Hannah Bellows, and was born at Liskeard, Cornwall, on January 18, 1831.

William Bellows was a native of Bere Regis, Dorsetshire, and came of a Nonconformist stock. His maternal ancestor, Philip Lamb, was vicar of Bere Regis in 1662, and was one of the clergymen who were ejected from their livings after the passing of the Act of Uniformity. From the Bellows and the Lamb families several Independent ministers sprang; two notable ones being John Angell James, who, half a century ago, was a well-known figure in Birmingham; and Robert Halley, William Bellows' first cousin, who was Principal of New College, London, and who died in 1876.

Hannah Bellows' maiden name was Stickland, and her father, John Stickland, was, from boyhood to old age, in the service of the Bond family, as bailiff and steward of East Holme, their estate near Wareham.

After their marriage William and Hannah Bellows resided at Liskeard, where their two children were born. Subsequently they removed to Wallis, a hamlet near Liskeard; and, later, to Tavistock, in Devonshire.

It is not now known what William Bellows' occupation was at this time, though, later, he found in the profession of a schoolmaster work that was entirely congenial to

A

him. He was a man of unusual mental ability and force of character, and had had the benefit of a good education. He knew Hebrew well enough to be able to give lessons in it; and the study of that language was always a great delight to him, even to the end of life.

During the early years of their married life the young couple made the acquaintance of William and Anna Forster, the parents of William Edward Forster, the statesman, who was then a child; and they were frequent visitors, with their children, at their home at Bradpole, near Bridport. In later life John Bellows used to tell of William Edward Forster's toys—the carefully kept toys of an only child who had outgrown their use—being brought out on these occasions for his entertainment. The younger son of William and Hannah Bellows was named Forster after this family.

The strong influence exercised by these friends on the religious opinions of William and Hannah Bellows led to their leaving the Wesleyan body, and joining the Society of Friends, of which Society the Forsters were not only members, but also ministers.

In 1839 William Bellows was appointed master of the Friends' School at Lisburn, in Ireland, and removed there in the summer of the same year, with his wife and children. They remained at Lisburn two years, and then returned to England, settling at Camborne, in Cornwall.

There were many Friends living at Camborne at this time, and William Bellows started a school amongst them with some prospect of success. His own sons were taught by him in the school as they had been at Lisburn, and, in fact, his son John never had any other schoolmaster. William Bellows was a strict disciplinarian in an age when the rod was not spared, and so anxious was he not to show any partiality to his own children, that he was often more severe with them than the occasion warranted. In spite, though, of his stern rule, an old

pupil, still living, speaks of him with much tenderness, and even veneration.

At a time when there was no talk of "Nature Study," he used to make country walks pleasant to his pupils, and always had something interesting to tell them about the things they saw. It was his aim to make his pupils observant, and to help them to think.

When John Bellows was fourteen years old he was apprenticed to Llewellyn Newton, a printer at Camborne, who also kept a lending library. John Bellows' employer was a leading Methodist in the town, and was always spoken of by his new apprentice as conscientiously living up to his religious profession. He was very considerate to his new boy, and allowed him to take from the library any book that he liked, when, as frequently happened, he was sent long distances into the country, on errands. That his employer might not lose anything by granting him this permission, John Bellows trained himself to walk very rapidly while reading, and as Llewellyn Newton never withdrew the privilege, we may infer that it was not abused.

Among the books which he read on these walks were Scott's novels and poems; but a conscientious objection to reading fiction grew with him, and he subsequently gave it up entirely. So keen was his memory at this time that, after reading "Marmion" only once, he could repeat a couple of pages of it by heart.

The chief intellectual help for the young men of Camborne was to be found at the Mechanics' Institute, with its library and lectures; and of these John Bellows made great use. Some of the essays he wrote then are still in existence.

Before the end of his apprenticeship he brought himself into some notoriety by a poem which he had written on a Roman Catholic movement in Camborne, that was attracting attention there.

The noise his little satire made in the neighbourhood brought him the notice of a Roman Catholic lady living in the town, and she invited him to dine at her house. In after years he could not remember if his father knew of this invitation, but his mother did, and it was with many misgivings that she let him accept it. The boy's curiosity was roused, and, naturally, he wished to go, though he would have given way at once if his mother had objected.

He found a number of guests present, but no one made any mark on his memory except his hostess, and a foreign priest who spoke English imperfectly. These two tried to flatter the lad with the vision of what he might become if he had the education that it was in their power to procure for him ; but their advances were in vain.

At the close of his apprenticeship, John Bellows went to London to get work. After six months at Harrisons', the Queen's Printers, his health broke down, and he returned to Camborne. He was not long idle, however, for, on the offer being made to him of a position as foreman of a small printing business, in the low-lying part of Gloucester known as "The Island," he accepted it, and removed there at once. This was in the summer of 1851.

John Bellows had not been in the practice of beginning work so early in the day as was the custom at Gloucester, and it was his duty here to open the office for the work-people every morning at six o'clock. When he undertook his new duties he was determined always to be punctual, and, though it was the middle of summer, he went to bed every night at eight o'clock, to be ready for rising in time in the morning. When he had become accustomed to his new environment he relaxed this rule ; but he was never once late in unlocking the office door for the first twelve months in his new situation.

The flood at Gloucester in 1852 was a remarkable one, and he was young enough to enjoy it. "The Island"

became accessible only by boat, and the needs of its inhabitants were the care of the Corporation, who supplied them. At this time John Bellows was living in lodgings a little removed from the flood, but, so long as it lasted, he had to remain in the printing office. He used to tell with glee of having helped to supply the wants of his next neighbour, whose distress was keener than his own, by fastening bread and meat to a broom, and passing it from his upper story window to hers ; and, also, of a case of illness in the next house, when a doctor had to be sent for who was small enough to be got through the window from a boat in the flooded street below.

The first seven years of John Bellows' residence in Gloucester was, perhaps, the most momentous period in his life, and had a very marked effect in building up that character which was afterwards to make him so useful in his day and generation. The change from a nominal to an actual belief in the truths of Quakerism which he experienced at this time is best told in his own words :

“Brought up in the Society by parents who had become Friends from conviction, I had taken for granted that its teachings were pure Christianity—that is, in theory—until at twenty years of age I was brought face to face with the tremendous realities which sooner or later confront every human soul. My take-it-easy Quakerism went to pieces in the storm, and at this critical moment, under the influence of a clergyman of the Church of England, I had very nearly built up in its place a traditional belief in the opposite doctrines of the sacraments and such system of worship as fits with their observance.

“It was, however, made clear to me that before making the important change this would involve, I was bound to do what I had never yet done, and that was to examine for myself, with all the light I could obtain, and with all the earnestness of one newly awakened to a consciousness

of the powers of the world to come, the foundations of the doctrines held by the Society of Friends. I read Barclay's* arguments especially, and with them the texts both of the New and of the Old Testament which he cites, till, after many anxious days and nights, the light shone on them steadily and brightly as the sunrise in a cloudless sky, and I was made as sure of the truth of what the world calls Quakerism as I was of my own existence."

At this time the Friends were leaving off the characteristics that had distinguished them. These were their peculiar dress and the use of what had been called amongst them, "the plain language," which, at the time of the rise of the Society, had simply meant that they refused to follow the changing fashions in dress, and, that they observed strict truthfulness in their intercourse with their fellow men. In the case of the language it was also a protest against using to inferiors the singular pronouns "thee" and "thou," while equals and superiors were addressed by the plural "you," which was the custom at the time of the rise of the Society. The Quakers made no such distinction, looking on all men as equal in the sight of God. The costume adopted by the Friends soon after they came into being as a Society, was simply the dress of the period, denuded of its ornaments. This dress has come down almost to our own time, with various modifications to suit individual convenience. Up to this time John Bellows had not worn the dress, nor used the language peculiar to Quakers; but now, taking counsel of none, he was impressed with the belief that there was no escape for him from adopting both; in this way showing plainly to his fellow-men that a vital change had taken place in his life.

He never shrank from a course that he felt it right to take, because of the pain involved in it. He never chose the easier way. The change of dress was not

* Barclay's Apology.

so much of a trial to him as the change in speech; but, having made up his mind as to his right course he never faltered, though at times the anguish of mind that he passed through was almost more than he could endure. He thought it necessary to explain to the work-girls under him the great change that had taken place in his outlook on life, and, that for the future he would have to address them in Quaker language, though he had a morbid dread of the manner in which this might be received. Those who knew him later can imagine the scene when he melted these rough girls to tears by his narrative. One of them, when he had finished, became spokeswoman for the rest, assuring him, with tears, that they hoped he would never shrink from doing and saying what he felt, in his conscience, to be right.

Besides the two points that have been mentioned there was but little to alter in his outward life, except that he had acquired the habit of smoking, and he now felt very strongly that if he would save his soul he must no longer be the slave of any habit. It cost him a mighty effort to give it up, but, coming on the coach from Ross to Gloucester in the darkness of a winter night, he threw over the hedge all the paraphernalia of a smoker that he possessed, and the struggle from that moment was ended.

About this time two rooms in a house which had hitherto been used as a warehouse attached to the printing office, were placed at his disposal, and furnished by him, and here he spent much of his leisure time alone, reading and studying and laying the foundation of those stores of knowledge with which in later years he was wont, in his own inimitable way, to delight his friends.

In 1858 circumstances forced him to make a change in his position, his employer having announced his intention of giving up his printing business. Under this expectation, which, however, was not fulfilled until later, John Bellows' friends at Gloucester and elsewhere urged

him to go into business on his own account. He had many offers of loans of money to help him to make a start; but he was not ambitious, and it was only with reluctance that he began to entertain the idea of having a business of his own. The counsel of his friends eventually prevailed, and he set about the preliminary arrangements in his own vigorous fashion. He took premises in Commercial Road, Gloucester, bought machinery and materials, and embarked on this new phase of his career.

His father and mother now joined him at Gloucester, and added to his happiness by making a home for him there; first, in rooms over the printing office in Commercial Road; and then, when the business grew and needed more space, at Albion Cottage, Montpellier.

John Bellows' business was at first on so small a scale that he did not feel justified in having any help in it, and in these early days he often worked all night long. After a while he engaged a boy, who formed the nucleus of the little staff of workpeople that John Bellows gradually gathered about himself; but the most important change that he made in these early years was the introduction of a steam engine into his printing office: the first that had ever been used in printing in Gloucester.

In 1863, Edward Power, the leading printer in the city, died; and his executors invited John Bellows, whose reputation as a printer was growing, to purchase the business. The terms of payment were made easy for him, and he consented, thus becoming the owner of the larger concern at 6 Westgate Street, where he now went to reside.

The following years were closely occupied in meeting the greater responsibilities of life. His business grew, it might almost be said, in spite of himself, and, by degrees, all the borrowed money with which he had begun business, was paid off; but it was done by the exercise of continued and great self-denial.

His only brother having settled at Brussels, John Bellows repeatedly had occasion for visits to the Continent, and this circumstance brought to his notice the need for dictionaries that could really be used as *pocket* dictionaries. He now conceived the idea of supplying this want himself. His first thought was of a Norsk dictionary, as he had felt the need of one on a journey to Norway ; and his visits to the docks at Gloucester on Sunday afternoons, at this time, with Bibles, on behalf of the Bible Society, had brought him into contact with Norwegian sailors, from whom he had picked up a fair knowledge of their language, which he had improved by study. He soon found, however, that there would be no great demand for such a work, and he turned his attention to French instead. He knew very little French, yet he felt this to be no bar, but rather a help in the successful prosecution of the work, for he was thus better able to see for himself the needs of one who was to use such a dictionary. While learning the language he worked at his manuscript, and, at the same time, managed his large and growing business ; and in this manner his strenuous life went on for the next seven years.

But neither the anxieties of his business life, nor the close work on his dictionary, shut his ears to the cry of distress of his fellow-men, and many were those who appealed to him for help, and not in vain. The well-being of the Society of Friends was at all times a great object of his solicitude, and some portion of his time was taken up in the earnest discharge of his duties as a member of that body.

On New Year's Day, 1868, Printing Offices, for the first time, came under the operation of the Factory Acts, and, in consequence, in the early days of that year, John Bellows' establishment received an official visit from Hugh Granger Earnshaw, the Factory Inspector for the district in which Gloucester is situated. H. G. Earnshaw

was much attracted by John Bellows when they met, and invited him to spend a night at his house, Springfield, near Minchinhampton. He went, and it was during this visit that he first met his future wife, Elizabeth Earnshaw, the sister of his host, and the daughter of the late Mark Earnshaw, surgeon, of Clitheroe, Lancashire. Their engagement soon followed, and in January, 1869, they were married at Clitheroe.

In the previous summer John Bellows had taken Handlow House, Churcham, near Gloucester; and while it was still his bachelor home, he had had the pleasure of welcoming his friend Professor Max Müller to it. Their passion for philology had in the first place drawn them together, and, though their opportunities of meeting were not frequent, they kept up a friendship and a correspondence that lasted for life, and that was greatly valued by both; one result of which was that John Bellows named his eldest child (a son born in June, 1870), Max, after his friend.

A correspondence with Max Müller had been begun some years before this period, but the earliest letters that have been preserved are dated 1866, and deal mainly with Cornish antiquities, in which John Bellows, being a Cornishman, took a deep interest. His friend's replies to some of these early letters are given by Mrs Max Müller in her admirable *Life of her husband*.

To Professor Max Müller, staying in Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER, 1-9-1866.

“ * * * The etymology of names of places is in a very loose state in the county [Cornwall.] The people are almost as quick as the Irish are at *coining* reasons, when they have none at hand. For instance, the old Cornish name for Falmouth was, *they* say, Penny-come-quick; and they tell a most improbable story to account for it. I believe the whole compound is only a sort of

English or 'Saxon' pun upon *Pen y cwm gwic*, 'Head of the creek valley.' In like manner they have turned *Bryn whella*, 'Highest hill,' into Brown Willy, and *Cwm ta goed*, 'Woodhouse valley,' into Come-to-good. This latter fits on somewhat grotesquely to a spot where there is an old meeting-house of the Friends, still occasionally used for public meetings."

To the same, at Oxford.

GLoucester, 6-10-1866.

"* * * I do not think there is any evidence of the Jews having been so numerous in Cornwall as these traditions assert. These traditions are really *inventions* of persons who wished to account for names, the true purport of which had been lost sight of.

"A curious instance of this occurs in the term *Nine Maidens*. Circles and groups of upright stones are so called in various parts of Cornwall, and although several of them have nine stones, yet the name is not confined to these. The circle at Boscawen-ûn is called a 'Nine Maidens,' whilst it really consisted of *twenty* stones. Seventeen of these are upright, two are thrown down, and a gap exists of exactly the double space, for the twentieth. I found the missing stone not twenty yards off. A farmer had removed it and made it into a gate-post. He had cut a road through the circle, and in such a manner that he was obliged to remove this offending rock to keep it straight. Fortunately the present proprietress is a lady of taste, and she has surrounded the circle with a good hedge to prevent further vandalisms.

"The Cornish folk will tell a stranger, in reply to an enquiry *why* they call the stones nine maidens, that 'Nine young women danced there on a Sunday, and were turned into stone for a warning to others.' If this be true, the warning must have had very little effect—for a good many other damsels have undergone petrification on the same

account, especially in the western part of the county. They must have been incorrigible dancers! I think I can trace the origin of this myth.

"The word *mēdn* is the latest or most corrupt form of *mēn*, a stone. The last stage of the language was marked by this thickening of the nasals—as *pedn* for *pen* (in *Pedn-an-drea*, etc.) Now the true sound of *mēn* is like the English 'main,' which, plus this d, gives *maiden* precisely.

"*Nod* in *old* Cornish was 'mark' or 'token.' This passed afterwards to *nōs* and *nōs*. *Nod-men* meant Stone-mark or token. When it got corrupted to *nōs* (during the later period of the Cornish language, but before the introduction of the English) it became confounded with *naw*, 'nine'—making the compound '*nine-stones*.' The tradition still lingering, about the custom of erecting a 'nine-stones' to mark something memorable, they would continue to erect them, confining themselves to *nine* pieces. This would account for many of the circles actually being in *nines*, whilst others, bearing the same name, are composed of a larger number. But should this be so, it would make the latter the *more ancient* circles? They are also called in Cornish *Dawns-mēn*, 'Stone-dance'—and hence the modern tradition about the 'dancing on a Sunday.' If the original was *Nodans-mēn*, the first part of the word would be a regularly-formed abstract substantive for 'memorial' or 'remembrance,' corresponding with *dew-hellans*, atonement; *cregyans*, belief, etc."

To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 9-10-1866.

"There are several spots not mentioned in the County History, or in the guide-books, which ought to be recorded, and carefully watched by the Penzance club; or they will be stripped of their stones to make way for farm improvements. We came upon one (at no great

distance from Boscawen-ŭn) by accident, in missing our way in the fields. It appeared to be the remains of a strong fortification facing the slope of a hill to the west. Some of the stones had been used for building a cottage close by; but enough was left to show an immense amount of work. In another field, not far off, was part of a 'nine maidens'—perhaps the third of the circle; the rest of the stones being dragged out and placed against the hedge, to make room for the plough. This spot is between the recently discovered Beehive hut and the Boscawen-ŭn Circle, but out of the public road.

"I heard of some farmers in Meneage (the Lizard district) who dragged down an ancient Gothic well and rebuilt it. When called to task for it they said: 'The ould thing was got so shakey that a was'n fit to be seen; so we thought we'd putten to rights and build 'un up *fitty*.' I need not add that a Cornish farmer's notion of 'fitty,' in restoring Gothic architecture, was something like this



To the same.

GLoucester.

"When at Penzance the other day, I got hold of a bit of superstition that shows a satisfactory fear of meddling with ancient monuments. A farmer told one of my friends that he had a neighbour who 'haeled down a lot of stoans called the Roundago, and sold 'em for building the docks at Penzance. But not a penny of the money he got for 'em ever prospered—and there wasn't *wan* of the hosses that haeled 'em that lived out the twelvemonth: and they DO say' (added the farmer with great emphasis) 'that some of the stoans do weep blood, but I don't believe THAT!'"

In this same year, 1866, John Bellows put before his friend a plan for a skeleton dictionary "in which travellers and missionaries might record the vocabulary of any

particular language, or dialect, they wished to study." Professor Max Müller entered warmly into the scheme, compiling a key alphabet, and writing an introduction for the book. At the time of getting ready for press, John Bellows had the offer of some paper that had been made purposely for Confederate bank-notes during the American War ; but it had failed to get through the blockade, and was left on the maker's hands. As it was tough and thin, and exactly suited the work, he used it for the *Outline Dictionary*. The whole edition sold, but John Bellows became too busy ever to reprint it.



CHAPTER II.

WORK AT METZ—VIEWS ON WAR—FRENCH DICTIONARY—
DISCOVERY OF THE ROMAN WALL OF GLOUCESTER—
ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

UPON the outbreak of the Franco-German War in 1870, the Society of Friends raised a large sum of money, not only from its own members, but from others, for the purpose of assisting the non-combatant peasantry who were suffering in consequence. Members of the Society were invited to offer their services to go abroad to distribute food and clothing to these starving people, to meet the pressing wants of the moment. These volunteers were expected, if possible, to pay their own expenses; but if not, they were met out of a private fund belonging to the Society, so that every penny subscribed should be used, without any deductions, for the purpose for which it was asked.

John Bellows was one of these volunteers, or commissioners as they were named, and he left home for Metz, one of the chief centres of distress, for four weeks' absence, in November, 1870, five months after the birth of his eldest child. Most of the Friends who gave their help in this cause were, like himself, business men who could not spare more than a month away from their own affairs; but so many volunteered that it was not difficult to keep up a succession of them for the many months that this work lasted. It was not without its dangers, for the condition of the region in and about Metz after Bazaine's surrender, just before the arrival of the Friends, was so insanitary that out of the twelve

delegates who were there when John Bellows arrived, or who came while he was there, eight were ill (five from small-pox.) One of these died, and it was John Bellows' painful duty to attend her funeral on the last day of his stay at Metz. At first the work of relief, which was systematically conducted over districts radiating from Metz, consisted of the free distribution of food and clothing ; but, as time went on, and the future need of the sufferers was foreseen, work, where possible, for some of them, was obtained, and seed-corn and steam-ploughs were sent from England to provide for the next season's sowing, the English commissioners co-operating with a committee of French gentlemen for this purpose ; all the time receiving every possible assistance from the German authorities. Each of the Friends was furnished with a document in English, with French and German translations, which set forth their aims as follows :

"The bearer of this document is sent out by the Religious Society known in England as the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, solely to give relief to the non-combatant sufferers through the present war.

"We, the members of the above-named Society of Friends, believe all war to be contrary to the Will and Spirit of our Heavenly Father, as shown in the New Testament ; but, moved by Christian love, we desire to alleviate, as far as may be in our power, the misery of non-combatants, irrespective of nationality, remembering that all are children of One Father, and that One Saviour died for all.

"We therefore entreat all to whom the bearer may come to aid him in the fulfilment of his mission."

John Bellows' letters home to his wife during this month's absence were as frequent as the circumstances would permit. He generally carried a sheet of paper in his hat, to jot down a few lines as he could, when he was on his errands of distribution. On his return home he

was frequently asked to lecture on his experiences ; but the exigencies of his own business affairs, rendered more urgent by his absence, gave him no leisure to do so ; and in order to meet the wishes of his friends he arranged his letters to his wife in pamphlet form, and published them under the title of “ The Track of the War around Metz.”

The concluding paragraph of the introduction to the little book is given here, as it shows so forcibly that he did not deceive himself into believing that he had been engaged in a peculiarly religious work. This paragraph shows the uncompromising honesty of his character. He says, “ Some remarks which I have repeatedly heard induce me to add a word on a common delusion with regard to what are called *philanthropic* movements, such as this for aiding the War Victims. Many people regard them as *religious works*, and inconsiderately praise those who are engaged in them as if they were engaged in some Divine mission. They even quote Scripture in support of such a notion, such as passages about visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and the like. All this is but false sentimentalism, calculated to mislead those who seek after reality in the things which are of weightiest moment to all. It is lawful to aid distress by sums of money publicly raised and distributed, just as it is lawful to engage in one’s own daily business ; but it is a confusion of ideas to imagine that this has anything to do with the religious and far different duty which lies between each individual soul and the Creator. It is *not* the silent work which hides from the left hand what the right hand doeth ; it is *not* in any way directly conducive to personal holiness, the attainment of which is the avowed object of every religious act we perform. So far indeed is the busy ‘philanthropic’ working which is now so popular, from being a necessary accompaniment of a healthy religious life, either in an individual or a society, that it but too often marks a stage of decline from all that constitutes

B

real life and power, and but too often it is secretly, yet unmistakeably, leaned upon as an easy means of compromising for the neglect of closer and weightier duty."

The little book gave graphic details of the sad scenes he had witnessed on this errand: scenes which only deepened his conviction of the iniquity of War. Its closing lines may here be given.

"Often when alone these memories of Metz fill me with a gloom I cannot describe. When I used to read in newspapers, before going there, the figures giving the killed and wounded after a battle, they were mere statistics and nothing more. Now they are no longer so. Manly and sorrowful faces rise before me of some who have fallen victims in the struggle, and give a startling reality to the words—'*Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer.*'"

"Of the material ruin of the war no enduring effect will remain. The burnt-down houses may be rebuilt,—the devastated fields, now that England gives her help, will soon be re-sown. I only see the torment and sorrow and death it has everywhere left in its track—the poor miserable man shrieking, writhing in a pool of his own blood—the white-haired old general at Gravelotte, bending with a broken heart over the grave of his child—the nailmaker's wife in the Thionville road, crying in a despair more bitter than death, as she turns her face to the wall when her son is mentioned—her only son, from whom she is never to hear one parting word, and never to receive even the most sombre souvenir. And when I remember that many hundred thousand homes like theirs have no more hope of happiness until all this generation has gone down to the grave, I get a dim and vague sense of a suffering to which no language can give utterance. The mirage that men call military glory, vanishes, and nothing is left of the war but its cold and mournful reality."

Max Müller, in thanking him for a copy of the book, had put this question, "But what would you have done

if you and your wife and child had lived at Saarbrück, and the French had come to bombard the town?" to which John Bellows replied in the following letter :

To Professor Max Müller, Oxford.

GLOUCESTER, 21-2-1871.

"I candidly admit I don't know how to answer thy question : What would I do if my wife and child lived in Saarbrück and the French were to come and bombard the town? I run, mentally, in a moment, over the line of argument that suggests itself, and find myself at the other end of that line—*bombarding the French*. But, *what French?* Those who came to Saarbrück, or others who had nothing to do with that? People call war justice on a large scale ; but the mischief is that it is only the vastness of the scale that prevents our seeing there is *no* justice about it.

"What, for example, is the justice of killing a child in Strasburg who never heard of Saarbrück? I should look back all my life with regret upon such an act, if I had been led to its commission. The only way for us to get a really just view of such cases is to bring them home to ourselves, and I do so, thus : My house is attacked by a ruffian who would make 'no bones' of killing my wife and child if he could. I beat him off. He runs away to his own house and bars himself in. I say I will stop this man from repeating his attacks on me ; I'll burn his place down. So I set fire to the place. He himself may or may not be injured : I care nothing about that ; but he has a little child as innocent as my own, and I see the little thing lying in torment from a stone falling on it in consequence of my work. I should go back home with a feeling that would never leave me day nor night, that if there really is a Father of all, to whom all men on earth are alike dear—barring their wilful acts—He would look down on me as guilty of a very cruel deed ; and no plea

that I could bring that I had done it to protect my own wife and child, would alter it. I don't find fault with the individual Germans for their conduct—very far from it. I should abhor myself were I to endeavour to stir up any bitter feeling against these poor fellows, for I have a sympathy with their fate that very often when I am alone finds vent in tears. They are brave as men of steel ; but no one who does not actually come into contact with them can tell how great is the suffering entailed upon them by having to leave their homes behind, too often never to return. Where a young man does this, he has much to act as a counterbalance—the excitement, the novelty, the hope of returning as a hero. With a man of middle, or more than middle life, it is far otherwise. The intense sorrow I have seen stamped on the faces of some of these I shall never forget. It haunts me, and makes it impossible for me to look on the war from any political point whatever. That *some* good may arise out of such oceans of suffering and evil, can hardly be doubted ; but, whatever it may be, it is dearly bought—*too dearly* bought at the price of so many thousands of homes plunged into grief, so many millions of tears that will flow on for years in every corner of Germany and of France.

“I am aware my letter is still no answer to thy question. The really Christian standard makes no provision whatever for such contingencies. It tells us to suffer evil, to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate us, and a variety of other things that are impossible except our actions are made to spring from a new Divine nature. Where this change into a new nature is known, I believe a man will not even feel the desire of vengeance against those who wrong him ; and where it is not known, men *ought not to profess* Christianity at all, since this is its very fundamental condition.

“Where, on the other hand, it has begun to be felt, and yet not been perfected, there will arise a good deal of

inconsistency in people's actions, a man sometimes making *one* nature his motor, and at others, the *other* nature.

"The peace principle it seems to me depends on the spiritual state of the individual, as to its being carried out; not at all on mere opinions, whether 'Quaker' or political, but on the degree of a man's growth into, and acting from, the Divine nature itself. * * *

"P.S.—My little Max flourishes like a green bay-tree; but he is by no means so still as that plant."

A correspondence with Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes—begun in 1867 and continued for more than five-and-twenty years until the close of his life—proved a continual source of pleasure and interest to John Bellows. The following letter is reprinted here on account of its allusion to the work at Metz.

BOSTON, MARCH 19TH, 1871.

"DEAR MR BELLOWES,

"I have received your little book 'The Track of the War around Metz,' and have just been reading it through from beginning to end. It has interested me very much, and inspired me with new respect for a Christian body which sends forth such missionaries of humanity to the suffering multitudes of a nation alien in race and language, but one with them as children of the common Father.

"Your simple narrative of what you did and what you saw is worth many a showy volume in which the writer has told, for the sake of reputation, of the sights he visited from no higher motive than curiosity. I see my wife at this moment deep in its pages, and I am sure it will find sympathising readers wherever there are good men and women.

"It struck me not a little to see the names of 'Fry' and 'Barclay' still represented among the Friends, and I could hardly forget that at the head of the Sanitary Commission in our late war, was your namesake Dr Henry W. Bellows.

"Let me thank you again for the gratification your striking descriptions and indignant protests against the

barbarisms of war have given me, and thank you also for your kindness in remembering me, and sending me a book which it is impossible to read without thinking worse of that organised ruffianism which we dress up and call 'War,' and better of the quiet people who have so long protested against it, and are ready to do all they can to soften the calamities it inflicts on innocent persons who are not involved in its acts, though they have to share in its sufferings.

"Believe me, very truly yours

"O. W. HOLMES."

In 1872 the lease of the premises in Westgate Street had nearly expired ; and by this time John Bellows found his business there much cramped for room. He therefore purchased Eastgate House (on the site of the ancient gateway of the City,) which had the advantage, for his purpose, of having a large garden at its rear ; and on this he built



himself a more commodious printing office. On its completion, early in 1873, his business was removed to the new premises, and, in the following September, the pretty little country home at Churcham, in which he had taken

so much delight, and where his three elder children were born, was given up, and the family removed to Eastgate House. Here his aged father and mother came under the care, which they now needed, of their son and daughter-in-law.

During the years that followed John Bellows' marriage, the work on his Dictionary had not been at a standstill. He had expected to complete it in a year from its commencement; but the work expanded, and in spite of the closest application it was seven years before it was finished. His reading during that period had a special bearing on his work, and was chiefly French—current magazines and newspapers, besides more solid literature, so that he caught idioms and expressions, as it were, “on the wing.” He began the work with a meagre knowledge of the language, but long before the seven years had expired he had become a thoroughly good French scholar. He was never satisfied with anything short of the very best renderings for his Dictionary, and took infinite pains to obtain them, waiting in some cases for months before he found the exact word or phrase that satisfied him.

He was assisted in the work by M. Auguste Beljame, and after his death by his brother, Professor Alexandre Beljame, whose remarkable knowledge of English literature specially qualified him for the task. Two other specialists also gave John Bellows the benefit of their advice and experience: Mr. John Sibree, M.A., London, and M. Auguste Marrot, B.A.

Professor and Madame Beljame were visiting John Bellows and his wife at their home at Churcham at the moment when the news arrived of the fall of Sedan. They immediately left to reach Paris before it was invested by the Germans, M. Beljame taking with him part of the dictionary MS. The work of years was, in consequence, in great danger of being destroyed, for a shell burst, during the siege, in the very next house to their own.

M. Beljame said later in a letter to John Bellows: "My first thought was for the safety of my wife; but my next was for the dictionary, and I immediately moved both to more secure quarters."

The difficulties of the work were enormously increased by the novelty of its design; by the minuteness of the type; and the necessity for using a paper thin enough to produce a really light volume, and yet not so thin as to sacrifice clearness. So disheartening were the various obstacles, that John Bellows at one time thought of abandoning the work *in toto*. Writing of his many discouragements, he said later:—

"Of the weary months of correcting I took no note; but at last I concluded I must make the best of it, and I must go on to the end, fighting my way through all disappointments till I compelled success, even if it half ruined me. I had fully steeled myself for the disappointment of seeing it left on my hands unappreciated; for with all due respect to the 'enlightened public,' it is such a fickle body that absolute merit, even supposing my work to possess merit in proportion to the labour bestowed on it, is not always a guarantee of success. 'Your book will never sell,' remarked the most far-seeing of my friends,—'I have always said so; for the print is so small that no one can read it.' Another would ask me some question, and answer my reply by silence, with a look such as Job's friends probably gave him when they comforted him with the observation that he had no one but himself to thank for his trials—birthday and all. In short, if Jacob served as hard a seven years to win Rachel as I did to win my dictionary, he must have had pleasant times with his father-in-law when he found himself associated with the latter for a second term.

"Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, however, cheered me with a different forecast. 'I see by the way you set about it,' said he, 'that you have a dash of enthusiasm

TENEUR DE LIVRES; *book-keeper: accountant*

Tenir v [Table 15] to hold (a. par. by, ^{with} give, that) to hold on (h₂)
A period of 2

* [garden, mantour n] "to keep" [house, shop, an hotel, books, etc.] ~~not~~ as a Dist.

(prendre) "to take" [déposer, à terre & sur the helm, a wiper, enfin
se - pour dit, to take it for granted] - trop de place, to take

up too much room! - un bon rang. To ~~be~~^{be in} ~~a~~^{a good position} - compte de la ~~bonne~~^{belle} action y [com] à credit (with) ~~l'avoir~~^{l'avoir} to have / le le titre de bonne dame. I have it on god authority.

1 [estimate] ~~to take~~ (power, to be) to take it (that ... is ...)
2 [être radevable] to owe: to be indebted (de, to) Don't let that ...

[comparaison] ~~thick~~ ~~(from ingathering)~~ il ne tient qu'à
 elle d'être
 l'argent, ... qu'à cela ne tienne, ~~don't be left~~ ~~money~~
 is all ... Don't let that stand in the way
 de raison. ~~il ne tient qu'à~~ ~~il n'y a qu'à~~ ~~il n'y a qu'à~~ ~~il n'y a qu'à~~

TEN

FRANÇAIS—ANGLAIS

TEN

[illegible][illegible]

A PORTION
OF THE
MANUSCRIPT
OF THE
FRENCH DICTIONARY
FIRST EDITION
(FIVE-EIGHTHS SCALE)

Showing corrections and additions: and also the corresponding type matter of the completed work.

about you, and that you will go through with your book for the love of it, whether it ever pays you or not; but I think I can promise you, from what I see of its plan, that in twelve months from the time it is published, it will be all over the world as the best French dictionary ever printed.'"

John Bellows' publisher recognized the unusual ability shown in the work, and recommended him to print twenty thousand copies to begin with; but his strained means would not permit this, and he had to content himself with an issue of six thousand. Within twelve months the whole of these were exhausted, however, and he had to prepare as quickly as might be for another edition. The first one had been printed entirely by hand—a slow and costly process; but now that it became a question of producing much larger numbers, special machinery was henceforth required.

Like many others, John Bellows recognised the great value of the philological researches of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte (a nephew of Napoleon I.) and especially with respect to English dialects, although his work was by no means confined to these. For some years they corresponded, at intervals, on this subject; and when the French dictionary was completed, John Bellows marked his own appreciation of the Prince's work by dedicating his little book to him.

The excavations for the building of his new Office had revealed to him a piece of masonry which he believed to be the Roman wall of the City; and belief was made certainty when, as the digging went deeper, he came upon a heap of earth containing fragments of pottery and other articles—all undeniably Roman—in such quantities that Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, declared it to be the largest collection ever taken in Britain from one spot. For a few years John Bellows was not able to make much use of his discovery, owing to the pressure of his business

affairs; though his active brain was no doubt evolving the meaning of what he had found. When his anxieties were a little lightened, he threw himself, with his usual ardour, into the study of this branch of archæology, and he contributed several papers * on the subject to the Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club, of which he was a member, and, later, a vice-president; and delighted his fellow-members with his vivid narrations.

To Professor Max Müller, Oxford.

GLoucester, 31-3-1873.

"I am preparing to remove my business to new premises which I am building on the site formerly occupied by the castle of the East Gate of the city. My premises are on the north side of the Gate; and as a portion of the wall of Gloucester is traceable on the south side, I thought I ought to find it in the garden of the new house. I told my friend William Lucy I thought of putting down a trial shaft or two, to search for it, before covering it with the floor of the new printing office. He thought it unlikely that I should meet with it, as, a little lower down the street in a line with my garden, some deep foundations had been sunk recently, for a chapel, without finding any trace of the old wall.

"I tried, however, and my guess has proved correct. I have laid bare a magnificent mass of masonry 40 feet long, 10 feet deep, and 5 or 6 in width. The foundation goes far below this—probably another 10 feet; but I am stopped by *water* from getting down to it. The most curious part of my story is yet to be told. Everyone here believes Gloucester walls to be Norman at earliest; but directly I got down to the level of the masonry I began to disinter *Roman* pottery. At first I thought it simply an indication that a rubbish heap from some older part of the town had been carted here; but I have gone on moving

* See Appendix for list of these and other writings.

ton after ton of earth and found a continuous store of Samian pottery, black (or Upchurch) ware, Roman tiles, bone fibulæ, bone needles, a Roman coin (I can only decipher the AVG. on it,) two pieces of a sword blade, a number of fragments of Roman glass, a beautiful hasp of a cabinet lock (bronze inlaid with ivory or with some composition) with the key rusted on to it, a mass of bones of domestic animals, including horns of *bos longifrons*, and the antler of a stag of some species *not* wild on the Cotteswolds, and which I should like to have examined by a palæontologist; as well as shells of oysters, mussels, etc.

“The most curious thing perhaps, of all, is a bit of the common black Roman ware, 4 or 5 inches in length, filled with some domestic substance which I take to be soap, or what has been used as soap. At the moment of finding it, the appearance was exactly that of some crystallized soap now made in France—so nearly resembling brown crystallized sugar, that the labourer who handed it to me declared that he had found ‘a piece of one of their pots *with the sugar in it.*’ (The French soap I speak of is so much like this that when I took some home two months ago for my wife to experiment with, I put the bag containing it on the hall table, and our servant took it from thence and shot the contents into the store jar of brown sugar!) In a few hours after exposure to the air the crystals crumbled to whitish powder. If thou knowest of any chemist who is interested in such matters, I will send him a little of the powder to analyse. I believe the result of all my digging will be to prove the wall—this portion of it at least—to be the Roman wall of Glevum Colonia. Our city is wonderfully rich in Roman remains, but no systematic account of them is kept. I should be delighted if thou wouldst make another trip into Gloucestershire, and come and see these old remains.

“My wife and two little ones are well. Max is a delightful little boy—when he isn’t naughty.”

Through his friend Max Müller, John Bellows' discovery of the Roman wall was brought to the knowledge of Dr. Hübner, a distinguished archæologist of Berlin, who had specialized on the Roman occupation of Britain. He wrote an article in a German magazine on this important 'find,' a translation of which was made for the Transactions of the Cotteswold Club. A correspondence was, in consequence, begun between Dr. Hübner and John Bellows, to their mutual pleasure, and to the profit of the latter. As these letters extended over a long period, it is only possible to give a small selection of them in this volume.

To Professor Max Müller, Oxford.

EASTGATE, GLOUCESTER, 2-2-1877.

"I would write to Dr Hübner and tell him how greatly I have been interested in reading his paper on Glevum, if I knew his address.

"He is 'down upon me,' as we say, and of course deservedly, for several crudities in my Cotteswold Club paper : for I can neither forget nor make up for my lack of a classical education : a lack which really ought to have deterred me from ever meddling with Roman antiquities, had not my discovery on my own premises tempted me to 'rush in where angels fear to tread.' * * * * And against what difficulties such an amateur as I am has to contend in a town like Gloucester, is shown by my slip in the statement from Suetonius. I not only have no copy of his works, but I know no one in Gloucester who has ! The statement that 'a Roman general never marched without the materials for *pavimenta tessellata* in his baggage,' I met with in a very excellent article on Roman pavements, in the addenda to Leland's Itinerary. Knowing how risky a second-hand quotation is liable to be, I wrote to a clergyman who had access to the work to look me up the passage in the life of Cæsar, and let me know the exact words. Unluckily he only copied *the last part*

of the sentence containing *what seemed* to be the point at issue. Into this trap I went head over heels ! It is not a little odd, however, that my theory, built upon this false foundation, seemed to receive support from my finding, not many months ago, pieces of *tesserae* on the extreme summit of Stinchcombe Hill, *in the Roman signal station*. 'Yes,' some antiquary will say, 'but the soldiers might easily carry a few pieces of squared stone up to this spot, to play some sort of game with.' I thought of this ; but as against it, the Roman lime-mortar still adhered to the bits, with fine sharp edges, and these edges would have gone instantly in pitching the bits like dice." * * *

To Dr Hübner, Berlin.

EAST GATE, GLOUCESTER, 1-6-1878.

"By some oversight I have omitted to send thee the marks on the Samian ware found on these premises, and which are as follows :—

CARVSSA·	IVLLINIM
ANDEGENM	...VNDINIM
CEISIANIF	M...RCVSSFM
VICTOR·F	

"During the past week, in digging the foundations for a new rectory at Matson, about two miles from this city, near the road to Painswick, a quantity of common Roman ware has been found, including fragments of an Amphora of the large size. There is a scratch on the inside of one of the thin pieces of common red-ware, made while the clay was soft (*i.e.*, before burning,) but whether intended for a letter I cannot say.

"Matson lies on the north side of a beautiful green hill, an outlier of the Cotteswolds, called Robins' Wood Hill, from a family of Robins, who formerly owned the estate. The most ancient name we have on record is Mattisdon = Mattesdun, Saxon for Meadow-hill ; for it is covered to the very summit with pasture. It is about 700 feet high ; and from its prominent position in the Vale of the Severn, *vis à vis* the Cotteswold range, and the city of 'Glevum,'

it *must* have been used for signalling in the Roman time. We have in the City records items paid at the time of the Spanish Armada by the Mayor and Corporation for the services of men at the 'Beacon' or signal fire, on the same spot.

"I have only last evening ascertained from a man living close to the place, that the roadway running towards the hill rests on enormous blocks of unhewn stone (oolite) which must have been brought three miles or so to place here. Some of these have been taken up and broken, to be used in building ; but a number are still left, which I have a promise to be allowed to open the ground to examine ; or rather, the rector of the parish has promised to do so.

"Matson House is a fine old mansion, which was occupied by Charles I. in the siege of Gloucester ; and his son James II. many years afterwards told Selwyn (the then proprietor of the place, and M.P. for Gloucester) that while they were staying at Matson, his brother Charles (afterwards Charles II.) and himself were shut up in one of the bedrooms as a punishment, when they cut and hacked the window sills and shutters with their swords and pocket knives. The shutters have gone ; but the notches in the stone sill are still to be seen."

To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 31-7-1878.

"In the past week we have come upon three sets of Roman remains in this city : a large piece of the wall of the castle at the South gate : the base of a pillar in the Southgate Street, perhaps 150 yards from the spot just mentioned. This pillar base is a very large one, thirty-nine inches across between four and at the torus. The weighs a ton. It of 9 feet 3 inches



the *shaft*, and five feet diameter single block rested at a depth from the existing

street, on what seemed to be an enormous square block of similar oolite stone ; but it proved to be *two* blocks cramped together with iron. All the set of stones are secured for our Museum, and removed thither.

"Lastly we have opened a drain through the sandy soil at Kingsholm (the suburb so often mentioned by Lysons as yielding all sorts of Roman remains.) Parts of six skeletons were turned up ; and one, perfect, in a leaden coffin, but without any mark or inscription of any kind. It is shaped thus :

the lid not soldered but simply *bent* down over the sides and crushed in somewhat by the weight of soil above. This coffin we could not get leave to move. It is buried where it was found!!"



To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 17-5-1880.

"Two days ago I purchased for our city museum some interesting articles found near Birdlip, with three skeletons.

"Birdlip is the pass by which the Ermin Street descends from the Cotteswold Hills into the Vale of Gloucester. It is seven miles from here, and ten from Cirencester. Two miles north of it, or rather less, is a headland of the Cotteswold range, called Crickley. (*Crug*, pronounced *creek* or *krik*, is Celtic for *barrow* ; and there is a projection exactly like a barrow, which forms a prominent feature in the hill.)

"About half-way between Crickley and Birdlip, by the side of the road, the men working at a quarry came down upon three skeletons. The middle one had a bronze bowl, *very thin*, and of most beautiful workmanship, placed inverted on the face—about eight-and-a-half inches in diameter, swelling to ten inches below, and perhaps three inches deep. A similar bowl, about three-and-a-half inches diameter, lay beside it ; a beautiful oval bronze mirror, with the back enchased ; a heavy silver fibula,

plated with gold on two places ; part of a pair of tweezers ; a bronze handle of a knife, with a fawn's head ; and a necklace or *rosary* (?) of large amber and other beads.

"I shall shortly put these things in proper order, and put them into the museum. Meantime canst thou give me any light on the use of the *bronze bowls*? and as to whether the Romans, before the Christian epoch, used rosaries to pray with? The beads are too heavy, it seems to me, for wearing on the neck. There are also three or four heavy rings of base metal—possibly used for fastenings of part of the dress."

To the same.

GLoucester, 14-2-1882.

"The subject of Roman Roads in Britain is sadly neglected. After getting the hint from the map in thy C.I.L.* that roads must have existed between Glevum and the Templum Nodentis and Isca Silurum, etc., I got the Ordnance Surveyors to keep a sharp look-out for pavement of Roman origin in the Forest of Dean. They were just then entering on a large-scale survey (25·344 inches to the mile.) I went down and showed one of the men *what to look for*, and how to distinguish the Roman margin stones from modern paving. The final result is that *every* carriage road but two in the Forest of Dean is certainly seen to be Roman.

"The Ordnance Surveyors are at this moment engaged in the city of Gloucester on a scale over ten feet to the mile ($\frac{1}{800}$) and are doing good service to the future archæologist by recording all the objects of antiquity found in the city, so far as they can authenticate them.

"But I hope thou wilt come and see the neighbourhood for thyself. With a little notice I should be almost certain to be at home, except for a few weeks in summer at the seaside."

* Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum.

CHAPTER III.

CORNISH FRIENDS — DEATH OF HIS PARENTS — RELIGIOUS
CORRESPONDENCE—VALS AND THE AUVERGNE—LOSS OF
A CHILD—'UPTON KNOLL' BUILT.

LIKE all Cornishmen, John Bellows always thought of his native county as 'home,' and the memories of his early years in the West were treasured by him all through his busy life. Among the Cornishmen with whom he kept up a lasting friendship were the brothers Tangye, of Illogan, who removed to Birmingham about the time that he came to Gloucester. The eldest of the five brothers, James, retired in later years with his wife to his native village; and in the home of these two dear friends John Bellows often found a peaceful haven when wearied out by his busy labours.

He was always a quick writer, and had acquired, to a very remarkable degree, the power of concentration. A great deal of the correspondence given in this volume was written in the intervals of business or amid constant interruptions; and it was indeed a frequent matter for surprise how much he could accomplish in this way.

The following letter is to his lifelong friend Francis Michell, of Redruth.

To Francis Michell, Redruth.

GLOUCESTER, 6-6-1872.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear of thy small boy's safe arrival, and that his mother is going on well. My wife will be especially pleased at the news.

"No one can tell, until he has had the experience of it, what a *comfort* children are—for comfort is just the

C

word that best describes the feeling that rests with parents in thinking of them. Of course there is a good deal of care and responsibility, but these are both very good things for us. I don't believe a man who had no cares (if such a *rara avis* is in existence) would be a happy man. And as to responsibility, he would be a coward who blinked at it, especially with regard to endeavours that his children should grow up thoughtful and religious, with a view to their lasting happiness. It is a thought that I frequently find spurring me to arise from the lethargy that besets my own steps in this direction; for time slips by very fast, and almost before I am aware of it I shall have my little son waiting to take his first lessons in what, alas, I am so far behind knowing myself! If I let his earlier years pass away without any earnest effort to bend his steps in the right path, I fear my after efforts will be of little avail; and to give lessons to children, the one powerful agency is *example*. * * *

“The more we can encourage the feeling of our own deficiency and helplessness in the matter of the religious training of our children, the more likely we are to be aided by the great Father to be of help to them. I conceive few things do more practical mischief than the notion that because we are not what we ought to be, it is no use trying to do anything until we are. The early Friends frequently used a word which expresses a great truth, in saying that we should endeavour to walk according to our *measure* of light, and the state in which we are. The ———, on the other hand, talk of all men being divided simply into two lots—the converted and the unconverted. They make out, resting upon a *half truth* (which is often a *whole lie*) that anything and everything the latter do is wholly displeasing to God. But they entirely ignore what Fénelon bore witness to—that God speaks in the hearts of the unconverted in a variety of ways, *to draw them to Himself*. If there is *any measure* of yielding to

this drawing, does it need argument to prove that, *in so far*, the person who endeavours so to yield is acceptable to God? And among the ways in which we are thus drawn, by no means the least is that desire that is implanted in our hearts for the true well-being of our children—those whom we have been the means of bringing into existence to be happy or to be miserable for ever.* I am certain that the secret looking of the heart towards the Father of Lights for wisdom to guide our little ones aright, *is not lost*, whether from one class of men or from another.

To George Tangye, Birmingham.

CHURCHAM, 22-12-1872.

“As I have said, thou hast again and again been in my thoughts, though very often I have been so overwhelmed with cares and anxieties that it has appeared as if it would be unsuitable to write with one’s mind in such a state, especially to an invalid friend whose greatest need was rest.

“There are moments, however, that come to us unexpectedly, in the midst of storms and trials, in which a quieter influence is felt underneath, as a stay—an anchor which limits the range of our tossings. Thou hast known many such seasons, and I trust wilt know them again, if further trials are permitted thee by the same unerring and loving Power that has safely led thee thus far. ‘In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,’ remains a golden watchword—a quietness which lies in inward silent waiting on God, and in which the true living confidence in His mercy springs fresh after every discouragement.

“To sink into this inward waiting is not an easy attainment; but it is worth striving after, earnestly and

* It will be seen later how much his views became modified as to our condition after death.

repeatedly, for it is nothing less than bringing the soul into immediate communion with Christ, and taking hold of a measure of His power—in other words, it is the very essence of prayer, which is the vital point in religion.”

To Professor Max Müller, Oxford.

GLoucester, 12-11-1873.

“My dear mother, now in her 80th year, is very ill, and I fear we may not keep her much longer. She has not been able to lie down for three years, from acute rheumatism in right knee, so that she sleeps in an easy chair. She is deaf, to a great extent, and suffers in her breathing. Yet she is calm in her sorest moments, and bright and cheerful whenever physical pain permits it. Last night my wife and I were sitting by her side; [she was] almost too weak to speak. After a violent fit of coughing, she said, ‘I am not afraid to die, for I have long been accustomed to look death in the face’; adding afterwards, ‘there is no cloud in the way.’ Life is full of sorrows and troubles, and I have had some heavy ones; but I don’t know how to steel myself against the blow that I dread may soon fall on us in parting with my mother. The cares of business and of little children ought to harden one into manhood at two and forty; but when I think of my mother I come back to be a little child again myself. I think thou wilt *feel* what I mean, but I can’t write more.”

His mother’s illness did not at this time prove fatal. She died, greatly mourned, in the following July.

To his Wife, after the death of a friend.

LONDON, 22-5-75.

“We sat together (— and I) till after midnight; and long after I lay down I felt unable to sleep, from the sense that rested on my heart of the shortness of time for us all, and the nearness of that great and vast eternity in which,

through the love of God, it will be our portion to be happy together, thou and I, my darling Lizzie, when the trials of this life are past. Heaven would be happy beyond all comprehension even were it for any of us to be in the presence of Him who is the fountain of light and love and bliss; but His ways are past finding out; and on to the very infinitude of blessedness He adds infinite seas of further bliss in the companionships that have bound us together in time. On to the mercy no thought can fathom, of saving our souls from the misery of separation from His presence, He adds the joy of meeting in the same endless existence those we loved, and who have helped us, and whom we have helped, here on earth.

“I cannot say one tithe of what I feel on this matter; I can only fall back into silent contemplation of it, just as I should silently stand on the shore of an ocean of splendour and brightness that stretched away into eternal distance. O how small at such a moment seem the sacrifices we are called on to make as the simplest preparation for entering such a world! O how earnest we should be with our darling children, to train them as instruments for the glory of such a God!

“I feel it is a blessed thing for me to have been at this Yearly Meeting*; and I do hope to come home with some enlargement of heart from it, and some increase of readiness to run in the way of our Heavenly Father’s commandments.”

To Bruce Home, Edinburgh.

GLoucester, 6-12-77.

“I buried my father yesterday. He was ready to die, and met Death as patiently and cheerfully as he would have prepared for a change of abode in this world, had it been his lot. One thing he said to me nearly a year ago, will rest on my mind as a lesson to be kept in view, and followed after.

* Of the Society of Friends.

“Something had occurred—I forget what—to oblige me to ask him to forego a plan on which he had set his heart. If any man had good reason for expecting to be gratified, it was he: in lonely old age, feeble in health, and able to take no pleasure in the multitude of things that come in the way of the young or the middle-aged.

“Without hesitation he at once yielded, quietly saying, ‘For some time past I have made it a rule always to prefer the will of another to my own will, except when by so doing I should go contrary to the will of God.’ I cannot describe how great an impression these simple words made on me, as I looked on his silver hairs, and remembered how soon he would lay them in the grave. It was the living reality of the words that are too thoughtlessly murmured by thousands: ‘*Thy* will be done in earth as it is in Heaven’; for no angel there or spirit of just man made perfect could go beyond this entire resignation of self.”

To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 20-3-1878.

“If I have delayed writing thee, it has not been that my friendship flagged, but simply because I felt *empty* of any good; and above all things I believe it is needful for us to know when to speak and when to keep silence. Yet I can assure thee that thy letter warmed my heart and made me glad. There was something in it more than words; an underlying sense was present with me as I read it, of thy tenderness of spirit. This tenderness is of infinite price, for it is the gift of God, the forerunner of all His best gifts, so that its being retained is a very important matter. It is the spirit of the little child, to which the Heavenly Father reveals the mysteries of His Kingdom that are hidden from the wise and prudent, from the theologians and clever searchers who think that the Kingdom of God ‘cometh by *observation*.’

“Satan draws us aside from this beautiful childlike state by getting us to attend to somewhat else than the secret drawings of the Spirit of God ; either leading us into chains of reasoning, or into an endeavour to know *more* at any given time than it is the Master’s will at that particular time to show us. If the enemy cannot damp our courage so far as to frighten us back from the narrow path by *forestalling* its difficulties, he turns round on the other tack and plausibly leads us into engaging in some ‘good work’ *to which we are not called*. Here is his great snare, and I hope thou mayest be favoured to see it ; for vain is it to set the snare in the *sight* of any bird.”

To a Correspondent.



GLOUCESTER, 20-3-1878.

“I can fully enter into thy feeling of discouragement at thy want of more earnestness in seeking the best things. Even here, however, we do well to remember that we cannot will of ourselves anything that is truly good. We are assured by a man of experience that it is God which worketh in us both to will and to do, in this sense ; and therefore it is of deep moment to us to sink into that waiting state before Him, in which we are kept from hindering His operations. Multitudes of people are kept from seeing this by the Enemy of souls ; tossed first into an eager acting or praying in their own zeal, and then into despondency because their momentary blaze has gone out.

“No : it is a more blessed thing to wait upon God, and even to feel one’s self naked and miserable, and poor and blind, than to go wandering on till we get a notion that we are something, when in reality we are neither cold nor hot. ‘They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ;’ and it is this renewing that carries us forward from strength to strength. The Great and Infinite Creator regards quality in our work more than quantity ; one sigh from a sense of our utter fall and nothingness, is more

acceptable to Him than all the magnificent services in the world, with which men dazzle each other. He teaches us a little at a time; and if we only keep to that, we are well-pleasing to Him.

“At any and every given moment of our life our safety consists in our turning submissively to the measure or degree of the Spirit of God which at the particular time is manifested to us. Note well that this manifestation is not always made to the understanding or reason in us; often it is secretly felt, but out of the grasp of reason. There is a passage of which I cannot recall the exact words, which counsels him ‘that hath no light’ to stay upon the Lord and trust in his God; so that even here, God is secretly present, giving power to lean on Himself, even while to the eye of the natural mind all is darkness; for power comes from Him.”

John Bellows very greatly prized the privilege of numbering many cultured Americans among his friends. One of these, to whom the following and other letters were written, was a beloved correspondent for nearly twenty-five years.

To James Green, Worcester, Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER (OLD ENGLAND,) 31-1-1879.

“Thy most acceptable gift, Holmes’ ‘Life of Motley,’ reached me on the 8th inst. The Worcester post-mark led me to guess thou wert the sender; but the coincidence of my receiving about the same time a letter from O. W. Holmes himself (it reached me the previous afternoon,) left me in just enough uncertainty to delay my acknowledgment of it until I got a line from thee. * * *

“My wife and I are quietly enjoying Prescott’s works in our winter evenings, for I generally read aloud to her after the children are gone to bed; and I have been interested, from time to time, while engaged in his narratives, in a comparison of his style with that of Motley. The

latter still appears to me to bear the palm ; for while both are, as a rule, clear and easy in their manner, and both possess great power of putting a scene vividly before the mind of the reader, Prescott now and then makes a slip, grammatically, or words a sentence so carelessly that it may be taken to mean something different from that which he intended ; while, so far as I have observed, Motley never does so. * * *

“We felt disappointed on account of thy Wye tour, when the rain set in so heavily as to leave no hope of its accomplishment. Still, if thou shouldst again visit England, thou wilt perhaps see the rest of the valley under brighter aspects. *All* landscapes depend much upon atmospheric effects for their beauty ; and especially those made up of cliffs and mountains. Even the blue sky, which in our beclouded island is so often hidden as to set us longing after it as an ideal of perfection, becomes wearisome when it ceases to change. I have known an Italian complain of its unvaried monotony as the worst drawback of the southern summer ! *His* ideal was a moist and rainy land like England, where the grass was green in hot weather, and not brown and burnt up. Perhaps the secret after all is in the *contrasts* afforded by change ; and these are necessarily more frequent and striking in a rainy than in a dry climate. Some of Wordsworth’s best descriptions of our Lake District relate to cloud-changes. * *

“It would give my wife and myself great pleasure to see thee again—and I believe Gloucestershire will not seem altogether a strange country to thee on thy next visit, now that the ice is broken—while we shall often recur to the evening thou passed here, with interest.

“Should anything lead thee to visit Gloucester, Mass., do not fail to examine the histories of *Old* Gloucester which they keep with their town archives. These include all our local histories, which were presented to them by our Mayor and Corporation some twenty years ago.”

In the spring of 1879, John Bellows' health, never robust, had become somewhat impaired, and he was with difficulty persuaded to leave home and business to go for a short trip to France, with his friend William C. Lucy—a fellow-member of the Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club, and, in later years, its president. They went first to Vals, where the beauty of the scenery filled his memory with pictures which took long to fade ; and then proceeded south to Nîmes. Here the examination of the wonderful Roman remains was of special interest to him, as he had now taken up archæology, not as a mere pastime, but as a serious study. On their return journey the two companions stopped at Clermont-Ferrand and ascended the Puy de Dôme, where Roman remains again attracted his attention.

To his Wife.

HÔTEL DURAND, VALS, ARDÈCHE, 11-5-79.

" * * * But first let me go back to the day before yesterday, *i.e.*, to our arrival, and say something about Vals itself. It is a large village situate in a valley, surrounded on all sides by hills as high as, and shaped very much like, those at Llandogo above Tintern. There is but one principal street, though there are very pretty walks and drives for visitors besides this.

"The river Volane, which runs into the Ardèche just below here, is the great feature ; and, as it is a type of the many streams we see in the district, I will try to describe it. The bed, which is for a very large part of its width dry at this time of the year, is made up of boulders of granite and lava of all sizes up to that of our hall stove, dazzling white and jet black ; with here and there broad flats of shining sand, the same as that at Mount's Bay. Winding through this runs the stream, now about as wide as Eastgate street, clear as crystal—a loud, noisy river. In some parts it forms pools, many feet deep, of lovely sea-green ; in others it is all lost in white foam in its passage through the pebbles.

“Two bridges cross it at the two ends of the village, near each of which it forms a splendid and most musical waterfall. The lower of these bridges is a recent one, built ten years ago by the government, as an experiment. Every few years the torrent sweeps away trees and rocks, and some of the bridges; and this one is made low to allow the main body of the water to pass *over* it. There is *no* parapet: so that it would not be a safe place for [a child] to play upon. The floor of the bridge is about eight or nine feet above the present surface of the stream, which in an ordinary winter rises more than a yard *over* the top; and in the great flood time the engineer hopes the rocks will roll through the arches below, while the trees are swept across the top. The Vals people say the whole bridge, solid and broad as it is, of chiselled granite, will be carried clean away.

“Many of the bridges are suspension ones, high above the river. There is one a little beyond here, which we passed over from Aubenas, and to go to Jaujac also, as long as Clarence Street and as high as our house over the water. Below, there is a beach of hundreds of feet wide. This is on the Ardèche.

“The hills are all cultivated, where the rock admits of it, in steps and terraces about two or three feet high each. In one place, just behind the hotel, there are a hundred of these steps right away.

“I was so delighted with the walk we had after tea, on the way towards Antraigues, that I could not help scheming all sorts of things to get thee over here with some of the children. I told William Lucy that I should not wish to see anything else but these valleys at Vals. Cliffs and hills, woodland and cascade succeeded each other at every bend of the road; while every now and then we came in view of the far shining snow-clad mountains high against the blue sky. They are intolerably beautiful.

"I gathered bits of wild box to put in my letter home : bits of genista, violets, and I don't know what besides. I resolved to telegraph home to thee to make some arrangements for leaving at once, and to go and fetch thee—and then, as I saw in examining the details that this would be impossible, I had half a mind to beg William Lucy to forgive my going home at once, as it would make me unhappy to stay in such a place unless I could share it at least with my wife! Only the conviction that this would be very *unfair* to him prevented my doing so. Had I been alone, I should at this moment have been a good part of the way *back* !

"If the Antraigues road delighted, the one to Jaujac was in some parts even grander. I made the trap stop a couple of miles out, at a large paper mill, to try and sketch the outline of snowy mountains, with the magnificent river before us; but I gave it up. What is the *outline* of a scene in which all beautiful colours tell with all their force; or how can a blacklead pencil give any idea of the air that blows uncontaminated from the broad moorlands above—or of the sounding music of many waterfalls—of the trees and flowers that go to complete the foreground!"

To his Wife.

VALS, FRANCE, 12-5-79.

"We have just returned from a long drive to Montpesat, a large village some thirteen miles from Vals. Every part of the road is beautiful: all of it along valleys by the side of rivers, and all hemmed in by high granite hills whose lower slopes are cultivated in terraces, while the heights are clothed with chestnut trees.

"The approach to Montpesat itself is grand. In front of us is a line of snowy mountains; at the left a mighty volcano, the cone of which is itself a mountain of red ash and cinder as high as Haresfield Hill above the railway, with trees on its lower part, and a few streaks of snow

just at its summit ; on our right, on the opposite side of the valley, a mighty hill forming a vast combe, in whose lower hollow nestled the town. To get to this we have to cross a suspension bridge over a chasm nearly as deep as Symond's Yat cliff. On the off-bank is a castle ruin, standing on one edge of this cliff of basalt.



It is *now* that I regret never having learned a little drawing : at any rate enough to make a difference between a forest tree and a besom ! But a rough idea is better than an absolute blank."

To his Wife.

CLERMONT-FERRAND, 18-5-79.

"I am like a boy going home from school : ready to count the hours for my return.

"We have been up the Puy de Dôme, on the lower slopes of which grow pansies in abundance.

"The drive towards the Puy de Dôme rises for several miles along a road of forty feet in width, that is carried in zig-zags of easy gradient to a plateau far higher than Birdlip. On this we drive, again rising a good part of the way, till we get to the foot of the Puy itself, where we leave the horses and take a guide—an intelligent

good-looking Auvergnat. The summit (on which stands the Government Observatory) is over fourteen hundred feet above the guide's house : half as high again as the hill at Malvern above that town. Immediately at the back of the house, and scattered in front also, are heaps of Roman remains : a beautifully-carved capital of a pillar, lying among ashes and rubbish, I noticed especially. * * *

"Very near the top we came upon the platform of a large temple erected by the Romans to Mercury, only lately discovered in building the observatory. It is all of chiselled lava—beautiful blocks of stone, many of which are as long as our front hall, and many of the steps cut *two deep* out of a *single stone*. On all hands, and for hundreds of yards round, the soil is full of Roman pottery. I could have quickly filled a wheelbarrow with it. Our guide picked up a bit of Samian [ware] and handed me ; and many coins are found there."

To his Wife.

THUEYTS, ARDÈCHE, 19-5-1879.

"The *tea* comes in most usefully. In some of the country inns they have no such thing as either teapot or kettle. They bring in a shallow saucepan and a slop basin, and pour a splash all over the place, and then put the tea in ! Omelettes they make well everywhere, and the bread is good, so that one is sure of *something* to eat. But they are dirty places. I am sitting in such a one now, the same inn at Thueyts where William Lucy and his friends were so overcharged when he was last here. He *did* resolve never to come here again : but time has healed the wound, and we are expecting our boiling water in a few minutes."

To James Green, Worcester, Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, 27-12-1879.

"Time flies fast, and I can hardly realise that this is the second winter since thou wert here ; but I have two

landmarks that compel me to remember it, in the form of a long attack, last year, of bronchitis (for the first time in my life,) which I am now supplementing by another that has kept me indoors somewhat over three weeks.

“In the spring my friend William Lucy, whom thou wilt recollect, pressed me to try and mend my weakened health by a short trip to the volcanic district of Central France ; about the neighbourhood of Vals, in the Ardèche, and of Clermont-Ferrand.

“It certainly is a marvellous country. There are extinct volcanoes in whose craters grow sweet pasture and flowers of many varieties ; down some of whose giant slopes there are forests of chestnut or terraces of the vine ; while on other parts of the same mountains lie the cinders and ashes as they lay the day they fell from the fiery cloud above, intermingled with mighty bombs of lava from the explosions that filled miles of the valleys below with their columns of basalt. If ‘distance lends enchantment to the view,’ distance of time eliminates from our remembrance of a foreign land the minor commonplaces incident to our travel in it, and by degrees shapes out for us an ideal picture, or a poem of things—not of words—in which is enshrined all that is worth keeping of them. It is thus with me in looking back upon the beautiful valleys of Ardèche : there are endless lines of snow-clad mountains standing out against the blue sky ; forests and gardens and vineyards on their lower slants ; bounding rivers and musical waterfalls, such as I have never seen or heard elsewhere : a land that would be fairyland, if it were not for the vastness of its proportions, and the balancing of its sweetness by the evidences of overwhelming power. But I forget myself. Words that might pass with a meaning to one who had seen the same landscape, may have an air of exaggeration to one who has not ; but if ever it should be thy lot to visit this part of France, thou wilt acquit me at least of this.”

In September, 1881, John Bellows and his wife had the deep sorrow of losing a little girl, Emily, aged five-and-a-half years, after a very brief illness. The two letters which follow refer to this loss.

To James Green, Worcester, Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, 27-9-1881.

"The little card accompanying this will show what our last and heaviest trouble has been ; for one of the bright and happy children who made up the group of our household when thou passed a few hours under our roof, has been summoned away from time ; and to-morrow we must stand by her tiny grave.

"It seems strange thus to open one's heart to a stranger in a distant land, and make him the sharer in our sorrows ; but in the ordering of Heaven it was meant to be that even our seemingly 'chance' acquaintanceships should often bind our hearts together in sympathy."

From Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., OCT. 11TH, 1881.

"MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

"My sympathies go out to you across the wide distance that separates us. Your affliction calls back to me my own first experience of death and affliction in the loss of a little sister at almost exactly the same age with the child that has left you. I myself was at a still tenderer age, and yet the remembrance has always been with me, and when some years ago I came upon her dolls which had been carefully treasured by my mother, my heart melted at the sight of the poor little playthings.

"I wish I could have been with you at the Friends' Burial-ground when the funeral took place. I have been in so many processions of mourners of late years, that it seems as if the world—my world—was leaving me, almost, and I think these experiences have made me more ready to feel the sorrows of others in their bereavements.

"Wishing all heavenly consolation to you and your family in your time of trial, I am, very sincerely yours,

"O. W. HOLMES."

"I cannot help saying that the hearts of our two countries have never been brought so near together as by the sympathy shewn all over England with us in our great national affliction." *

To James Green, Worcester, Mass.

GLoucester, ENGLAND, 24-8-1882.

"We have had a good deal of illness in our family ever since midsummer; five children, first and last, down with scarlet fever; which has delayed my acknowledging thy very acceptable letter. The children have had the fever but lightly; but my wife in nursing three of them before we had the aid of a trained nurse, so utterly exhausted her strength that she has had a narrow escape of her life. I am glad to say she is now fairly on the way to health again however; and while our house is, I believe, as healthy as a dwelling in the town can be—for the town is low and rather damp—I hope before long we may be able to live in the country, where a more bracing air will give us all more vigor.

"If the reading of poetry aloud is one of your joint home-pleasures, I believe you would much enjoy Wiffen's Translation of Tasso. This is now out of print. I picked up a second-hand copy, the whole twelve thousand stanzas of which I have read aloud to my wife; some parts half-a-score of times over. Wiffen was a Friend, librarian to the Duke of Bedford; and his first edition was published, I think, in 1824.

"Wordsworth is, on the whole, my favourite poet. I am very partial to his 'Excursion.' I dare say thou wilt remember the piece in it describing the deaf peasant, beginning

'Almost at the root

Of yon tall pine—the shadow,' etc.

To my mind, a delightful piece."

* The death of President Garfield.

D

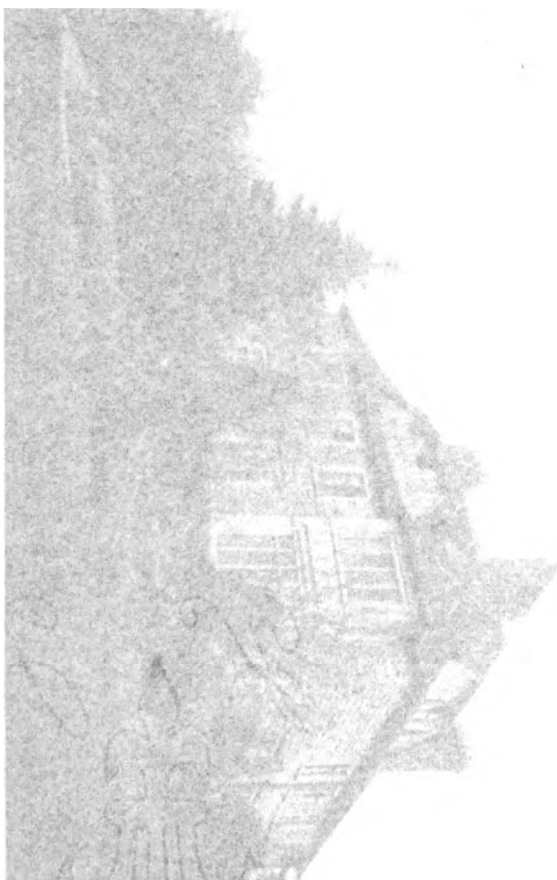
As the years went by, the mental and physical strain of living on the business premises in Eastgate Street, where little sense of rest could be enjoyed, was increasingly felt by John Bellows. For this reason he purchased, in 1883, a site for a house on the Cotteswold Hills, three or four miles from Gloucester, near the village of Upton St. Leonards, and the work of building "Upton Knoll" was quickly begun. When the new home was finished, in September, 1884, the family removed to it from Saintbridge House—midway between Gloucester and Upton—which they had occupied for the intervening twelve months.

To James Green, Worcester, Mass.

GLoucester, ENGLAND, 3-12-1883.

"I was much interested in one of thy letters with an account thou gave of building thy house ; and as I happen now to be similarly engaged, I will jot down some of the particulars about our domicile. With a business like mine, and so large a family, it takes many years to effect such saving as would justify building ; but my little dictionary has sold well, and the profits of the work have shortened the period of waiting.

"When I broke down so utterly last spring, as to be for some time incapable of any work, my wife wisely foresaw that the change to life in the country, and the change of occupation and interests involved in building a house, would be better for me, when convalescent, than returning to the old groove at Gloucester. So by the end of summer we had brought our plans to feasible shape, and at once set the work in hand. The house is of oolite stone, lined with brick. The stone is quarried further up the hill, so that it only has to be 'hauled' *down* to us. The brick and timber have to be hauled *up*, and a pretty tug it is ; sometimes seven or eight or even ten horses in a line at one load. The ascent is very pretty (though I doubt whether the horses think so ;) steep banks on either hand covered with hedge maple and clematis, with





Wheaton, Knolls

fine oak trees at intervals, and orchards behind the cottages which dot the way all along—a road, so a friend tells me who has lived for a year on the Syrian mountains, like that from Beyrout to Damascus, where it begins to climb Lebanon. On the top of this is a table-land of a quarter-mile wide, when a second higher hill rises—Painswick Camp. Our house is at the beginning of this table-land. It gives us a beautiful series of landscapes, including the Forest of Dean and some of the Cambrian mountains, the Wyndcliff on the Wye, the Severn Bridge and broad expanse of water, the towns of Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and *Worcester* (I wish it were Worcester, Mass.!) the Malvern Hills and hills in Herefordshire, and the line of the Cotteswold Hills.”

To William Plumble, Mansfield.

SAINTBRIDGE HOUSE, NR. GLOUCESTER, 5-2-1884.

“In reference to thy remark about the importance the early Friends attached to manifestations of the unseen, I believe it safe to say they regarded these as the substance of all religion. ‘This is eternal life,’ said our Saviour, ‘to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.’ As God is a *Spirit*, He can only be *known* by His own unseen manifestations to our spirits; and Jesus Christ whom He has sent, both outwardly, in the body at Jerusalem, and inwardly, as the Light which enlightens *every* man who comes into the world, can only be known by our receiving Him inwardly, where, as the Light, He is manifested, unseen to the outward eye. That light ‘shines in darkness,’ the darkness of the carnal or natural mind; and the darkness cannot comprehend it. The truth is that He begins by very *small* manifestations to the soul—little indications of our wrong-doing, little tenderings of the spirit towards Him, which are in fact little measures of the Divine Nature offered to us. As we receive these, *i.e.* obey them and seek after them, they

are increased ; for to him that *hath* shall be given. ‘To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.’ So that Christ in His secret visitations, unseen outwardly, is the Alpha of our salvation ; and if we close with those visitations He becomes the Omega also ; the beginning of our faith, and the end of our faith—even the eternal salvation of our souls. For to be made a son of God, a partaker of the Divine Nature, is to be created anew into a state that can never die.

“I hope the day may come when this will become as clear to thee as noontide. If trials, which pass away, help to prepare this state, they will seem small at last ; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are *not seen* are eternal.”

To Paul Jewill, Nancegollan, Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER, 25-3-1884.

“I have delayed long in writing thee, not that I had forgotten ; but because I am so often under the cloud, and in the midst of storm and trial inwardly, that I am shut up from much communication on the matters that lie nearest to both of us. Seldom, I believe, a day passes, without my thoughts turning to thee ; for there are very few with whom it has been my lot to feel so close a unity and sympathy, notwithstanding that the channel of outward communication has been, for the reason I have mentioned, so closed to me.

“The pathway of conversion and of sanctification is a mystery to the natural mind that no time and no experience can enable it to comprehend. Yet if we keep down like little children, to our measure of faith, there is enough of submission granted to us to enable us to endure the painful overturnings that are allotted to us, one at a time.

“‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,’ is a text some of the wise and learned men dispute the validity

of. Whether the *text* is genuine or not, the truth it covers remains, that he who so believes as to bear the renewed baptism of the Spirit, knows his salvation to be proved, and experiences a growth in grace. Again and again, of late, when through want of *inward silence* I have allowed the natural will to get uppermost, and so have begun to faint and grow weary of the heavy cross and the suffering that stand straight in the path before me, I have been quietly recalled by the remembrance of the words, 'I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire,' and I have been favoured to come back under the suffering again, to walk in darkness and fear, staying upon the Lord, and hoping in His mercy. These are depths in which man cannot help us; where no past experience either of our own or of others, will do: nothing but the present secret power of the Almighty. To sink down into silent waiting on Him is the only way when the storm is heavy, 'when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall;' and then as we do so, respite sometimes dawns on us when least expected. The enemy makes these trials and tossings of spirit seem endless; but they are but for a season that will, in the right time, have an end. And it is right that this end should for the present be hid from us; else self would have a share in our tiding over our griefs, instead of faith carrying us over all."

To the same.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 21-1-1886.

"My wife and I thank thee for the kind and much-appreciated gift, which reached us to-day in excellent order. How often I wish our homes were nearer together! But in this, no doubt, things are ordered for the best. Thou hast been present to my thoughts very frequently of late, with much sympathy, mingled with a sense that thou art too much given to discouragement. I have lost years in the same way—looking back at what might have been, had

I been faithful, and easily led into the snare of concluding that, after so many lost opportunities, little if anything better was to be hoped. Yet, as Philippa Williams once said to me, after a complaint to this effect: 'Well, we cannot live on past regrets!'

"The Lord's mercies are new every morning. We *have* been unfaithful, have wasted opportunities *ad infinitum*. What then? Shall we neglect this morning's new grace and mercy because we have not made the best use of that of other days? At every given moment, no matter how poor or low our state may be—no matter whether we have backslidden or fallen, there is still at that moment a little light, a little help, a little strength from above. The work of the enemy is to get us to undervalue this. If in no other way, he often succeeds by so figuring what we might have been, as to make us believe there is no hope of much attainment now. But as we admit our shortcoming, without staying in it, and turn inward to our lessened degree of light, it is still powerful to help. Can it be other than well-pleasing to God, if, while mournfully conscious of not having been good stewards in the past, we begin to be so in the small matters of to-day?

"It takes self-denial to retire into the inward quietude of feeling after the present will of God concerning us—self-denial to resist the tendency to succumb; but, there is always strength for the *day*. The only condition is, our co-operation with it. To co-operate with the Word in the heart is to yield the obedience of faith. What if the measure *is* small? I have often to say to myself: 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not is taken away even that which he had.' I have wasted the strength I had, and so it has become less. I might have been rich, now I am miserably poor. I did not make a wise use of the pounds—nor even of the shillings; and *now* the Master only trusts me with a few pence. Shall I

repine, and tell Him that if I had the pounds now I should do better? Or, shall I not rather say, 'I have deserved my poverty; but now, at last, at any rate, I will try to be a faithful steward of the pence. What if I never grow rich again; it is better to strive to become a faithful user of the twopence I have left—or, rather, that has just been given me, than to neglect it because it is but twopence. At any rate I will try my real best, poor as it is.'

"Now this is precisely and truly my own state as I write this letter. I cannot add much: there is nothing for it but to seek—to seek anew and cling to the little. Our Heavenly Father always does the best that is possible for us, taking into account our present state, and I feel sure He will help us."

The letters referred to below by Dr Holmes have, unfortunately, not been preserved.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BOSTON, JAN. 28, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

"I have just received and read to the last syllable, with the greatest pleasure, your delightful letter. It is altogether too good for any private correspondent, and ought to go with another one you wrote me giving an account of the funeral at an old manor-house, into some of your public prints. I wonder you waste so much fine description on any one individual. However, I handed it to my wife, who has been enjoying it as I have, and thanks you most heartily for the great pleasure it has given her.

"As for myself, I can only answer you decently by sending you my last book—a Memoir of Emerson, which was printed a few weeks ago, and has proved quite acceptable here, and received a very pleasant notice in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and I think elsewhere, in England.

"My thanks and my poor book are all the return I can make for that long and beautiful letter. I have to write so

much that I get very tired, and I could not help thinking, as I read of your *breaking down*, how I should like to break down—for a little while, and not the main part of the vital machinery—so as to be forced to take a little rest. A few weeks of absolute idleness would be a great blessing to me, but I am caught in the wheels of a promise, and round I must go.

“In these few words I can at least tell you how admirable I consider your description of the extended scenery around your new mansion. It seems to me you have a special talent for scene-painting in words. But what a wealth of natural and historical and poetical landscape you overlook! I do not like to be envious, but a soil that has been trodden by Romans, Britons, Saxons, Normans, and holds their bones and their memories, is worth walking on, living on, and being buried in. I will not be ungrateful, either, for I have a beautiful outlook from my library window, which is the admiration of all my English visitors.

“I must stop—with kindest regards and remembrances,

“Faithfully yours

“OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.”

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston.

LIZARD POINT, CORNWALL, 6-8-85.

“Here at last is the moment of leisure for which I have long waited, that I might acknowledge thy kind gift of the Memorials of Emerson after some acquaintance with its contents. * * * I have reserved the volume for reading aloud to my wife, which is a very slow process, because our available time for reading aloud is restricted to the interval after tea. Even this has to be divided into sections, to suit different auditories, whose tastes require different books. * * * After Lucy has gone to bed, things go pretty smoothly till half-past eight, when the rest follow, except our eldest boy.

“ ‘Max—hand me Emerson : there it is, on the second shelf.’

“ ‘O do let me read this bit first, out of ‘Stories from Virgil!’ I’ve been waiting all the evening to do it, and I have to return the book this week.’

“ Here is a case that evidently admits of no delay ; and as he is now translating from the same author, we assent, and are presently interested in the filial piety of Æneas as shown in the funeral games he sets on foot in honor of his father Anchises.

“ *Nine* o’clock ! Time for Max to stop ; but he begs to finish the chapter (‘only a few more pages,’) and as he is in the middle of a terrible boxing match, we let him go on till twenty-seven minutes past : by which time ‘Dares’ is dragged off the ground with his toes trailing after him, ‘vomiting blood, and teeth in the blood.’ It takes some minutes after the story is over to realize the inconsistency of such reading in the family circle, or semi-circle even ; for had the same matter occurred in the newspaper, we should have turned away from it promptly.

“ And with this we come to Emerson : reading it for our third course, evening after evening, till now it is ended, except the last dozen pages.

“ It has interested us greatly ; for though my knowledge of Emerson scarcely extended beyond his Essays, which I read soon after Carlyle issued an edition in England (or rather wrote a preface to it) it happened that only a week or two before thy volume reached me, I had been re-reading some of the Essays to my wife.

“ And what a nice volume it is ! Trenching as it does on the whole range of subjects which Emerson had occupied himself with, I need hardly say that it has taken longer to read than almost any other book would have done, because it has suggested so much matter for conversation and digression. And to make one digression here, from the current of thought principally before me,

may I mention the beautiful *get-up* of the volume. Art thou aware that the type of the head-line of the title page is itself an illustration of Emerson's remark as to the union of one *new* and one *old* strand in our every idea? The words 'American Men of Letters' are in a very beautiful black-letter, one of the *most* beautiful that have ever been cut either in Europe or in America. I have a good 'fount' of it, having always had a special liking for it. It is a pica cast in the moulds made by William Caxton himself. The originals are still in existence, in the foundry once belonging to Dr Fry, the Oriental punch-cutter. No modern type, although better finished, at all equals it in the effect of the *ensemble* of a page.

"The portrait is wonderfully good as a piece of engraving, and it enables one to realize Emerson as a man whom it would have been impossible to know without loving. Where could we find again so deep a thinker in whom there is so much of the simplicity and innocence of a little child? His love of things homely and unaffected is to me the most attractive feature in his character: as it is also in Wordsworth's. If both Emerson and Wordsworth occasionally fell short in the endeavour to bring out the poetry of a homely subject, it seems to me rather from putting such subject too much in the foreground, than from making it part of the picture at all. One distinction between prose and poetry—I had almost said the essential distinction—is that the former depends for its perfection on sharpness of outline, on marking a subject off from other things by bringing out its detail; while the very life of poetry lies in its rising above detail, in its softening and merging lines of division, and treating everything it touches on with a degree of vagueness; because that which is vague and indefinite calls into play the imagination of the reader, while a picture in which all the detail is filled in, leaves no room for this power to act at all. A poet is in reality not

a master who paints for us, but one who, working with us, teaches us to paint for ourselves. His poem is an outline, which he hands to us with certain hints as to how we are to colour and to shade it, as a draft we are to copy for ourselves. It is this copy of our own making, and which no two of us ever make alike, that is the real poem *to us*. It is because of this element of vagueness, of the unknown blending with the known, that moonlight has more of poetry for us than daylight has ; and that the distances in a landscape, dying away into haze, delight us more than sharp foregrounds. And so with distances in time, with the far-off borderland between history and myth, with the moonlight of ages past, in which a few shining points bring out more impressively the shadows from which they emerge.

“When Emerson would give the glimmer of romance to barrows, trays and pans, he might do so on the one condition of setting them *back* in the picture, and not drawing too much attention to them. In adding the word ‘*tin*,’ he moves a step forward, calling the eye to the precise detail which destroys the grace of it. But ‘*pots*,’ indicated vaguely, may be made part, aye, and an essential part, of a beautiful picture, a picture of Mount Zion and the columns of Solomon’s Temple standing out against the dazzling sky of Palestine : ‘Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.’ Or again, but on the same condition of vagueness, and avoidance of detail, in Wordsworth’s description of the clouds after a storm—

‘fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified.’

I cannot tell how many passages in thy memorials of Emerson I had mentally marked as striking ; but one stands pre-eminent, overshadowing all the rest by reason

of its exact application to my own condition : those mournful though wise lines in Terminus—

' There's not enough for this and that—
Make thy option which of two.'

Yes. I feel as he did when this thought pressed on his soul, in the onward sweep of time that shall soon be time no more : that if this world were less fleeting and eternity further off, a multitude of things might fitly interest or delight us, which we are compelled to set aside lest other and deeper things should be set aside instead. Even this poor letter, which I began in Cornwall a week ago, I have had to hold back to finish at home ; for the tiny hindrances to work which we do not take into account till it is too late, leave us with many things undone at last, for—

' There's not enough for this and that.'"



CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME RULE STRUGGLE

AFTER his removal to Upton Knoll, it became a practice with John Bellows to spend his mornings only at his office in Gloucester, and the additional leisure thus obtained he devoted mainly to laying out his garden : a work which he thoroughly enjoyed. This peaceful occupation was, however, soon to be interrupted, and his energies thrown into a very different task.

Up to this time he had taken so little part in politics that he had only once in his life voted for a parliamentary candidate. The introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, however, brought him face to face with what he considered a most serious crisis in the history of religious freedom. He had always been a strong opponent of everything tending to increase the power of Romanism, and in the new policy he saw a grave menace to the peace and liberty of his Protestant brethren in Ireland. He feared, moreover, like many of his friends, that it would lead to the ruin of its most prosperous province : even to the ruin of Ireland itself, and to the final dismemberment of the empire. Profoundly convinced of the seriousness of the peril, he now threw himself definitely into the struggle, no one ever more truly carrying out the injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

On the formation of the Liberal Unionist Association he joined its ranks, and became treasurer of the local body. Besides an immense issue of literature, much of it from

his own pen, he contributed scores of letters to the press, and maintained, at one time, as many as three distinct newspaper controversies in different parts of the country. A few extracts from the wide correspondence he kept up, throughout the conflict, with his friends, and fellow-workers of all ranks, are here given.

To the Secretary, Liberal Unionist Association, London.

GLOUCESTER, 20-5-1886.

“I have been rather painfully taken by surprise since I began writing on this Irish matter, to find that words which are perfectly natural to us of the middle class, are obscure or even meaningless to moderately intelligent artisans. Take *junta* for instance. I feel sure not one man in my printing staff—and they are really above the average—could give the slightest idea of its meaning. I am now trying with but poor success to remodel my own style to meet this.

“I am sure William Arthur will not be hurt at my remarks, but I recollect a sermon preached in a little chapel near Camborne, at the close of which the preacher stated that a collection would be made towards the *liquidation* of the chapel debt. A friend of mine overheard a miner afterwards ask another, ‘What do he mean by that there word, *liquidation* I reckon it was?’ ‘I don’t know,’ was the reply, ‘unless they are going to whitewash the chapel’!”

To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 26-6-1886.

“The distribution of your tracts is all done except at some few outlying points which are not in contested parts. Independently of this we have six men on in the City of Bristol, working through the contested parts, I believe even without the knowledge of any one of the candidates. They are distributing fresh literature there. We have also

several working men from Ireland, going to village meetings and among any gatherings of working men in the towns, to talk them into some knowledge of the Home Rule question. These men produce much more effect than hired bill distributors who know nothing of what they are engaged in."

To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 9-2-1887.

"I trust my known earnestness in the cause of the Union may be a sufficient excuse for venturing to urge again on your Committee the need of more education of the public, by literature, not during the heat of an election, but irrespective of any immediate contest.

"I suspect no man in England has felt the sting of G. J. Goschen's defeat at Liverpool, by only seven votes, more sincerely than I have done. Of course when we speak of any one thing as having caused this loss, we cannot forget that many things go to make up the whole result—mail contracts, and many more.

"But with me, the sore point (as it ought to be with you) is the gross neglect of using literature throughout the election. As thou art aware, both the 'Times' and the 'Standard' commented on this. If I had not known to a certainty that you were in earnest, it would have been impossible to resist the conclusion that this fatuous neglect was the work of a secret enemy of the cause.

"On my own responsibility at the beginning of last month I sent a good man to Plymouth to help counteract the effect of Parnellite meetings, with a large supply of sharp, telling literature; and I begged a further lot from the Loyal and Patriotic Union, which they instantly sent. We got further help in delivering the bills on the spot, and I can only say that the effect was beyond my hope. Some fifty Gladstonian voters voluntarily came forward within a few days of the reception of the leaflets and

tracts to say they would never again vote for 'Home Rule.' As this resulted from the distribution of about 100,000 bills, etc., in Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, I believe no one would say it is an unreasonable conclusion that a score of votes at the very least would have been turned in the Exchange division of Liverpool in like manner. I am so certain of this that I have begged the Belfast Committee to spare me two men even now to go there, for there will be other elections yet, and bad as the disappointment has been, it shall not be our fault if it is repeated there next time.

"I feel, and gratefully feel, the priceless services that have been rendered to the cause of law and order by the speeches of your leading men; but these surely need following up through the press, not fitfully, but steadily everywhere.

"At this very moment the Glenbeigh affair is left nearly unchallenged in the hands of men like Conybeare, to work into political fireworks, when but a *few of the facts*—such as old Lord Hedley's allowing the subdivision of the farms to go on unchecked, and so laying the foundation of this poverty and suffering—would spoil the game of the agitators, if published widely.

"I write this letter in trembling apprehension for the result even of this less dangerous election now in progress; but even if you gain it, as I sincerely hope you will, do not let the accidental winning of one battle blind you to the risk of utter and final defeat unless the plan of campaign of the Liberal Unionists is changed."

To a Correspondent.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 8-3-1887.

"I have now carefully read over thy MS. on Home Rule and its consequences. I am bound to say I consider it a very thoughtful and convincing essay, which if it could be got largely into circulation would not fail to do good.

“The difficulty is, how to do this. The cost of printing such a book would render it impossible, with any available funds, to circulate it by the hundred thousand. And unless we can reach hundreds of thousands, we make no sufficient mark on the masses. I have had this difficulty of appealing to enormous numbers, painfully present to my mind for the past eleven months since I began circulating Anti-Separatist leaflets and handbills. Happening to have at my command a large printing office and many machines, I have strained my private means to the utmost in using this plant. Up till now I have struck off, and for the most part given away, about five millions of leaflets—say sixteen tons of paper; with the result that I shall never again recover the degree of ease I had hoped for after thirty years of business. I do not in the least grudge or regret this expenditure. It was just and necessary; and I feel it a privilege to have been able to incur it.”

To Dr Hübner, Berlin.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 7-4-1887.

* * * * *

“I may mention that in spite of my not being well able to work more than a few hours daily, which are taken up with my printing business, I have taken an active part for the last twelve months in the exposure and combating of some of the fallacies of the Separatists who seek to sever Ireland from Britain. This, partly from the accident of my being a printer, and having the means at hand of circulating leaflets or bills on the subject, on a very large scale. Thus, during some 11 months I have printed and sent out some five millions of copies of such leaflets; and as some of these have been translations into Welsh and Gaelic (for the Highlands of Scotland) an idea has struck me that I may take advantage of the information obtainable through our distributors, to do what I believe has never yet been attempted—*i.e.*, draw up a *linguistic map of Great Britain*, showing the portions over which the native

E

dialects of the Celtic stock are spoken, and the *degree* in which they hold their ground.

“Thus I find from a Welshman who is engaged in the work, that certain parts of Pembrokeshire are Welsh entirely; other parts (the southern) nearly all English; others where Welsh is spoken, but where the bulk of the people also speak English.

“And similarly in Scotland—there are regions where *no* English is understood, while in others the people are bilingualists. One practical difficulty in appealing to these old Britons and Caledonians in their own tongues is the variety of dialects. Thus, I had two chapters of Irish History translated into Welsh by William Spurrell, of Carmarthen. He is the author of one of the best Dictionaries of Welsh and English, and is a man of considerable intelligence. Yet, at Aberystwith, a Welsh clergyman tells me the Welsh of my history is not good, and gives me some of his own. I send both on to Penrhyn (Bangor) for criticism, only to find my north Welsh friends consider *both* bad! So I am getting two recent papers translated into north Welsh!

“The Gaelic I had done in Edinburgh, and very carefully revised by the Professor of that language. Now I get complaints from Argyllshire that it is ‘strange in its pronunciation’ (by which I suppose they mean its *spelling*.) As I find they can clearly understand it, however, I shall let them ‘fight it out.’ If I can succeed with the map, it will be very interesting in a generation or two, to show what the degree of persistence may be, or of retrocession, in the Celtic tongues of this island.”

To the Secretary, Liberal Unionist Association, London.

GLOUCESTER, 7-6-1887.

“South Wales above all for John Bright’s letter. If thou wilt arrange for a large distribution in Cardiff and Newport, I will willingly give 5,000 each of the enclosed

—20,000 to each town. Swansea I have been able to reach already with 32,000. Or I will of course omit either that may be thought less suitable, and give more of the others.

“J. Hack Tuke is having 100,000 each printed of his own letter in the ‘Liberal Unionist’ a few weeks ago, and of Canon Griffin’s: both excellent. Some of these will be available for any point you wish.”

To a leading Irish Landowner.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 22-9-1887.

“If having taken an earnest part in the struggle for maintaining the Union, not without some personal sacrifice, may be a sufficient plea for venturing to write thee at a critical moment in that struggle, I may offer it, for I have no other to offer.

“I fear the Irish landowners are about to make a fatal mistake. They have in several respects been dealt with unjustly; and they rightly realize that the battle they have to fight is not that of their own order only, but is a contest with communism which threatens every class in the kingdom with injury or, it may be, with ruin.

“With a short-sightedness that is almost incredible, they rely in this crisis upon putting their case before the Government; ignoring that the sole power of the Government is in the will of the democracy: the ‘public opinion’ of the masses in this country, which is still uninformed, and which for a little while, but only for a little while longer, is still largely amenable to reason or to passion.

“The Parnellites, wiser in their generation than those who seek to maintain the Union, have seen this, and have already begun to act upon it with success. They are laying their plans for doing so on a more persistent system, and on a larger scale; and unless the field is promptly occupied by those who oppose them, they will most certainly win the day, and you Irish landowners will be

made the scapegoats of every successive Government until the last penny of your rents is stolen, and the last acre of your land is confiscated.

“Your bounden duty, not only to yourselves, but to the rest of society, is, instead of putting the cart before the horse by beginning with the Government, to put your case before the masses of the people. If you will not at this supreme moment bend your every energy to instruct the masses, by the press, by lectures, by every means legitimately within your power, you will fling away an opportunity that can never return. You now have an open door and would be listened to. In a year hence, you will find it hard to get a hearing, and yet harder to convince those who will have become set in false opinions, obstinate in the false beliefs, and partisans of the false actions which must follow the unopposed efforts of the enemy.

“I speak from no mere theory, but from as wide a knowledge of the situation as is possessed by any man. For the last eighteen months I have been in correspondence, in reference to this contest, over a line from Stornoway to Penzance. This very night there is a meeting at Crewe, tomorrow night at Cheltenham, the night after at Cirencester, for each of which I am responsible ; as I was for a similar one at Gloucester, which turned out a great success and did much good to our cause.” * * *

To a Liberal Unionist Official.

EASTGATE HOUSE, GLOUCESTER, 20-12-1890.

“I find thou wilt not be able to come to Gloucester to-day, and I therefore venture to trouble thee with a few lines on the chief subject we should have had to talk over—the suggestion from headquarters for our holding a number of little meetings with local speakers all over the country.

“Now with all deference to the Central Committee, this is a great tactical mistake. * * * There are the

Gladstonians, with whom we have been carrying on of late a sort of *border war*—for it has not been much more—in which it was doubtful whether we were even holding all the ground we had gained from them; when all at once *civil war* bursts out in the very heart of their own camp.

“Now every step we take to attack them openly, at this juncture, of necessity calls away some of the force to combat us, and minimises the divisions among themselves. On the other hand, the less there is to distract their attention from their own dissensions, the more they will let those dissensions have full play.

“I have several individual Home Rulers in my mind at this moment with whom I have argued personally, and lent them books in time past. They have yielded *a little*, and then some rush of party feeling has carried them back again to where they were at the outset. Now if we held at Gloucester such a meeting as the people at Great George Street wish, and I persuaded these men to come to it, they would do so in a fighting attitude. Instead of keeping to the main facts that now confront them, they would feel themselves bound to criticise some paltry side issues raised by our local speakers, and their emergence from Gladstonian views would either be retarded *or reversed*.

“If the Central Committee carry out their plan, they will simply put a feather bed between the Parnellite battering-ram and the Gladstone castle. I hope the bed will burst!”

When the struggle was over, it was very gratifying to John Bellows to receive a letter from the Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury) acknowledging his sense of the value of his services, and rejoicing that there were such men who would “come forward to fight the cause of England in her peril, not from any party prepossession, but from a pure sense of duty.”

CHAPTER V.

TRAVEL—HOME LIFE—ARCHÆOLOGY—TITHE—J. A. FROUDE.

LITTLE explanation is needed of the correspondence given in this chapter. As many of his letters will show, John Bellows was always eager to share his varied experiences with his absent friends.

A holiday abroad in 1888, with his wife and his son Max, included a visit to Trèves, of which he thus wrote :

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, Mass.

TRÈVES, GERMANY, 19-6-1888.

“I ought, several weeks ago, to have written my warm thanks for thy kind and most acceptable gift of this last volume of thy poems ; but I felt somehow sure thou wouldst forgive the delay if thou knew that it was caused by the pressure of work consequent on preparing to leave home, and by the continual change of place since, to which I have been subject.

“We have availed ourselves of [this journey] to serve two or three subordinate ends ; for it has enabled us to pay two long-pending visits to friends—one in Germany and one in France, as well as to examine some Roman remains in the museums of Cologne, Bonn and Mannheim, for comparison with those we have found in Gloucester.

“This, for the following reason :—when the Claudian invasion of Britain took place, in the year 43, the army that accomplished it was not, as almost everybody fancies, sent across Gaul, and from Boulogne to the coast of Kent ; but it was raised in Germany, and sailed down the Rhine to Holland, and thence along the coast to Ostend, or a little below, and then due west. This fact, simple in itself,

has been strangely overlooked; for it only needs patience in placing the proofs of it in their chronological order, to make it perfectly clear. In the year 9, I think, the Germans destroyed a Roman army under Varus; and five years after, Germanicus built a fleet, and took eight legions down the Rhine to revenge the death of his countrymen and to permanently conquer the German tribes. He succeeded. What really resulted from his victory was, however, something of far greater import than the mere subjection of a couple of provinces. *By this extension he moved the centre of gravity of the whole Roman Empire,* and ensured the downfall of the great City, which took place several generations later. If we put down on the map the positions of the legions composing the whole Roman army, say at the death of Germanicus, or about A.D. 20, the massing of double as many men on the Rhine as in any other part of Europe will convince us that the strength of the Empire no longer lay in Italy, but in Northern Germany.

“The immediate result of this was that on the pacification of the new province, the Roman war office was able to spare four legions from Bonn, Trèves, and Holland, to conquer Britain; while the ultimate result was that Diocletian made Trèves the seat of Government, to the neglect of Rome; and Constantine, after building his palaces and castles on the Moselle, saw his way to an extension of the same principle, and founded the other great Capital of the East.

“Here, then, we are in the *northern Rome*. No other town in the world, I suspect, [except] Rome itself, is so crowded with the remains and evidences of that past that has moulded us all—that underlies our arts, our sciences, our homeliest daily life, and sends one strand through both what is true and what is false in all that we do. Where is the break that divides the old time from the new? or the moment on one side of which lay the barbaric

ages, and on the other the era of civilisation? These are, after all, but the names for co-existent things that gradually alter their relative proportions, but imperceptibly. The building of a new house, or the demolition of an old one, does not alter the identity of the street: and these beautiful shops with their plate-glass windows are as really the historical continuation of the city of the Treviri, as this picturesque old hostelry, with its open galleries and quaint court-yard is of the 'Rath-haus' that it used to be—Rath-haus, now misread as *Roths Haus*, and the outside painted red to make the fib into a truth!—fib believed in by the landlord and the porter and the man who drives the omnibus; for is not *this*, too, painted red to match? 'Nein,' quoth he, 'Das ist nicht das *Rathhaus* '!!

"If we follow back this clue of historical continuation from the Roman time, we find it helps to explain many a matter seemingly unconnected with that beginning, but *only* seemingly. Had the legions that held the Rhine been eighty, the whole of Germany would have been as Latinized as Gaul; but Drusus put his colony on the left bank (Cologne,) and so were the large cities—Bonn, Mainz, Worms, and Strasburg. This left the Germans *more* of their nationality, and made the Gauls more exclusively Romans. Thus it left the gap between them wider for after ages, and therefore increased the chances of war for both. On the other hand, that left-bank occupation did Romanize the tribes subjected to it—got them to plant the vine, to imitate the Italian cookery, and to perfume their handkerchiefs. Who but a Roman citizen would have enticed his descendants into making Eau-de-Cologne? An American Indian would never have done it, nor a Hamburger, yet I saw in the museum (near the Jülichsplatz, which Jean Maria Farina bids us note) the tombstone of a perfumer who died in the *first* century, at Colonia Agrippina! I have a copy of it, with a

translation. It is simple and dignified—nothing about the ‘odour of sanctity’ and other mortuary fibs!

“It is precisely this which archæology ought always to keep before us—that the present and the past are but *one* chain, and that no link between them is broken. The past is in the present, and will be in it for all time. The broad street that runs from this ‘Platz’ to the Porta Nigra, and along which we go to the Bahnhof, is the same road the legions marched upon when they left for Britain, and the winding streets that diverge from it, with their tall and many-windowed houses, only witness [to] the sieges and fires that have forced them out of their line. At this moment they are draped with a sea of flags, in mourning for the dead Kaiser Friedrich, and the bells are filling the whole air with their melody—the sweet and sad and dreamlike melody of the Middle Ages they come from.

“It is a solemn moment for Europe. Many millions of hearts are trembling for what the near future may bring; for a few brief words from the new Emperor may mean peace or war for Germany or France. Oh! if the two peoples could but see and know each other as they really are and not as they falsely imagine each other! They are both, as to the masses, nervously anxious for peace, nervously apprehensive each that the other is not to be trusted.

* * * * *

“Nearly a week has passed since I stopped, at this inn. Summoned to dinner, and from dinner to the express train for Luxemburg and Brussels and home. So there was nothing for it but to fold the sheet in a hurry and put it in my pocket-book till the next moment of leisure, which has come in this rainy evening while I look out of my own window on the green summer landscape of England again.

“The Kaiser’s message—and it was a splendid and kingly speech—was, after all, one of peace and reassurance. It is something if the curse of war may be averted,

#

if but for a few brief years ; for, alas ! it will come some day and turn the pleasant daylight once more into the night of affliction. There are too many passions and jealousies lying latent in the world to let us hope otherwise.

“ The continual recurrence of ruined castles—of fortified towns—of battlefields and scenes of great historic events—the constant coming in contact with bodies of armed men, makes it difficult to get away from this one dominant idea.

“ Yet there were some sweet contrasts to it. We paid one visit at a French château, to a friend who has been pressing us to come and see him ever since I made his acquaintance at Metz in 1870. It was no great distance from the Palatinate to the little town in the Vosges where he lives, and we went : to receive the most unbounded hospitality our host could devise. He has a great admiration for England in many ways, and both his wife and himself speak our language, while their only child, a charming delicate little girl of thirteen, is absolutely undistinguishable from an English native. She spoke English—from her nurse—earlier than French : and all her favorite books are in the same tongue. My wife declares her to be the sweetest child she has ever seen—simple, natural, unaffected : kissing the old peasant woman who greeted her at the railway station with heartiest affection, unconscious of the chasm that too often separates the rich from the poor, and on the upper margin of which she, if any one, might take her stand ; for she is the last—the very last—of a family of the old French noblesse.”

From Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., AUG. 10, 1888.

“ MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

“ I have had your interesting letter on my table for a good many weeks, with the intent of answering it, and have waited and waited, I am afraid through indolence, partly, but all the time feeling that it deserved a great deal fuller and better answer than it was like to get. Your

•

letters always contain suggestions which, if I were younger and more lively, would set me out on trains of thought which would lead into long tracks of study. What you say of Trèves and the part it played in the period of the Roman Empire, would start me off on a historical tour, beginning with my old friend Gibbon, and ending with—I do not know what, but probably some German writer who upsets all that have gone before him, and is waiting to be upset by somebody that is to come after him. But I enjoy your bits of archæology and smile superior at the poor creatures who talk about the *red* house and drive the *red* omnibus. What a pleasure to you old world people to have the recollections of so many antiquities—Britons, Celts, Romans, Germans and the rest—around you and under your feet. We poor colonists have little except the Indian arrow-heads, scrapers, mortars and pestles. No! I will not be unfair to our past. Yesterday I took a drive with my daughter to the town of Ipswich, ten miles from here. A delicious *old* town, with buildings which have stood two centuries and more, and with an old bridge, said to be the first with arches of stone ever built in New England. Two hundred years ago this whole neighbourhood was more or less infested by *witches*, and at Salem, which is less than ten miles from here, nearly twenty were executed for that offence. Our forefathers went by the Old Testament, in which they read ‘Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,’ and they acted accordingly while the delusion lasted.

“You will [have] wanted to know something of how my daughter and myself are getting along. Of course we live very quietly here—if there are gaieties we do not join in them, and there is very little of that nature this season. I expect to make a short visit to friends at a place become very famous within a few years—Bar Harbour it is called, and said to have scenery of wonderful beauty.

“I am glad to know that you are safely back in England, and shall always be happy to know of your welfare. I

cannot often write as long a letter as this, for my eyes are getting dimmer, and it is something of an effort for me to write, but your interesting letter could not be dismissed with the formula I enclose, which I think I have before sent you. With kindest regards, faithfully yours,

“ O. W. HOLMES.”

In the Autumn of 1889, John Bellows and his wife went to Leipzig to see their eldest son; and took the opportunity which this journey gave them of visiting many of the places connected with the life of Luther.

To Francis Michell, Redruth.

HENTSCHEL'S HOTEL, LEIPZIG, 17-10-1889.

“ Here I am on the Continent again, and, reminded by this circumstance of the journey we once took together in Belgium, I take pen in hand to send thee a page or two which will probably awaken the like remembrances on thy own part. Of course it would be impossible, within the limits of even a long letter, to describe the places we have seen, but we have touched upon or run through parts of the Thuringian and Hartz forests as well as the Niederwald, covering some of the most beautiful scenery in the German Empire. The cream of the cream, barring the Rhine, is the country round Eisenach, in Thuringia—a district so closely associated with the history of Martin Luther, and therefore of modern Europe.

“ Our hotel, just out of the town of Eisenach, is a large Swiss chalet in the midst of a steep wood. On the other side of the narrow valley in front rises a sea of beech and birch and oak and pine—now in all the glory of the autumn colours, contrasting with the evergreens, and towering up high against the sky-line. Where that line comes, and standing in clear relief against the bright blue sky, are the towers and battlements of a castle. It is as if Michael's Mount were vaster in size, and crowned by a larger building, all bosomed in the forest that tradition

assigns to it. This is the Wartburg—the scene of Luther's friendly imprisonment by the Elector of Saxony after the Diet of Worms. I have never, at any time or in any land, seen anything quite so solemn and beautiful. Long after the sun had set, and the blue sky had faded to grey, and the grey into night, and the moonlight stole over the view, I kept stepping out on the balcony to look at it again until the whole landscape seemed a dreamland—mysterious and indescribable, but never to be forgotten. * * *

“The real place for meeting with people of many different nationalities is the fair at Leipzig. For ages regarded as the great central point for Europe and Asia, the wares bought and sold in it represented the industries of all lands, both East and West. Now most of the important business is no longer conducted in booths, but in buildings, such as the Booksellers' Exchange. This is a sort of clearing-house for all the booksellers in Germany, who come once a year to show all their new things, and to square up accounts for the year past. The trade in furs is a very great one; mostly in the hands of Jews. They have their shops pretty much together in a street called the Brühl; and here in the fair-time are to be seen Oriental Jews in their long yellow caftans, and great curled side-locks of hair.

“On the platform [of the station] I shoulder a pale-faced Russian with long hair, and just behind him is a Japanese. A moment after, a little man, glancing at my dress, asks dubiously if I can speak English. I assure him I do, with ease; when he tells me he is an American, able to speak no German; and, as we part the next instant, he looks as if he would give fifty dollars to be in Texas again. Poor fellow! I saw a Syrian in the fair who looked just like that, as he stood behind his little counter trying to sell nick-nacks from Bethlehem, which the Leipzigers did not care to buy. * * *

“Often it happens that what makes the most lasting mark upon us, is not the greatest object or principal event, but

something accidentally connected with these. It is so with me now ; for here at the close of so many hundreds of miles of travel in this German Empire, with the multitude of scenes it has added to one's store of memories, there comes a kind of refrain below and behind them all, in the sound of the streets of Leipzig as I lay in my bed at night at Hentschel's Hotel. It was a low, subdued, solemn sound, as of some distant sea. But the waves of that sea had rolled hither from every corner of Europe and Asia ; and the tide that bore them had risen and fallen for hundreds of years from the islands of Greece and the Persian plains, and the mountains of India and the shores of Siberia. As I shall never forget the Thuringian Forest, neither shall I ever forget the majestic sound of the streets of Leipzig and all that that sound conveyed to the imagination, of the throng of kindreds and peoples and tongues whose voice it was: a vast, sublime, never-ending poem."

In August, 1890, John Bellows cycled through Cornwall with his two elder boys, on their way to join the rest of the family at Mullion.



BIRTHPLACE AT LISKEARD.

From the Bell Hotel, Liskeard, he wrote to his wife:—"As we went up to our rooms, both of which faced into the little narrow 'Church Street,' it seemed as though a tall man might have leaned out of the window and touched the panes of the grocer's shop opposite. With a stick I certainly could have done so. I did not know till this morning, when Mary Elliott most kindly walked down the street with us after

Meeting, to show me the spot, that my room was next to the house in which I was born, and that the street I was

so amused with as a sort of doll's roadway, was the very one upon which my baby wonderment had first looked down, long years ago ! ”

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, U.S.A.

12 mo. 1890.

“ Which chord shall I touch to begin with, as I rise from the first few hours' delightful reading of thy book ? * So many are answering to the master vibration that I can scarcely decide.

“ I have been reading it aloud to my wife ; and again and again in the pauses, some lines of Runeberg, the poet of Finland, have kept coming back to me in gentle refrain, although I have not read them for years :

‘ Shall the land that saw thy morning bloom,
That saw thy noonday bright,
Not also see thy evening come
With its calm sweet sunset light ?

One mystery thy volume has set me further away than ever from solving : and that is, Where is the boundary between childhood and boyhood ; or boyhood and manhood and [old] age ? This I have never been able to find. . . Only this very evening I was wheedled into an interlude from the ‘ Teacups,’ by a deputation of four Gallios who care for none of these things, to entreat that I would ‘ give them a chase.’ Seven-year-old put the request in a very low voice ; for a ‘ chase’ in this house is forbidden by the mistress on the ground that it makes a dust : it destroys the carpets : it leaves finger-marks on the walls : it tears the clothes : it upsets the furniture : with other high crimes and misdemeanours which are duly set forth in the manifesto that forbids chasing ‘ indoors.’ So, like Shelley's ‘ sweet child Sleep,’ seven-year-old ‘ murmurs like a noontide bee ;’ while ten-year-old, and five-year-old, and eight-year-old keep furtively glancing at the arbitress of

* ‘ Over the Teacups.’

their fate to make sure that she does not hear what is going on. And so

‘ A spirit in my feet
Has led me, who knows how,’

out of the room, these four stealing silently after me till we get to the foot of the front stairs, when off they go, like hares, I following—into the bath-room, and the day-nursery, and the night-nursery, and down the back stairs, for dear life! Every one I can catch is swept off to prison, either tucked under my arm, or dragged by the heels along the floor—according to size and weight. (It doesn't hurt the carpets a bit! It's only a superstition of the mistress. They look fresher than ever after it!) And all this time there is a din of voices, in calls and shouts and shrieks *à tue-tête*, as the French say.

“By and by a message comes from the mistress that the chase has lasted long enough, that we must all come into the dining-room, and that it is Dorothy's bed-time: which is followed by a sudden hush, and then a suppressed ‘Oh!’ of disappointment and injured resignation; and we five come slinking in, very red and hot: I to resume my place as an invalid in the arm-chair by the fire, for I have been laid up several days with a cold and bronchitis, which I should have pleaded as a weighty excuse for not chasing, only that the children could not understand it. So, being obliged to go, I went; and once in the game, even five-year-old herself could not throw her heart and soul into it more entirely! Boy! Why I never was more of a boy in my life! What boy in the whole world ever cared about carpets in the midst of a chase? And did I care one straw whether they were old sacks, or Cloth of Gold, or the High Priest of Mecca's prayer rugs, if by racing over them I could catch two of those hares at one hit? Why, here is a game older than Adam! The old hunting instinct of the cave-men, as a modern author has shown, came down to us by heredity; an instinct that has

scores of times transformed me into a cave-bear, under the dining-room table, and which only the counterbalancing force of civilized life kept from transforming me into an elephant after our chase was over just now—crawling into the room with three men on my back, and one leading me!

“I do not think that anything in this life has more puzzled me than this consciousness that the bound between boyhood and manhood

‘Is marked by no distinguishable line ;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine.’

The secret is this (?) that we go on adding to our existing ring of life, as the ammonites do with their spiral shells. We include all that has gone before ; hence we can keep more fully in touch or in sympathy with children, than they can with us.”

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 9-4-1891.

“Nothing is harder to realize than the flight of time. It seems but as the vivid yesterday that I was passing swiftly through the streets of London in a cab with thy daughter, who was on her way to take thee from one friend’s house to that of another, in the crowd of engagements that filled up thy brief visit to England. Suddenly we turned out of the throng and bustle, and in a few moments drew up before the mansion of James Russell Lowell, from whose company I had to send up a message to summon thee. As I stood in the hall I heard his voice in a cheery leave-taking on the stair : the only time I ever heard it, though I had had some kindly written words from him anent my dictionary. The next moment I was shaking hands with thyself and receiving the greeting that was thereafter renewed in Gloucestershire. The scene is before me : the tall, many-storied, many-windowed

F

houses; the silent street making its silence felt by contrast with the roar of the great tide of life so near yet now inaudible; the lofty elms in the Park close by; and the glinting of the summer afternoon sun on the sward below. *This* is the picture that makes it hard to realize that already two out of the three principal figures in it have passed away from time.

"I recollect thy telling me that Russell Lowell reversed thy own figure of '76,' and I realize, not without pain, that seventy-six has in turn given way to other numbers, and that each of these bournes, as it is left behind, marks a more lonely path to the summit of the hill! *More* lonely—yet never wholly companionless. If the Father of All appoints us sorrow, He yet tempers it with some gleam of love; and that thirty-third verse of the eighty-ninth Psalm is as true of us as it was of those earlier children of men, to whom, as to us, the three preceding verses apply. If our very sorrow itself were not mingled with somewhat that is of a different nature, we should not cherish as we do our saddest bygone moments, or so willingly, more than willingly, recall

'The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

"There is one *adoucissement* that tells on us with increasing force as life advances—the society of little children. Their resistless self-assertion, their uncompromising insistence on our entering into their ideas and ways, to the utter ignoring of our riper experience, their dead incapacity of sympathy with our daily anxieties, and their perennial freshness of imagination, all help us.

"I come home jaded and careworn from my work, and tempted to think my lot heavier than other men's: when my boy Jack comes marching up to me with a sort of box in his hand—four bits of board nailed together with brads and tin-tacks, and two thick wooden discs that he has routed out of some cupboard, to make a baker's cart. I

wanted to sit and 'rest'—that is, to brood over the miseries of my lot ; but Jack cannot stay for brooding or anything else. He has been 'waiting such a long time' for my coming home, to tell him how to saw these two wheels edgeways so as to make them into four ; and how to put axles to them ; and the end of it is that I have to set to work in good earnest, and, after long application of blunt tools and tool substitutes—the baker's cart is finished.

"By this time I have begun to take a real interest in it. Next morning I buy a wooden horse that fits it ; and another spell of work ensues in the fitting of his harness. Dorothy (five) has been busy in the kitchen making loaves to go in it for a load ; and he and she and I drag it for miles along the sideboard and the dining table and the hall floor. In the course of the evening Jack asks me whether a mouse could pull the baker's cart. I tell him I think it could. Later on he wants to know how many flies are as strong as one mouse. Not foreseeing the bearing of the question, I reply somewhat carelessly, 'Perhaps a hundred.' Next morning I meet him marching about with a pasteboard box in his hand. 'How do people feed flies?' 'With sugar.' 'How much sugar would a hundred flies eat?' Now in strict truth I could not tell ; but an answer must be given at once, and so I say, 'Oh, I should think a lump would last them three days.' In a few minutes he is at my side again with the box. The lid is cautiously raised, and I am desired to look in. 'I'm going to catch a hundred flies and tame them like the man did the fleas, and make them draw the baker's cart. I've caught *one*. There he is!' I looked in. There was a large lump of sugar in the centre, and the fly pacing up and down past it with a nonchalant air as if it did not concern *him* what was done. Light streamed in through a number of pinholes in the ceiling of the apartment, intended for ventilation. A doll's saucer full of water stood in the corner, so that the sanitation of

the place, and the arrangements for the comfort of the hundred flies, left nothing to be desired.

“The time at breakfast passed quickly, for I was plied with a variety of questions about the team of fleas I had at some time mentioned, that were trained by a man at Plymouth to draw a little coach, and with one of their own species sitting on the box as driver.

“I must say I began to get uneasy, for I knew not whereunto this would grow, and I slipped off to the office with some new anxieties in my mind. At dinner the crisis came. ‘Papa, how do they *tame* flies?’ I was in a dilemma; and at last, humiliated at having to show my ignorance, I was forced to confess that I did not know. ‘And, besides,’ I hurried on to add, ‘I don’t know how we can harness them. I could not tie knots small enough to hold them without hurting them.’ There was a pause of disappointment. Jack’s whole scheme was breaking down. He had looked upon me as able to do *anything*, if I only tried; and now I had failed him. Revolving the whole altered position in his mind, he at last said: ‘What had I better do with the fly that is in the box? Perhaps I had better let him go?’ I caught at the idea and assented. The fly himself had come to the same conclusion a little earlier, for when Jack lifted the lid he had already gone! I heaved a sigh of relief. But it was premature. ‘Wouldn’t a mouse be easier to harness than a hundred *flies*?’ ‘Well, yes, I think it would.’ ‘Then I’ll go and ask William to set the trap in the stable and catch me one.’

“Many days passed. Many times during their passing I heard the enquiry, ‘Is my mouse caught yet?’ I began to hope the stable was free from anything smaller than cats. In the evening our talk was of the baker’s cart, and of the speed at which a mouse could make it go; of the danger that the mouse, when harnessed, might turn round in the shafts and eat the loaves instead of helping to deliver them; of the other danger of his being eaten himself

by the black cat; or of his bolting, cart and all, no one knows where, to save his life! * * *

“Suddenly, one afternoon, we were startled by a shout from a number of voices in different high keys, ‘*Jack’s mouse is caught!*’ and Jack himself was rushing to and fro in a state of wild excitement, with a tiny cage in his hand, in which the future motor of the cart crouched, frightened at his surroundings. The vehicle itself was near, ready, with nothing in the shafts; and a glance on the floor showed that

‘*There lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride.*’

In fact that was his weak point, lack of life; and it was this which suggested his being replaced by a creature in which the mysterious force existed, if not by a multitude aggregating it.

“All the rest of the day ‘my mouse’ was the object of lavish attentions; and when I last saw him before he retired for the night, he had, stacked by his side, as much cheese and tallow-candle ends as it would take him four days to eat. ‘Does he like being in the box?’ I was asked. ‘Well—yes; he’s comfortable enough there.’ ‘Would he as soon be there as running about in the stable like he was before?’ ‘Well—*no*. He would rather be able to run about. *Thou* might be happy up in the playroom; but if someone came and locked the door, and thou could not get out into the garden, wouldst thou like it?’ Jack looked very thoughtful, but only said ‘No, papa!’

“In the morning he brought me the box, stored as it had been overnight with cheese and ends of candle; but no occupant was in it. ‘Why, Jack! where’s the mouse?’ ‘Oh, I thought it would be ra’r cruel to keep him in; so I took him to the stable and let him go!’ And so ended the scheme for propelling the baker’s cart by vital force at first hand.”

From Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston.

BOSTON, OCT. 31ST, 1891.

"MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

"You must not think that I have forgotten you, or lost my interest in your delightful letters, because you have not heard from me for a good while. The truth is *writing* is becoming more and more troublesome to me on account of the state of my eyes. At this particular moment I am writing well enough as you see, but it is high noon, and a bright sky is diffusing ample light through my bay window, the 'airy oriel' of one of my poems, 'My Aviary.' * * * But I am looking forward to giving up writing any answers at all, and I find dictated letters are apt to be sparing of words.

"You see I am now eighty-two years old—cannot read at all with my left eye, and poorly enough with my right one—so that I give up a great part of my newspaper reading—the type and impression being commonly poor. I get along, however, tolerably, with the occasional use of a hand-glass in addition to my spectacles. * * * I have my old asthmatic trouble to remind me that I am mortal, but on the whole am quite as comfortable as such a superfluity has any right to be.

"But oh, how lonely the world is getting to look! While Lowell was living I felt his friendship was a strong tie to my past: now that has snapped, and Whittier and I are, as I said to him the other day, on a *spar* together, floating still, remnants of a raft which has gone to pieces. One other old friend—old, but of a later date, about thirty years—I hope to meet in an hour from now at my Saturday Club, the only social circle with which I retain a connection. I have been wanting to do a little writing, but my correspondence has taken up so much time that I have had to give up all thoughts of writing for the public at present. Yet there are some things I should like to say, and may yet get a chance to say. I have been much

encouraged by the sale and reception of my last book, 'Over the Teacups.' Tauchnitz has just sent me some money in advance for an edition he is publishing, so that I feel quite pleased in the contemplation of my senile achievement.

"I sent you a poem I wrote for the 'Atlantic Monthly,' having Lowell as its subject. I went to see him at Cambridge during his illness, which was at times very painful, and must have tried his soul very severely. He had so much to live for—honored and beloved at home and abroad. He was fond of England, and England was fond of him. No living American can make his place good, and to his friends the loss is beyond estimation.

"Write me whenever you feel like it without waiting for *answers*, which must grow fewer and shorter as the tide of old age flows about the chair of the octogenarian as the ocean around that of King Canute.

"Always faithfully and cordially yours

"O. W. HOLMES.

"I always find your details of home-life, especially of the younger people of your acquaintance, the best of reading."

To Dr Hübner, Berlin.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 28-7-1891.

"Last week I went with J. Mowat, of Oxford, to Kenchester, the site usually attributed to Magna Castra. I should be very glad to go there with thyself if thou shouldst come to this country again; I am sure it would interest thee.

"We drive through a very rich and beautiful country for about six miles west of Hereford city. Here we see a sort of table-land elevated a score of mètres above the general level of the great valley we are in—that of the Wye, which is some two miles south of us. Behind it at no great distance are hills of good height:

one, wooded to the summit, and the nearest, has a British camp on it.

“Turning up a lane to our right, we dismount, and send our carriage round to the other side of the plateau while we strike across it on a footpath. Its whole area I should think about twenty hectares. When I say it may rise twenty mètres, I mean in all—suddenly. An old



man is hoeing turnips in a field under A. He tells us that coins are found now and then in the ‘Town’ field (B and C) and that he believes his wife has some at home, at the village post office (E.) Everywhere as we stoop we pick up bits of old ware of the coarser kinds, such as always occur in Roman remains: then a *tessera*, and so on. B is a field of wheat; and the crop prevents our seeing much of the ground below. In dry summers the old man says the streets show up through the corn. (This was so distinctly the case at Silchester that the Ordnance surveyors were able to map the entire city; and the *insulae* so revealed are now being taken one by one for excavation.)

“Kenchester is certainly a town of exactly the same sort as Silchester; that is, not so much Roman as *British occupied by Romans*. Roughly speaking both cities are *hexagons*. Here at Kenchester one of the angles is well marked at F: and a bit of the wall left. It may be seven or eight feet high, and four or five wide. The rest of the bank, except at one point, is earth: the stone having, I suspect, been taken to build the present village, which is *outside* the area.

"Some children are coming back from school, and we ask one of them, 'What is this field called?' 'The Town Field, sir.' 'Why! there's no town here. Where are the houses?' 'All pulled down, sir. 'Twas the *Romans* that built them.' The post office is a little cottage nearly buried in foliage, at E. We open a rustic gate and go along a tiny path made of bright orange-red bits of Roman tile thrown as macadam on the ground, to the door, where a well-spoken woman answers our questions, and shows us a coin of Constantine. She has had a lot of others, but has sold them to a confectioner in Hereford, whose address she gives us.

"We drove back part of the way on 'the Roman road,' but it is rather neglected and rough. At Hereford we saw the coins, obligingly shown us by the confectioner: too many to take a list of in the few minutes I had before going to my train to Gloucester. They however included *denarii* of several Emperors; and copper of Allectus, as well as *models* of two British coins in gold, found with them.

"Whether Kenchester is Magna is, I think, somewhat uncertain. The distance from Abergavenny (Gobannium) is about right; and the existence of Roman roads running directly to Kenchester is a strong point in its favor. On the other hand *it is not on the river*; nor is it defended by a ditch of any consequence. Again, for troops coming from Chester to Gloucester or *vice versa*, it is out of the line—*i.e.*, the *nearest and best line*, of march, which would be through Hereford. Then there is the presumption in favor of continuous occupation of the site when all other things are about equal.

"The ecclesiastical administration in Gaul, for example, followed the Imperial metropolis everywhere; and as Caerleon, from being the headquarters of the second legion, became the see of an archbishop—and so on—I cannot help a surmise that if Kenchester had been Magna,

we should now find the bishop taking his title, and the county itself named after Kenchester, and not after Hereford. I am not asserting this : but suggesting what I think needs thinking out ?

“ Another point is that there is no bridge over the Wye at the point where the road crosses it between Kenchester and Abergavenny. I have not yet searched for remains of one, but I hope sometime to do so. The presence or absence of a stone bridge would be an item of some weight in settling the problem. We were told by the postmistress that we could drive over the *ford* on the Wye, but time did not admit of the experiment. As the river rises in flood some mètres, it is clear that a ford would not have sufficed for the Roman service. There may have been a timber bridge, however.”

To Harrison Weir, Sevenoaks.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 9-10-1891.

“ * * * As to cats, I have always been fond of them from a boy, when we had several generations of white Angoras. They were wonderfully affectionate creatures. One of them always climbed on to my mother's shoulder every morning as she came down to breakfast, and greeted her with a long side-rub against her right cheek, and then one on her left, after which she descended to the usual quadrupedal level. She was a very conscientious cat ; and so far as I remember one might leave her in the room with untold beef-steaks without her touching one. This so far as regarded *our* property. What was in other houses she regarded as fair game for foraging ; for I saw her spring in, one day, through an open window with a large steak in her mouth. But all her descendants were not so scrupulous. I came down one morning to find one of these lovely white cats on the table with her head in the cream jug. On hearing my approach I suppose she pricked up her ears, with the result that she could not withdraw herself

from the jug. So she backed to the edge of the table and dropped, jug and all, to the floor. Here, lifting her head despairingly in the air, a stream of cream ran down her chest, and then, wildly bumping the encumbrance on the carpet, the china broke, but so as to leave the rim and handle as a collar round her neck as she fled from the room in shame and confusion.

“The daughter or granddaughter of our first white cat used to follow my father and mother for a mile along the road when they were walking from East Pool (Cornwall) to Redruth. This dear Pussy met with a hard fate. Our house was near East Pool Mine, and the white cat was seen by the miners killing rats there. They are a superstitious set of men, and believed the killing of rats was the way to ‘drive away luck’ from a mine. And so they killed our cat.

“We children brought home her dead body, and gave it as impressive a funeral as we knew how. The nearest thing to Westminster Abbey that we had was a trellised summer-house in a corner of the little garden, paved with white pebbles. The paving was taken up, and a grave dug in the centre, and then amid many tears her mortal remains were laid to rest. The western sun still gilds the spot where the martyr to duty has her last home. No pilgrim marks it; but it is known to the angels.

“After I left Cornwall, and my father and mother lived at Redruth, a descendant of Pussy’s died there a natural death. An old gentleman, next door, who knew and respected her, dug her grave in the garden, and there a troop of neighbours’ children, by whom she was beloved, and in whose tiny world she filled no mean space, stood round her tomb. After the ceremony was over, one little girl who had long known and loved her, came and stood by my mother’s chair. ‘What is this pink ribbon for, my dear?’ ‘O, it’s mourning for Pussy. Is the bell going for her?’ (It happened to be tolling.) ‘No, my dear, I

don't think it is.' 'Is she gone to heaven?' 'Well, my dear, I don't know whether cats go there ; but if they do, I am sure *she* has, for she was as good as any cat ever was in this world.' And the little pink-ribboned mourner went away comforted. There was hope for Pussy's felis-ity."

To his son William, in Paris.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 31-1-92.

" * * * The discouragement to all of us in this direction is the feeling of powerlessness, and the vague idea that besets us, that if only some of our circumstances were different, we should have a better chance of serving God.

"But this is all a mistake. He does not set us a lot of ideal tasks, the attainment of which would make us something extraordinary. What He does set us are very simple *child's tasks*: the watching over our own thoughts: the looking upward in heart: the endeavour to do commonplace things as in His sight. For each hour of each day as it comes, He gives the necessary ability to perform exactly what is pleasing to Him in that hour ; and that is enough."

The following letter on tithe was John Bellows' reply to his friend Henry T. Evans—a Quaker magistrate in Cardiganshire—who had sought his opinion and advice during the Welsh anti-tithe agitation.

To Henry T. Evans, Aberayron, Cardiganshire.

GLOUCESTER, 3-3-1892.

"To thy question, 'What would one of the primitive Friends do upon receipt of a document similar to the enclosed?' there can be but one answer. He would let the law take its course. Only the law was so much more severe two hundred years ago that he would have had to look forward to a long term of imprisonment, or even to dying in prison, for the non-payment of the tithe.

“My own view, which is likely before long to be put to the test, is, that under no circumstances could I pay towards the support of a salaried minister who takes compulsory remuneration. But even if I could go so far as that, I could not and I would not contribute in any way to the spread of doctrines which are now [taught] in the established church.

“Some argue that when I took, or bought, my land, I did so with the knowledge that this was one of its liabilities. True. But that is a very different thing from engaging to pay the tithe. I once had to sign a document in which I was made to covenant that I actually would pay it ; but I took the pen and struck out the whole clause before I put my name to it. If the land had been liable to a tax for any distinctly immoral purpose, that would be no reason why I should be debarred from taking it. It would be a reason why I should refuse to pay [the tax.]

✱ “The law must in all cases come *after*, and not before, the foundation principles of right and wrong: and the perpetuation of old and superstitious customs is a wrong in the very foundation of things. Tithe, in the infinite majority of cases, was put on to support a ministry that lived upon false pretences ; and they obtained it by false pretences, such as that their prayers could ease the punishment of sin in the world to come, and the like lies.

“It is the silent and passive resistance that sweeps down evils of old standing ; not rowdyism. In the latter case the law is not only set at nought, but is often left unsatisfied ; while by quietly suffering restraint, *it* is as fully satisfied as if the tithe were paid.

“As for posing as a martyr, there is not much scope for that where the martyrdom does not extend to a five pound note ! But if the ‘*pose*’ is thrust upon me, I will accept it, rather than do wrong for fear of seeming to be ‘righteous overmuch.’

“ A large part of our liberties in the way of worship, etc., is due to the quiet courage of the early Friends. When men were seen willing to pass long years in a dungeon rather than pay a few pence towards the maintenance of a false teaching, the light streamed fast on the masses, and the power of the false teaching was shaken to the foundation.

“ I can't set up for being a pattern to other men ; but so far as I *do* see, I will not hinder other men from coming to a knowledge of the truth, and I will not pay tithe to any mortal for any ' religious ' purpose.

“ The mere fact of the refusal will tell the Welsh people that there is a better way of settling this question than by fighting the auctioneer. If any considerable number of them come to do the same, and passively suffer, down the tithe system will go as surely as the walls of Jericho went down before the sound of the rams' horns !

“ *Stand firm*, and thou wilt look back on it with satisfaction. Give way, and thou mayst come to see it as I do, but thou wilt not then be able to undo thy act.”

There were few writers whom John Bellows held in deeper admiration than James Anthony Froude, with whom it was his privilege, at times, to correspond ; and the tribute paid to the value of his work by his appointment to the Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, gave John Bellows the deepest satisfaction.

To James Anthony Froude.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 7-4-1892.

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ I cannot let this occasion go by without a line to say how heartily glad I am at thy appointment at Oxford. It is a gladness that will be shared by many hearts to whom truth is dearer than shams ; for thy nomination means something more than the honour to the man, deserved as that is : it is the acknowledgment that thy history is a true

and faithful record of the times it deals with, and not what the Jesuits would have the world believe it is.

“I know no happier thought in life than the consciousness that we are but stewards of the several positions we hold ; entrusted, not so much with gifts and talents that men deem of value, as with trials and disappointments and uncertainties that give ample opportunity for us to build up our own character, not by doing wonders, but by patiently doing what we can as in God’s sight.

“Thou hast had a full share of misunderstanding and of misrepresentation to bear : the disillusionment of legitimate hopes of present success in some points, but not their final defeat. It is not going too far to say that this is the lot of every man who tries to deal honestly with the task he undertakes ; and it is the passing through this that gradually changes him from being but poor iron into tough steel : or, in the better simile of the Bible, these are the means by which the Almighty works when He says, ‘I will make a man more precious than fine gold’—surely His ultimate design for *every* man.

“I hope thou mayst live many years to hold this post, and so hold it that a very broad circle will say at last, ‘We are stronger and truer men for his teaching,’ as I believe can in some small measure be said by

“Thy friend, JOHN BELLOWES.”

The following letter is undated, but as reference is made in it to the death of Whittier, which event occurred on September 7, 1892, it must have been written shortly after that date.

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER.

“I have long had a letter half-written to thee, which press of business forced me to lay aside till I had in measure passed out of the mood in which it started. Yesterday’s ‘Times’ roused me, however, with its announcement that the last of the old New England literary

circle, except thyself, had passed away: that Whittier had followed Lowell, and left but *one* solitary lamp burning in the hall, where, but awhile ago, many shone bright.

"I recollect the account thou gave me once, of an afternoon thou spent with him at his house at Amesbury, and how cheerful he was notwithstanding his years—notwithstanding that, in the language of one with whom he must have been familiar as an earlier 'Quaker Poet':—

'The moment was drawing nigh
When by every fearful token
The silver cord must loosen its tie,
And the golden bowl be broken.'

I say 'notwithstanding': but it strikes me after all as a wrong word, for I see many examples of similar cheerful old age. In the right ordering of things it should often be so; that is, when the day's work has kept pace with the day; for in such a case the burden and heat of the day is gone by, and there is a foretaste of the rest that is to follow. Anxiety for the future is the great factor in depression of spirits; and Whittier, I take it, had for a long while been much freed from this?

"I hope in a short time to send thee two or three photographs my son Max has taken this week, but which he has not yet had time to develop. They are views of a quiet old village in Wiltshire, called Sherston. The place was not always so quiet, however, for it played a conspicuous part in the final struggle between the Britons and the Saxons, in this part of the country. It was then known as Tref wen or the White town, and is so spoken of in the Bard's lamentation, where he describes the death of a Celtic king Kandelann, in the battle of Dyrham in 577. Dyrham is a point on the prominent escarpment of the Cotteswold Hills, ten miles west of Sherston; and the fate of that day, according to the Saxon Chronicle, brought the cities '*Bathanceaster* and *Cirencester* and *Gleawancester*' under the rule of the West Saxons.

“A couple of miles east [of Sherston] the great Roman Fosseway crosses the Avon at a spot still known as *White-walls*, and marked in the ordnance map as ‘ancient station.’ This Fosseway having been made *after* the towns, and for the use of the army only, misses many of the towns and villages, such as Tetbury, Malmesbury, etc., and goes straight as a line on to the horizon, on its way to Lincoln. The paving is still visible in many parts of it. Close to the little river Avon it becomes merged in a pasture field, dotted over with trees. I found the bridge 13 ft. 8 ins. in breadth of roadway—*i.e.*, 14 Roman feet—for a foot rule in these matters is a magician’s wand in what it reveals! We noticed several circular marks in the grass as if buildings had stood there; and digging a little, we found Roman pottery. In one of the circles a mole had been at work. I sifted over his mound of freshly raised earth. It was black with former occupation, and in it I found a sparkling little bit of Samian ware! It was only as large as one’s finger tip, but it was enough to carry one back safely, in a moment, to over fifteen hundred years of time, to the hour when the *officer* was taking his lunch, while the horses were changing. Tom, Dick and Harry did not use Samian!”

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 10-10-1892.

“I was very glad to get thy kind letter of the 25th ult., although I did not expect to get one in thy own handwriting! I now enclose the little photographs my son took at Sherston, and to which references are made in my last. . . . My wife and I returned last week from a flying visit to our second son in Paris, where he is for a while, the better to acquire the language. As they happened to be full at his own lodgings, he procured us quarters in the *rue de la Sorbonne*, where we were in the shadow of the great building that links Paris of to-day

G

with so many of her glories in the past. It has recently received large additions, so that its long and stately lines of windows make the perspective of the entire street. The new front in the *rue des Ecoles* is next to the Collège de France. Our boy lodges *au quatrième* opposite the latter; and yesterday week we were sitting in his window looking at the rooms where Renan lay dead—for he died that very morning. A letter from [our son] this morning tells us of the spectacle presented by the funeral.

“I don’t know more than a very little of Renan, but from the little I have read of his writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, I think I know no one with whose views I have so little in common, and yet with whom, somehow, I feel more fully in sympathy. But then, if we knew all men thoroughly, I suspect we should profoundly sympathize, if not with *all*, yet with the infinite majority! To share their cares and their tears would amount to a very close kinship: the kinship I am certain the Father of All intended to subsist between the children of men.

“Ten days before the death of Renan was the *grande fête nationale* in commemoration of the French Revolution: its centenary from the ‘battle of Valmy.’ A little before ten [our son] came to fetch us to see the President and his Cabinet Ministers, the Senators, Deputies, Judges, and other officials pass to the Pantheon. Crossing the street, we first went into the *Grande Cour* of the Sorbonne: its older part. Late as it is in the year, it was a sunny day of Indian summer, and many windows that ‘gave’ into the quadrangle stood open. In them were sitting Doctors and Professors, silk robed and high capped, in many-fashioned dresses, yellow and violet scarves mingling with the prevailing black. All was silent, and nearly motionless; a dream of the middle ages up yonder, looking down on the long line of carriages of to-day, waiting to convey the learned men to their appointed places in the [procession to the Pantheon.]

“*Silent*: there are no bells in this gay Paris to ring in the hundred-year holiday of her revolution. Belgium would have filled the air with campanulation. Trèves would have filled it with sounds the middle ages had brought down from the Roman Empire. Yet here was the Palace of Julian itself at the foot of the street (now the *Hôtel Cluny*) but no sound of bells from it or from any other building in Paris! It was the strangest thing that struck one. Just the gentle melancholy chime of the Sorbonne clock: one silver bell and one bronze, to judge by their tones, to warn us that it is ten, and that the cortège is due on the boulevard close by. And there we stand in that vast sea of hundreds of thousands, looking up at the lacework of golden leaves that half veils the shining blue above. A pattering of horses’ feet, and a company of cavalry: another: a line of carriages, and again a lull like the hush after the surf has broken on the sands. Soon there is a renewal of the same sound at a distance—slowly gathering volume until it is like the sweep of a great waterfall, and a dazzle of swords emerges from the vista of trees into the bright sunshine before us; lines of mounted guards flash past; and in the midst of a great square they surround the President in his carriage, and the white-headed Minister of War by his side. A subdued murmur of pleasure as they go by, and again the wave subsides; and so on, yet again.

[In the historical procession that passed through the streets of Paris in the afternoon] “hundreds of men and women were dressed in the costumes of 1792. Green and crimson and blue were there in abundance: Dantons and Mirabeaus and Robespierres *à revendre*: but *unreal*! With all this I was compelled to notice that there was no enthusiasm. The thing bore no semblance in any way to the thing it was meant to celebrate; for the misdeeds that served as fuel to *that* fire are *burnt to incombustibility*!”

CHAPTER VI.

JOSEPH NEAVE—JOURNEY TO RUSSIA—MINDEN—ST. PETERSBURG.

IT IS well known that the Society of Friends has, from the beginning of its existence, held that no religious service should be undertaken except in obedience to an inward prompting, believed to be from above ; and it is thought right, also, before proceeding on any extensive journey in such service, that the Friend who feels this prompting should lay his 'concern' before his fellow members, in order that the matter may be fully and carefully weighed, and encouraged or discouraged as the case may be. If the Meeting before which this matter is brought believes the call to be a true one, it furnishes the Friend with a certificate of approval and unity, and, if necessary, with funds for the expenses of his journey.

In 1891, Joseph James Neave, a Friend residing in Australia, but who was still connected by membership with a Friends' Meeting in England, and under its jurisdiction, had felt a 'concern' to visit Russia on behalf of the Stundists, at that time suffering persecution on account of their dissent from the Greek Church. The Friends in England to whom Joseph Neave communicated his 'concern' advised delay ; but when, a year later, in the spring of 1892, he was able to attend the Yearly Meeting of the Society in London, and renew his appeal in person, it met with full sympathy and approval ; and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

There is a tacit rule in the Society that a ministering Friend travelling on such an errand shall have a companion. Joseph Neave, however, feeling great uncertainty

as to the extent and duration of his journey, was reluctant to burden anyone else with a share in it, and was prepared to go to Russia alone. His journey was fixed, so far as any human arrangement can be said to be *fixed*, in the early summer of 1892, but it was not to be taken until the following autumn. In the meantime a companion was found for him in an unexpected quarter.

A member of the committee arranging for this journey, writing to John Bellows on other matters, casually mentioned Joseph Neave's prospect, when John Bellows was suddenly and vividly impressed with a sense that he must be willing to share with Joseph Neave the hardships and responsibilities of the journey. There was, however, one difficulty which might have been expected to hinder the Society from accepting any such offer from him. Nine years previously, feeling that the Society of Friends was in some respects drifting away from what he considered the right standard, and acting under the pressure of much mental disquiet, he had resigned his membership in it. In spite, however, of this technical disqualification, the committee at once and unanimously recognized his fitness for the delicate mission in prospect, and he was cordially accepted as companion to Joseph Neave, with whom he now came into the closest and most harmonious fellowship.

It will not be supposed that one whose mental constitution was so sensitive and delicate could pass through the preparation for this work without great suffering. The prospect of a separation of indefinite duration from his home, and all that that meant to him, on so vague and mysterious an errand, which might include a visit to Siberia, and did in fact include one to the Trans-Caucasus, was very trying to his affectionate nature; but in the very suffering this prospect involved, he recognized a preparation for the work before him.

From his letters to his wife, especially, as they are the most numerous, a fairly full narrative may be gathered of

his experiences during this journey, which lasted six months; but for reasons which will be understood, all references to interviews with officials, on the business in which Joseph Neave and he were engaged, are omitted, as well as many interesting records of their intimate intercourse with others. Although the two Friends did not effect all that they hoped for, they had the consolation of knowing that their labours had not been altogether in vain.

Soon after his return to England, John Bellows applied for re-instatement in the Society of Friends, and was cordially received again into membership.

To Joseph James Neave.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 9-9-92.

“When Edwin R. Ransome mentioned, in a letter I had from him, thy prospect of going to Russia, a weight came over my mind, with a sense that it *might* be required of me to offer to go with thee : and a query whether, *if* it should be so required, I would be willing to obey, or whether I should seek to put it by as a hard thing.

“Keeping still, in mind, and looking up for preservation from any wrong attitude of mind, I was favoured, though with a good deal of baptism, to remain passive. This has recurred several times. On the other hand I have looked at what seemed the dashing of a hope ; a hope that, shall I say, has beset me for some months past in an unusual degree, of more rest from my busy cares, and of lessened anxiety.

“On the other hand I could not but feel that as all that I have or that I am, in this sense, has been given me, it would be a poor acknowledgment of all the blessings that have been so freely bestowed on me, to turn away from the secret drawing of the love of God at the first hint to lay down their enjoyment for a time, and plead these very favours as a reason for refusing to resign them. I could not do so.

“The Enemy has not failed to set both these conditions before me in an exaggerated form, and to ply me hard with the contrast between the ‘cieled house’ and home, and the far off land with its coming winter: the hardship, and the vague uncertainty of duration of the trial. But sinking into a measure of silent dying to self, all this has been overcome from time to time, and I have felt willing, against my will, to be led by the still small voice, and the glance, so to say, of the Divine Eye, in the direction indicated.

“I have of course, after due reflection, put the matter to my dear wife; knowing how truly she would deal with it, and that if it proved a right, or rather *the* right thing, she too would be helped to a willingness in reference to it; trial as it necessarily is to her. It is with her concurrence that I write.

“How I can be of any help to thee beyond a very simple companionship is certainly not apparent to me; yet *if thou art clear* that it would be right to accept my company, and if Friends also are *fully* of the mind that it would be suitable, I feel I am on solid ground in offering to go.

“If the way should not open, I shall feel still that I have abundant reason for thankfulness at having been led into and through these baptisms; ‘in all these things is the life of my spirit’—and they leave solid fruit behind.”

The Committee, then, having cordially accepted the companionship of John Bellows for Joseph Neave, the two left for Russia on October 12, 1892. On their way they rested at Cologne for a few hours, and spent a day or two at Minden, where the only Meeting of the Society of Friends in Germany is held.

To his son Max.

COLOGNE, 14-10-92.

“We have had time for a short walk and an ascent of the tower with the wonderful view of the Rhine country

from it. We also got a walk round the triforium and a full view of the interior of the Cathedral. At the end we look from a height of 90 ft. all along the nave, which is 450 ft. long. Here the guide told us we must take off our hats—but we did not; and I want thee to drop a line in German to the custodian of the towers, Köln Cathedral, telling him that thy father was one of the Englishmen who went up on the 14th, and that he wished thee to explain why his friend and he did not uncover: *i.e.* because *we* are the true temples of God (quote the text of the Apostle Paul) and to give honour to buildings made with men's hands is to draw away attention from this most vital point. Taking off a hat in a building is no honour to that Spirit who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, but to seek to know Him and to do His will is the worship or honour which He calls for at the hands of every one of us."

To his Wife.

MINDEN, GERMANY, 15-10-92.

"The Friends here are delighted to shew us kindness and to make us feel at home, though I can see that Louis Rasche is making a sacrifice at a time of considerable business anxiety in leaving the whole of his correspondence to his clerk and his own Max. * * *

"For twelve years Louis Rasche served as a 'peace judge' here. This means an arbitration magistrate whose duty it is to endeavour to compose differences between people without going to law. There are three of these in Minden, and some in every town in Germany. No law-court will hear a case until it has been before one of these peace-makers, and he has failed to bring about a compromise.

First-day.

"Sunnier than the sunshine of this beautiful morning, that has taken the place of yesterday's rain, is thy letter that has just been handed me! I must stop to read it as soon as I have put into the envelope the violets that little

Wilhelm has just put into my hand, his little face beaming with smiles.

“*Noon.* We have just come back from Meeting. Nearly forty sat down, as several had come in from the country who are too far off (9 miles) to attend regularly here. It was a sweet and solemn time. At the close of the meeting many hard clasps of the hand were given us, with looks that made up for lack of words. * * *

“In the afternoon the country Friends stayed in to meet us again at 3 o'clock, and we had another favoured time. There is something very interesting and touching in the interpreter giving sentence by sentence in the foreign tongue and *vice versa*. J. J. Neave prayed very earnestly for the little company, and when he had done, or a few moments after, I touched David Peitsmeyer and whispered to him to give the Friends the substance of what had been said, as it is not usual to give sentence by sentence as they do when preaching. He did so very accurately and nicely. Louis Rasche, who is a true minister, also prayed for us, and as J. J. Neave had done, for the people of God in Russia who had suffered persecution, some to the loss of all things; that ‘dunkles Land,’ as he expressed it. After Meeting we walked, Louis Rasche, J. J. Neave and I, to the Weser bank. It was between 4 and 5 in the afternoon. The wide shining stream, looking westward, was one sheet of silver. A few miles away it passed between two steep wooded cliffs, the ‘Porta Westphalica,’ and a serrated line of mountains died away from this point southward. Behind us was Minden, from one of the towers of which boomed a bell very similar in tone to that [we heard] in Trèves for the death of the Emperor Friedrich. Few things to me bring more forcibly home the feeling of being in a strange land than the sound of unaccustomed bells, and I should have felt greatly cast down but for the sense of the Divine love and goodness of which we had so largely partaken in our gathering

together, and which lifted the heart above sorrow and time and distance.

“As we turned homeward through the avenues of trees on the *glacis* of the former fortifications, we came out on the sweetest cemetery I had ever seen, garden and woodland mingled with quiet stonework, and none of those artificialities that strike one so painfully in many burial grounds in England and France.

“Louis Rasche told us that once in going through this ground when he was a young man, the thought pressed on his mind, ‘How many who are lying here would wish, if it were possible, to undo some of the acts done in their lives!’ And the prayer rose in his heart to be kept from anything he would not like to look back upon when his turn came to die. But he added, ‘The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.’”

To his Wife.

HÔTEL DE PRUSSE, KÖNIGSBERG, 18-10-92.

“We have both got on thus far excellently; and we feel no misgiving as to the unknown future. Had I come here to please myself, it would have been with far other feelings that I have seen one great European river after another placed between me and all that I hold dear in this world. This afternoon it was the broad silvery stream of one of the affluents of the Oder; and later on it was the wider Vistula reflecting the magnificence of the sunset: miles of the crimson and gold that had been filling the western horizon on this almost boundless plain. No poem that ever was written—no painting that ever was painted—could more than faintly recall the vastness and the beauty and the mysteriousness of the whole scene; nothing could fitly close it but the darkness and silence of the northern autumn night, giving place in its turn to the lamps of this old-world city, shimmering on its canals, and reflecting in them the many-storied gabled houses, and the masts of its shipping.

"Were it not for to-morrow's journey, I could sit for hours at this bedroom window, watching the fisherman's boat below. We saw him haul in his net awhile ago, and the flash of the fish among the endless scintillations around them. Behind us, still in the town, a great mediæval castle towers up into the night. Even the electric light does not touch the battlements up yonder, but leaves them vague and shadowy, as they ought to be. It is midnight, and everything has sunk into silence; though a hundred and sixty thousand souls are gathered around us. The Baltic Sea itself is four miles off; too far for the sound of its waves to reach us.

"There comes a dull roar! It is the midnight mail from Russia, going *west*. I will lie down on my pillow and be *there* before it—till to-morrow comes!"

To his Wife.

HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE, PETERSBURG, 21-10-92.

"Here at last we are landed after a journey with nothing disagreeable or lacking in comfort from beginning to end.

"I woke in daylight, the sun was shining brilliantly on a forest of birches among which here and there was a Scotch fir or two. White frost was on the grass and buildings where there were any, for they were scarce as yet, and thin ice covered the pools that had not disappeared from the last rain. * * *

"Running into the station we got the guard to look us out a porter. For more than a mile we drove in a straight line along the cobbled but exceedingly wide road to the Square of Isaac's Cathedral. * * * Our hotel fills a large block on one side the Square, 27 windows long."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 26-10-92.

"We have a very weighty duty to attend to in the morning: of that we are indeed sensible; yet neither J. N. nor myself have felt at liberty to prepare one word

of what has to be said, or even to form an outline of the course we ought to take. If this is trying to our faith, we have yet not only the solid sense of support that is granted us in the prospect, but the experience of the wonderful help that has been granted us in every step taken hitherto."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 13-11-92.

"It is beginning to shape itself to us that as soon as we are free of Petersburg we ought to go to the Trans-Caucasus." * * *

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 18-11-92.

"I wish —— to have this message from me—that in all this service we have been obliged to walk entirely by the inner leading of the Spirit, in which she but very dimly believes. In no case have we entered the presence of any of the officials we have seen with *any* preparation as to what we were to say, and in each case has the Master literally fulfilled His own promise in Matthew x. 18, 19. 'Who is *blind* as the Lord's servant?' is the true watch-word in such service as this, and 'Be not afraid of their faces lest I confound thee before them.' And so marvellous are the entanglements through which we have to move, that the wisest and cleverest and best man going partly by Divine guidance and partly stepping before it by his own judgment, must and would have failed utterly. It is not man's work at all. If a soldier loaded an Armstrong gun and put everything so ready that pulling a thread would fire it, he might order a little child to pull that thread and the work would be done—*not* by the child certainly, though to its intense amazement. This is exactly our share in the matter.

"Great and mighty changes will come in this land for the release of the people of God from their cruel suffering and bondage, but the time is hidden from us. * * *

Sometimes it feels as it does before a storm, when there is a freshness in the air before the rain ; but the rain *will* come, and it will not be a shower but a *heavy storm of blessing* for Russia, deluging the dry ground and preparing the seed sown for a great and wide harvest, in which the reapers shall reap to life eternal."

To his son William, in Paris.

PETERSBURG, 19-11-92.

"*All* our talents, *all* our ignorances even—*all* our strength and *all* our weakness, in the Divine Hand can be worked up into usefulness, exactly in proportion as we are obedient to that which the Holy Spirit shews us we ought to do and not do. A man can do *nothing* of himself, unless it be to shut his eyes to the light ; yet with every conviction that God brings home to us, He gives *as much power to obey as will carry us through that particular requirement*. This measure of power ('power belongeth unto God') is also called 'the measure of faith' ('faith is the gift of God') and the soul in at once closing with it, takes hold of that power, or faith, and by it is carried through. This is what is meant by 'the *obedience of faith*.'

"Now to take a very commonplace illustration : when we would be carried along the street by a force superior to our own, we grasp the bar of a passing tramcar, and in grasping it, we take hold of a strength far beyond our own—we share the power, so to say, that is to carry us on our way. But if we hesitate and stand waiting *for a moment that will require no effort on our part*—the car passes : only to leave us losers of so much precious time, and with exactly the same condition to fulfil when the next car passes. We must thus much 'co-operate' with God."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 21-11-92.

"On Seventh-day evening the Pastor of the British-American Congregational Chapel called to suggest our

holding a *Friends'* Meeting in that building after our own manner entirely. It appeared to be right to accept this opening, and Pastor Francis gave it out at the close of their usual morning gathering yesterday for half-past six in the evening. I need hardly say that the prospect brought a good deal of weight upon our minds. About 150 persons gathered. Everything is so unlike what we are accustomed to, that I will briefly describe the scene.

“The street is very near this hotel. On reaching the door several droschkies were drawing up with their passengers—one young man in a sort of military uniform helping a dark-complexioned lady, his mother, from such a carriage—a Persian who spoke to us at the close of the Meeting. Entering the double doors we pass from the hall to a large room on the left, filled up from end to end with elaborate coat and hat stands; and a general disrobing of furs and wraps, taking off of goloshes, etc., soon fills these completely.

“The chapel itself is a long nice room with plain cushioned seats on either hand of a central gangway or aisle. The pulpit in the far corner on our right was unoccupied, but a little table stood on a raised dais in front of us with three chairs. J. J. Neave took one, and the Pastor and I sat on either hand of him.

“Briefly explaining that we had no form of service, but that we waited in silence to feel after God, who is a Spirit and who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, J. J. N. added: ‘I will read a chapter in the Bible, and after that we will endeavour to settle into, not a formal silence, but an earnest exercise of soul to seek after God.’ The chapter was the last in Revelation. A very solid silence followed, and then J. J. N. knelt in prayer that seemed to reach to those present. After another silence he rose and spoke of the manner in which the whole Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation pointed to Christ in His varied offices as a King and a Priest and a Saviour. The Meeting

listened with very deep attention and I believe there was general satisfaction felt. * * *

“ We had previously engaged to go at half-past eight to the house of a lady who had been at the Meeting. The house is on the Quay, some distance past the Winter Palace. ——— walked there with me through the fine drizzling snow. The flash and glisten of the crystals in the fierce electric light of the Palaces was painful to the sight—though not so bad, I was assured, as the effect in the noon sunlight. This ‘Palace Quay’ runs for a long distance on the bank of the Neva, and the effect of the dark flowing waters on the one hand and the dazzling white on the other, was very grand. Every time we passed under an electric lamp, the shadow of the falling snow looked like the flow on the ground of a grey faint stream; for the snow was in fine dust, not in flakes.

“ It occurs to me that I have left out of its right place a visit we paid on Seventh-day afternoon to the Monk Alexis—a sweet and gentle old man who would be a shining Christian if he were not so buried in learning! George Prince went with us. In one of the ‘lines’ or street sides abutting on the mercantile part of the Neva, we pass through a *porte cochère* into a large courtyard with some trees in the centre. This is the hostelry of the Archbishop of Kiev, and the ‘Kievsky’ monastery.

“ Up a little flight of stone steps—into a passage—again into one on the left—and finally through the inevitable double doors into a room the size of our schoolroom, but rather higher. A little table, two or three large book-cases, a little bed half hidden by a curtain, and a sweet and venerable old man with his grey hair streaming over his shoulders, seizing us by both hands and talking what a geologist would describe as metamorphosed French, to bid us welcome to this his cell. He leads us through into another similar room to hang up our coats and hats, and stow away our goloshes, and then we return to the cell

and are seated by the little table, which in ten minutes is covered *three deep* with books. Chief among these is Max Müller's 'Sacred Books of the East'—and the dear old man wants to see these translated into Russ. Nothing will do but that I must undertake to convey a copy of Alexis' own works to the Professor at Oxford—and then he sits down to write a letter in English on a sheet of foolscap to beg his acceptance of them. Between the three of us we turn out a very respectable letter, which winds up with the suggestion that the 'Sacred Books of the East' should be translated and published in Russ. * * *

"Oh, what a mistake monastic life is! This man, I repeat, would be, if in natural and healthy contact with his fellows, a burning and a shining light. As it is, he is shut in with his books to waste his energy on studies of the letter of Scripture that profit but very little indeed compared with the living openly and tangibly before men.

"W. Hilton, of whom I have several times spoken, is the managing partner in a very large linseed oil works here. Until some years ago the great mass of the Russian peasantry used to use rape or hemp-seed oil to drink during the long period of the fast prescribed by the Greek Church—a fast so severe that nothing whatever that is of or from an animal must pass the lips for several weeks. So strictly do they observe this that they will not, or many of them will not, eat anything that has sugar in, because sugar is refined with animal charcoal. A doctor told me last week that he was called in to see a dying baby whose mother would not suckle it for fear of making the little thing sin by taking milk. The doctor sent for the priest to remove the embargo and save the little life, but he said 'No—God gave the child, let Him take it,' and the infant was literally starved to death and laid in its little grave as a Divine requirement.

"Well, when some years ago the hemp crop failed, the blow was terrible to these poor people, for they had no

other oil to fall back upon. W. Hilton then proposed to the mill proprietors under whom he was serving, that they should procure a finer quality of linseed and produce a sweet edible oil that might take the place of the sort that had failed. The objection previously to linseed was that it was bitter and earthy in taste. But his plan was adopted, and now an enormous quantity of the fine quality of linseed oil is consumed in this way."

PETERSBURG, 29-11-92.

"Joseph Neave keeps on his way without elevation or depression, so far as I can see. He has a good deal of trial, but from causes unconnected with his errand here. I cannot help feeling the violent contrast between my own position here and that of men like Daniel Wheeler, Stephen Grellet and Thomas Shillitoe—but what can I do? I cannot add one inch to my stature, nor make myself spiritually anything else than the strange compound of inconsistencies I have been for most of my life. If I am sent into the harvest-field as a child to *glean* where they stood as powerful men to reap, I must do the best I can."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 8-12-92.

"Yesterday we had an intimation that the British Ambassador, Sir Robert Morier, would be pleased if we called on him. * * * We pass through two ante-rooms to the Ambassador's own apartment. A tall, splendid-looking old English gentleman meets us in the doorway, shaking hands and making us at once welcome. He leads us to three chairs, and we seat ourselves one on each side of him. Sir Robert Morier is very much such a man as William Henry Hyett was. I am not quite clear whether it belongs to the old Adam to feel proud as an Englishman, but I did feel glad that such a man and such an environment represented the power of Great Britain *vis à vis* the Russian Empire. He reminded me of an old lion, quiet and majestic. * * * With us he was

H

exceedingly kind and gentle and sympathetic when he found the lines on which we intend to keep.

“Pastor Francis has just been in to arrange for me to talk to the children in the British-American Congregational School on the making of a Roman road, and how it was used. The American Minister will be present.”

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 12-12-92.

“My little lecture to the school-children came off this afternoon.

“There are about 60 boys and girls, the *only* school in the Russian Empire not under the Minister of Public Instruction, as it is under the shield of the United States Embassy and reckoned to belong to it. This is a wonderful advantage to the English and American colony here, for it enables the committee of management to get English teachers; whereas they must have Russians otherwise, and would be compelled to give the bulk of the instruction in the Russian language. I found the youngest boys were nine years of age—and so I began by talking to them about marbles, going on to Latin, and telling them how I did not like Latin when *I* was nine, and how I used to draw elephants when I was not watched, and paint them yellow—that they were very pretty—better than any pictures in the Winter Palace here—but that it ended in my not knowing Latin, which I was now sorry for. Then with the blackboard I described the building of Rome, the formation of the legion, and the work on a new roadway, etc. I think I managed to keep it simple enough for them, and Andrew White [the U. S. Minister] made a good little speech of thanks at the end, when the 60 children gave a tremendous clapping of hands, sang ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ and we adjourned upstairs for tea.

“Here we were joined by Princess ———. She is passionately loyal to the Emperor and the monarchical

principle, but hates all intolerance with undisguised hate. She was much pleased to hear us say that we have a good hope that Russia will rise out of these troubles. As she was leaving the room I was saying, 'I find *nearly everybody* in Russia believes that the Emperor is the highest power in the Empire—and that after him comes the Governor of a province—after the Governor comes the Ispravnik (Chief of Police,) and *somewhere*, below the Ispravnik, comes the Almighty.' She was standing outside the door when I said this at parting, but she came back into the room, seized my hand and gave it a strong grip and said, 'You are *right*!'

To his daughter Marian.

PETERSBURG, 13-12-92.

"Last week I was calling on an old lady (who is going to send her portrait to mamma) and found a poor broken-down-looking old woman of the poorer sort, waiting in the same room. I think she must have seen better days, for she afterwards spoke to me in French. I felt a great sympathy towards her: though of course I knew nothing whatever about her—and turning to the lady of the house, I asked her to tell the old woman that I felt the Almighty had as much care of her and watched over her as much for good as if she were the only being in the world. As the Russian sounds fell on her ear in the interpretation, the poor old soul burst into tears; and when a moment after I was taking leave, she laid her thin trembling hand in mine and said in French, 'May the Lord bless you for coming from so far away to say a word of consolation!' I heard from the hostess her story afterwards: it was one of overwhelming griefs."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 18-12-92.

"This will be my last from Petersburg till our return, as we start for Moscow to-morrow evening. Our work

H 2

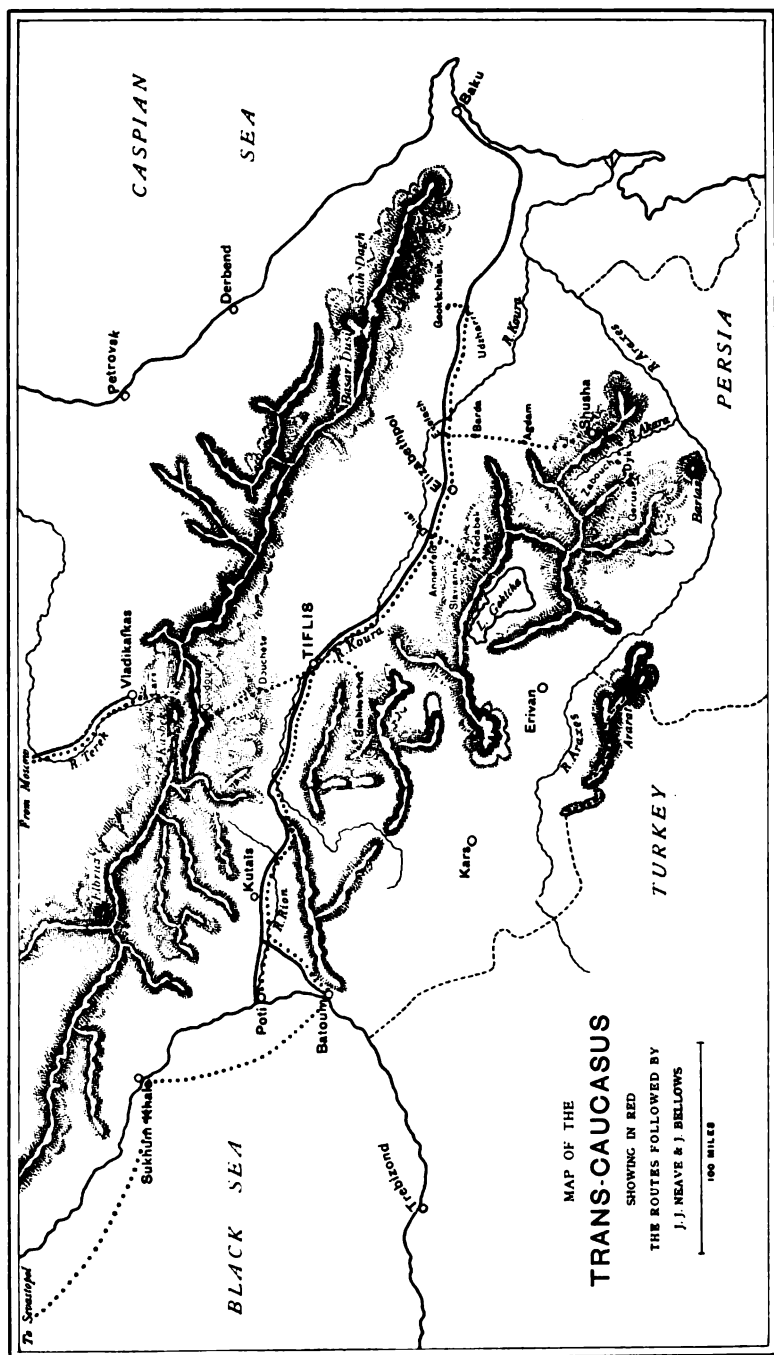
here feels finished so far as the city is concerned, and gives no condemnation in the retrospect, though I need hardly say I feel empty and commonplace, as if I had never anything to do with it at all.

“Princess —— told us with a quiet smile that the Petersburg paper ‘Novosti’ (News) of yesterday has an attack on J. J. N. and me as ‘two Quakers from England who have come to Russia to force an open door—inasmuch as there is already full liberty of conscience in Russia’!”

To his Wife.

20-12-92.

“I believe my last brought our narrative to First-day morning. In the evening we went to bid farewell to Baroness —— and family. Two young ladies came in. One of them was a strong apologist for the support of the Greek Church as a political necessity in the present condition of Russian society. Except Princess ——, she was decidedly the most original and vigorous thinker we have met with since coming from England, and I greatly enjoyed her determined onslaught on whomsoever she attacked. She admitted several of our points however. As to the maintenance of the Greek Church by the iron-handed repression of dissent, I put it to her that *all* this could do would be, not to preserve the Greek Church, but its empty shell; and that the Pobedonostzeff policy would simply do for it what the white ants do in Africa for all the furniture in a house: eat out the substance more and more, leaving the outside seemingly sound, till at last the whole thing crushed to dust.”



CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY TO SOUTH RUSSIA—COUNT TOLSTOI—VLADIKAFKAS—
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—ARRIVAL
AT TIFLIS.

AS a knowledge at first hand of the people they were trying to help was indispensable, the two Friends now left St. Petersburg for the Trans-Caucasus, travelling by way of Moscow and the Georgian Road through the mountains, to Tiflis. After an absence of three months on their delicate errand, they returned by the Black Sea and the Crimea, to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

The absence of allusion, in these letters, to the more private part of the work they were engaged in, is due to the reticence which Joseph Neave and his companion always felt obliged to maintain on the subject.

The railway journey southward to Vladikafkas—on the north of the Caucasian Mountains—was described by John Bellows, in 'The Friend,' as follows:—

“A little before seven in the morning the guard comes to awaken those who have bespoken coffee at Klin, two hours short of Moscow, and a few minutes after, at the halt of the train, a waiter enters with tumblers of hot coffee and rolls of fancy bread. One or two of us slip on our furs and step out on the platform to see what the morning is like. It is bright, but bitterly cold, with a little snow falling. The landscape is alternately a vast expanse of white or a forest of birches; the spray of the trees very beautiful in the cold sharp morning light.

“By and by villages appear more frequently, then pretty villas, and the various signs of approach to a large

city. The snow falls faster, and we notice men on the line clearing it, and trains of sledges loaded with it from the streets. It is only of late years, Count Tolstoi says, that they have thus cleared the streets, and it must be a titanic task to do this in such a climate in a town that covers eighteen square miles.

“At last we slowly roll into a small station, with space for two trains in width: the terminus of the Petersburg line. A multitude of porters crowd round us, and in a few minutes we are seated in one of the throng of sledges standing in the street outside. There are seats for four, and a pair of horses dash off with us through the biting snowstorm to the hotel. It is a good distance; but everything is so new and strange, and so different even from Petersburg, that we do not regret a few minutes longer in the transit. Here we are at last in a great open space in front of the Kremlin wall, and are quickly indoors in what we hope may be as comfortable quarters as we have left in the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* in Petersburg.

“Even a brief description of Moscow would take too much space in the present sketch. It is enough here to say that in a couple of days after our arrival we had completed the calls we were bound to make, and obtained information needed for our purpose, so that by five o'clock in the evening we were again in the train, this time not to leave it, except at a refreshment-room, or to change carriages twice, for seventy-five hours.

“To travel on continuously from night till morning, and again till morning wears into evening, and evening into night, over the never-ending wilderness of snow, gives one to realise the immensity of the Russian empire; for all these hundreds of miles mark but a very small space on the map. Yet, somehow, the time does not hang heavily on our hands. * * *

“It was really enjoyable to go outside and stand on the platform at the end of the carriage. The morning air was

sweet, and the train was speeding away over the steppe : back as far as the limit of the horizon, and on as far as the eye could reach, one vast wilderness of dark brown, not exactly a moorland, for there is hardly vegetation enough for that, yet like a moorland that has no beginning or end. 'Monotonous?' Yes, but there are monotonies that do not weary. The sweet sound of a waterfall is one of these, the sound of the sea is one, and so is the endless heave of the ocean. All vastness partakes largely of monotony. The vastness of this plain belting the interval between the Black Sea and the Caspian grew more and more upon the imagination as the train rolled on hour after hour with the same illimitable space still opening before it. True, some low hills appeared at a distance on the left, and the mist on the right hung as a veil between us and the great Alps of the Caucasus ; but for that mist we should have seen Elbruz, the highest of the range—over 18,500 feet above the sea. Yet before and behind, the plain was unbroken, and the very consciousness of the mountains being, as it were, present but invisible, added to the total impression the steppe made upon one.

"The snow began to appear again, and by eight o'clock at night, when we reached the terminus of Vladikafkas, we found more sledges at the station than droschkies. Stowing our baggage in one of the latter and ourselves in a sledge, we were soon at the Hôtel de France, tired and stiff, ready for a meal and for the long dreamless sleep that followed it."

On their way through Moscow the two Friends had visited Count Tolstoi, and, in respect to this visit John Bellows wrote to his wife :—

"I do not know what began it—but some question arose about Friends' non-use of 'ordinances,' when Fast* stated that water baptism was commanded in Scripture, and

* The interpreter who accompanied the Friends throughout their journey in the South.

that *all* the Scripture was inspired, citing Paul's word to Timothy in proof. Both Count Tolstoi and I combated his position, and the conversation became very earnest and touching. It was a new idea to Fast that a man could fear God and strive with all his might to keep His commandments, who yet was not a believer in the Divinity of Christ, or in the inspiration of Paul.

"When I put the Friends' doctrine of Universal and Saving Light before them both, they were both greatly impressed by it. Count Tolstoi turned to me with exceeding emotion—'Oh! how glad I am to hear you say this! Why do the Friends not try to spread this doctrine?' (Then turning to Fast) 'You with your sticking hard by the letter have no unity with me because I cannot admit of your baptism—and I have no unity with you in that—but Jesus Christ prayed that we might be one, even as he and his Father are one. How then are we to come to this unity but by the Spirit? Here this friend, standing in the Spirit, can have unity with both of us whose views are different from his: with you, notwithstanding you are opposed to him on water-baptism—and he, who believes in the Divinity of Christ, can at the same time feel that unity with you who also believe in it, and with me who do not believe in it at all! God teaches us all, though we do not all see things from the same stand-point. You who stand *there* see that table and say 'It is long;' and I who view it from *here* say 'No, it is broad;' but if I strive to obey God and to follow Him with the light I now have, do you believe if I die now that He will save my soul?' I never looked on anything more touching. The big tears filled his eyes as he turned his sorrow-stricken face full upon Fast. Fast's lips quivered as he answered, 'Yes—I do believe He *will*!' It was a memorable moment for each of us; and I feel certain that each of us felt his heart broadened and deepened in the sense of the everlasting love of God, whose ways are wonderful and past finding

out. Fast was exceedingly impressed: and he told us last night in the train that the whole opportunity was a new experience for him. He turned again to the passages in Timothy and Peter, that we had dwelt upon, and I can see that his eyes are getting opened to the *truth*.

“Count Tolstoi put with admirable force the poorness of the foundation that the letter of Scripture is our guide and not the revelation of God direct to the soul, pointing out that if *that* were true, then the clever and the learned men would know the most of the things of God instead of the simple and the pure in heart. ‘How will you decide, or shall I decide, which *is* the text, when there are so many thousands, yes, *thousands of variantes* in the MSS. ? Who shall tell us what *are* canonical books and what are apocryphal? Shall we take the report of bishops in the fifth or sixth century who held doctrines neither of us believe to be true? If you go by the letter, you will end by having sects without end: but if you are led by the Spirit, it will bring you into one-ness with God. Yes—I *am* glad you have said what you did: I feel — what do you say for it —?’ ‘Unity,’ I suggested. ‘Yes, unity. I feel unity with you.’

“He persuaded us to stay and take lunch as the time was close at hand. We went downstairs to a dining room leading out of the entrance hall, where most of the family, and an English governess, were seated at table. It was a treat to me to have vegetarian cookery without making a special request for it.

“‘I will walk back with you to your hotel if you will stay and take some lunch first,’ Count Tolstoi had said; and now, putting on his peasant’s sheepskin coat and fur cap, and taking his staff, we started. The cold was sharp, our moustaches and beards freezing hard: but I got very warm walking. He told me that to find men dead from cold is not uncommon: though ‘vodka’ often has something to do with this. * * *

“Count Tolstoi is too continually in earnest to smile often. I only heard him laugh once, and that was when, looking up at some of the names on the signs, I said: ‘I wish your Russian words were not so long. If you would cut them in three I believe I could swallow them and digest them—but now I can do neither.’ He seemed tickled, and laughed quite a merry little laugh.”

To his Wife.

VLADIKAFKAS, 26-12-92.

“Here we are, brought well and satisfactorily to another stage of our journey, the capital of the Northern Caucasus.

* * * *

“When we woke yesterday morning we found the climate milder, and for hour after hour we passed along the steppe or moorland uncovered with snow. The monotony of this tremendous expanse did not weary me, but the contrary. As the afternoon wore on we got to a greater elevation. Hills were on our left at a distance; and now for a long way we had them on our right also—a level line like Cleeve from the valley. At last I could see dots on the slope, and then in the plain. As we drew nearer I thought they might be huts—but they were *hay-stacks*, hay cut from the steppe—now getting more grassy. And then for scores of miles they dotted the landscape everywhere. The villages were rare and wretched-looking. Snow again covered everything as night drew on, and when we reached Vladikafkas, 2300 feet above the sea, the air had a mountain feel about it that was not unpleasant. The people now began to look far more foreign, dark Armenian and Tartar countenances, strange great white wool caps, long bourkas or cloaks of coarse black goats’ hair; women with shawls over their heads—children padded to a rotundity that would amaze some of you at home. * * *

"At the station we found a train waiting for the Césaréwitch, who is crossing the mountain to-day on his return to Petersburg. The town is decorated with flags, etc., to receive him. We were informed that no one will be allowed to leave Vladikafkas for Tiflis until 5 o'clock to-morrow morning—a very reasonable precaution for the Prince's safety. This will give us one day's rest before the strain of driving 200 versts *d'un seul coup*, and it will not delay our work. The Imperial party is making the passage of the mountain at the moment I am writing."

To his Wife.

VLADIKAFKAS, 27-12-92.

"The Heir Apparent and the Governor General [of the Trans-Caucasus] came through at 11.0 last night, so that the road is free for ordinary traffic again. * * * At 11 o'clock as Fast and I were sitting writing (J. J. Neave had gone to post a letter) a sudden sound of hurraing burst on our ears, and we ran down to the hall-door to see a strange and beautiful spectacle. The principal streets of V. are 120 feet wide, with a pretty avenue of trees and a broad foot-walk in the centre. As the houses are for the most part bungalow-fashion, all on the ground-floor, it makes the town cover a very large area with 20,000 population. Poles had been planted for miles along both sides of our carriage-way, hung with banners of the Russian tricolor. Coloured lamps were burning all along the front, and of course the entire population, almost, turned out to welcome their future sovereign. The night was misty, which added greatly to the effect. Just beyond us to the south was a glow of crimson fire that coloured the fog itself in wonderful Turner-fashion, and carriage after carriage came rushing out of this red mist, passing our door at a dashing gallop and plunging away into the mist beyond. In front of us the frost-spangled trees of the Boulevard, and the white snow under them, reflected and

sparkled the flashes of light that followed one another in rhythm, for a squadron of Cosaks galloped by, each horseman carrying a blazing torch. Fancy all this and the roar of cheering rising and then rolling away and dying in the distance with the disappearance of the Imperial train—and thou wilt not wonder at Joseph Neave's enthusiasm as he came in from his walk to the Post-office, nearly out of breath as he said, '*This beats Petersburg altogether.*'

"Our posting arrangements are set aside—beggars must not be choosers—and we have to wait till three o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

"Now let me describe a visit we made to some of our friends in ———, people who are beloved by their neighbours. A few only came to see us, because they are not allowed to hold large gatherings. As these few came in—middle-aged men—they shake hands and kiss us, Russian fashion; and after J. J. N. has told them through our interpreter of the way in which he was drawn to visit this land, we drop into a meeting for worship. One of the Russians prays in a very humble and broken spirit, and is followed by another in the same true power and feeling. I do not remember ever to have been in such an assembly. The voice of the speaker was several times choked by suppressed sobs, and the low quiet tones of it again and again mingled with sounds of weeping from every person in the room. I felt crushed with a sense of my own unfitness to be with these dear people, many of whose countenances bore the visible Shekinah of the Divine communion. The 91st Psalm was read (the 90th in the Russian notation) and Joseph Neave prayed with much power; then two more of the Russians: the overshadowing heavenly influence being very manifest.

"After the Meeting was over, tea was placed on the table with a beautiful pile of rusks and glasses of preserved cherries which they *put into* the tea, and very

nice they are. I should remark that here in the Caucasus we are in a land flowing with milk and honey. Dried fruits of great variety are sold everywhere, and wine from the vineyards by which we are surrounded, can be bought in quantity at three farthings a bottle. The bread is the lightest and most beautiful I have ever seen. It is placed before us in slices like snow-white fleece, and is sold at four kopeks (a penny) a pound : the pound being about fourteen ounces.

“But to come back to our Meeting. They were all very earnest to hear anything we could tell them about Friends, and were well satisfied with what we could tell them about our doctrines—especially of the benefit of silence in worship, and of doing nothing without the leading of the Holy Spirit. When they came to ask about Baptism, we had only to instance the remarkable time of favor we had just experienced together in which we had been as unmistakably baptized into one spirit with *them*, as were Cornelius and his household with Peter when he began to speak to them. Their hearts were like wax, ready for the touch of the seal ; and I cannot doubt that a blessing will follow our so-unlooked-for meeting. Two elderly women had come in after we had gathered, with shawls over their heads—their tears, too, fell thick and fast with ours.

“We have arranged for a sort of spring-van to take us and our baggage—taking three tickets at 12 roubles each; in addition to which we must pay to-morrow 3 roubles in all, additional : government passenger duty. We are to start at 3, with four horses *abreast*, and in steep parts of the road these will be supplemented by two in front; in the steepest of all by four in front.”

The impressive yet toilsome drive of one hundred and thirty-three miles from Vladikafkas to Tiflis, through the main chain of the Caucasus, was described by John Bellows

at the time, in the London 'Friend'; from which the following narrative is taken.

THE GEORGIAN ROAD THROUGH THE CAUCASIAN
MOUNTAINS.

"The total length of the road [from Vladikafkas] to Tiflis is 200 versts, or 133 English miles. To make the journey we must take post-horses at the Government station, booking beforehand, and awaiting our turn. At length all is arranged; three tickets taken by 'omnibus,' for which we pay 12 roubles each, with an additional rouble per head, passenger duty; and all baggage beyond a pood* per person, to be paid for extra. We are to start at 3 o'clock the following afternoon, and travel on all night with four horses, changing them at twelve stations, with additional ones at three or four of the hardest gradients.

"At 2.30 p.m. on the 27th of Twelfth-month we are on the ground. The omnibus was to take one inside passenger besides ourselves, and one outside. The inside passenger presently made his appearance—a powerfully built Georgian of over 6ft. in height, with features exactly like those carved on the Assyrian monuments. He wore a bourka—the felted wool cloak of the country, which coming to his feet, and projecting all round like an inverted cone, made him between 4 ft. and 5 ft. in diameter; seemingly an omnibus-load of himself; and under the bourka, stuck in his girdle, a silver-mounted dagger. The outside passenger was a little man: a Jew, of over eighty years of age, who took his place between the driver and the conductor.

"All our luggage being loaded left barely room for the four of us to squeeze in with it. A further quantity of goods that had arrived by rail was hastily placed on a goods-wagon, both sets of horses put to, and the bugle

* A pood is 40 Russian pounds; 36 English pounds.

being sounded, in the old English coach style, for our departure, we trotted out of the yard and started up the road in a somewhat imposing style.

“The afternoon was sunny and beautiful, and the mountains we were aiming for were full in view, some versts in the distance ; or rather their outworks, for the giant heights of Kasbek and his fellows were still veiled from our sight. Had the weather been clear we should have seen, when midway from Rostof, Elbruz, the loftiest height west of the Himalayas—18,526 ft. Kasbek, right before us, but as yet invisible in the cloud, is 16,546 ft.

“By and by we have steep hills on each side of us, covered with woods, not unlike Frocester or Stinchcombe in the Cotteswolds. Fruit gardens and vineyards cover the valley between these hills and the road, which is skirted now by Lombardy poplars and now by other trees, which, covered with frost, form a silver veil that enhances the picture, for in landscapes the half is often more than the whole.

“All the way we are accompanied by the swift-flowing stream of the Terek, the valley of which we follow for many miles. It narrows, and as the afternoon light gleams on us we begin to get a foretaste of the grander and more solemn scenery of the mountains. All this while we have been gently ascending, so gently that the horses have not ceased to trot till we halt at the toll bar, a few hundred yards short of Balta, our first stage, 12½ versts from Vladikafkas. There is a great traffic on the road. We have met or overtaken numbers of vehicles, drawn by horses or oxen. All have to draw aside at the ring of our conductor’s bugle : for he is an Imperial servant, as is every stable-boy on the road, who wears the brass badge with the double eagle in front of his sheepskin cap.

“Our fellow-traveller, the Georgian, by this time begins to expand a little : not physically, for there is no margin left for that ! We have not even room to move our feet

for change of posture, but must sit as we are till we reach the station. He expands socially, telling us what it costs to convey wine from his vineyard to Stavropol, where he sells it. His vineyard of three desiatines (eight acres) is sixty versts beyond Tiflis: managed by his wife and family, to whom he is going for the holidays—a pleasant surprise for them, as he has not written to say he is coming. ‘Ask him why he carries that dagger? Has he ever used it?’ The interpreter conveys the question, and receives for reply, ‘Yes, he *always* uses it when on a journey: never travels without it.’ Pressed more closely, whether he has ever shed blood with it, he replies, ‘No.’

“We are at Balta, the first station. Everybody gets out to stretch his legs while the horses are being changed. The Russian horses are usually more carefully trained than ours; obeying the voice of the driver more readily. In Petersburg one seldom sees a whip used: a word, and shake of the reins suffice. In ten minutes we bestow ourselves as best we may for the next three hours. The stage is $17\frac{1}{4}$ versts, and we have to rise over 900 ft. in course of it.

“We are now in a valley between cliffs, varying from a quarter to half a mile in width. The sound of the river is again and again audible as we pass near a rough part of its bed. Often we seem approaching a dead wall—to make a sharp turn round a corner, not seen till we are close upon it. The daylight has gone; but the moon has risen, and the snow reflects so much light that we have no absolute darkness to contend with.

“At length we are at Lars; and as six horses are attached to our vehicle, it is evident we shall have a stiffer pull in the next $14\frac{1}{2}$ versts to Kasbek, which is 6455 ft. above the sea, while here at Lars we are 3682 ft. We must not confound the station with the mountain Kasbek, however: *that* is a good 10,000 ft. higher still: still buried in the clouds, mysterious, invisible.

“Where there is so much to catch the attention and appeal to the imagination in the heights and depths by which we are environed, it is difficult to know what to describe and what to omit. At one turn where a mountain higher than Ben Nevis suddenly loomed above us, I made some exclamation: as indeed each of us had involuntarily done again and again—when the Georgian gave a glance at the snowy peak, and said depreciatingly, ‘*That’s nothing! It’s a malo—a malinky!*’—(a little one—a little mite of a thing.) Wait till you get further on, to the *bolshoi* (big) cliffs. Then you will see things that will nearly break your neck to bend back and look up at! Things that would frighten you if it were daylight, for you would think they were going to fall upon you.’ One could well understand the man. It was the only language he could command that would convey his thought.

“A hare had started in front of our horses, and, frightened at the thud of their hoofs, had run for a long distance before them, up the road. There seemed no chance of escape from the terrible pursuers, and at last in its fright the little thing leaped over the low wall on our left, and down the precipice that the wall was built to guard us from.

“It is not easy to single out and restore individual pictures from the multitudinous panorama of heights and depths of forest and rock and snowy summit that unrolled itself in such continual succession before us; but there is *one* that will never pass away from my memory. As we turned a corner under an overhanging rock, the moon shone full on a belting of white cloud in front of the cliff on the opposite side of the gorge. Below it, in unfathomed darkness, was the sound of rushing water; above it rose the precipice; and then another great cloud hung in aerial brightness round the masses of crag; and far up beyond that again, the same tremendous height towered into the sky.

"It must not be forgotten that the district through which we are passing was that once under the power of the celebrated chief Schamyl, whose forts and castles add greatly to the picturesque effect of many points on the route. Formerly we might have been laid under contribution by his bands of mountaineers. In any case, we should not then have been travelling in a covered carriage, or, for the matter of that, in any carriage at all; for before the *Voенно-Doroga*, or military road, was made, the track was but a bridle-path, and in some places the horseman was compelled to descend from the saddle and go on foot.

"At intervals, too, we come upon 'Doukhans,' as khans are here called—the ancient Cold Harbours, or halting-places, for travellers overtaken by nightfall.

"It was between 9 and 10 at night when we pulled up at the station of Kasbek, 6455 ft. above the sea. The snow was falling, and our conductor told us that at the next station we should have to change to a sledge for some stages. For a considerable distance the road now descended, and then rose again, so that on arriving at Kobi, though we were over seventeen versts further on the way, we had only made a net gain of 115 ft. in elevation.

"The cramped position in which we were forced to sit was very tiring. I had dropped asleep at intervals; but at 1 o'clock in the night the sharp ring of our conductor's bugle warned us to be ready for the station; and, shortly after, our six horses drew up, panting, under the lamp that stood at the porch. A singular sight met the eye. Scattered all about the open space around us, with no more order than is observed by the fowls in a farmyard, were twenty or thirty coaches, omnibuses, telegas, and wagons, which had here been exchanged for sledges. The snow was driving fiercely; and a bustling throng of passengers, drivers, guards, stable-boys, and others, with several teams of horses just being taken out or put in,

made up the picture—the flitting to and fro of the sharp-peaked bashliks (head-dresses) giving it a strangely weird and goblin look. ‘The struggling moonbeam’s misty light’ shone through the storm, and the jingle of sledge bells mingled with the rush of the mountain blast and the voices of the men.

“The poor old Jew was standing up in front of our carriage beckoning for help, for he was nearly frozen, and could not get down without assistance. Our conductor promptly rendered it, lifting the old man to the ground as if he had been a baby. We held a rapid council as to what could be done to make him more comfortable, and decided, with the assent of the driver and conductor, that in the re-arrangement of the baggage in the covered sledge, which was brought alongside, part of it could be stowed outside, so as to make room for the poor old man between us, inside ; for the coldest part of the journey was yet to come, and would last many hours. Everybody fell in with the suggestion, which was at once carried out.

“Presently we were summoned to take our places ; but the fatigue had been too much—I was beginning to feel ill, and hastily groping in a hand-bag, I found a bottle of my medicine—left at its full strength for the sake of compactness. There might not be a chance of repeating the dose for some time, so I took two, the interpreter getting me some water from the inn. The bugle sounded, and our double team of eight horses slowly ploughed on uphill through the deep snow.

“‘Bist du warm, Vater?’ queried our interpreter of the little Jew, as we got fairly under weigh. ‘Ja, ich danke!’ was the reply ; and all subsided into the silence that is the last refuge of weariness. Partly awake, partly dozing, hour after hour wore on. The moon had set, but the white snow made the way quite visible ; and when we reached Goodour, the topmost station, it was hard to

believe that daylight had not dawned. I had looked forward with great interest to the observations I should make at this height of 7957 ft., but fifteen hours' continuous travel, and sitting all night in the position of an Egyptian statue, unable even to cross one's knees, is a wonderful damper to enthusiasm; and if the truth must be told, I had ceased to care ten kopeks whether I was 7000 ft. above the sea or 70,000 ft. All my aspirations had boiled down and dried up into the formula, 'I wish we were at Tiflis!'

"But as the forenoon wore on, the weather grew bright and sunny, and our spirits revived somewhat. The landscape was changing completely, and instead of the gorges with walls that shut out the world from all sides but the sky, we began to have wide and magnificent reaches of mountain and forest, with the exhilaration of speed, for we were now driving downhill instead of up. The heat of the sun was thawing the snow, and now and then this gave way under the sledge, causing tremendous bumps to the occupants.

"In the windings of the road we often approached a point, and then receded from it, to make another and closer approach after; and it was thus that, after first looking down upon, then nearing, and leaving behind us the village of Douchète, we came back again to it, but on a level below, and found ourselves at the station where we were to quit the sledge. We stay for an hour, so that there is time for a good wash and a meal.

"When we are again on the way, it is in a carriage, with more room than we have previously had. Our fellow-passenger, the wine-grower, settles himself comfortably, closes his eyes, and sings in a singular, wild kind of chant, that interests me greatly. I do not understand a word of it—that 'goes without saying'—but the tune itself and the key, the strange high-pitched voice I had heard before! *Where?* In the Jews' synagogue at Frankfort,

three years ago! No one who heard that chant could forget it, so completely unlike anything European. When I had had time to reflect on this, it became pretty clear, either that the tune itself was Assyrian, brought away by the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, or that it was a far older one from the times when the ancestors of the Hebrew race had their home with the ancestors of these Georgians in Mesopotamia; for here in the Trans-Caucasus we are close to the head waters of the Tigris. Here are Jewish manners and customs all around us: why not tunes of like antiquity?

“‘Was the wine good at Douchète?’ asked our interpreter, suggestively, of the singer. ‘Nay,’ he replied, ‘it is my heart that is good, for I am going home to my wife and children!’ Then, eyeing me, he requested the interpreter to put me a question:— I had been ill in the middle of the night and had taken medicine. Why had I only taken such a very little? What kind of medicine was that which could cure with but a few drops?

“‘Tell him,’ said I, ‘that the doctor who made that medicine made it very strong, so that I might carry it in little space.’ The Georgian was pleased at such an evidence of skill among foreigners. He had asked me in the night whether I was better, and I told him I had perfectly recovered. This conversation we had carried on without the medium of the interpreter; and the vocabulary, which was in Russian, was as follows:—

“Leaning towards me, he said in a tender, querying tone of voice, ‘*Karashaw?*’ ‘Da!’ I replied, in a firm, confident tone—‘*KARASHAW!*’ (All right? Yes, *all right!*) After reflecting on the wonder of my medicine, he said, ‘I also was ill. My *head* was bad. I rubbed it with snow. It is *karashaw!*’

“Our little Jew was also ‘*karashaw.*’ His name was Abraham Saloman, age eighty-two. He was formerly regimental cap-maker to the dragoons. He had lived in

the Caucasus ever since he was a boy, and had journeyed four times through this pass in the course of sixty or seventy years. He remembers Schamyl very well: a very decent kind of man. He was never robbed by him; but knew numbers of people that had been made to give up their 'Schatz' in these mountains. The road in old times was very bad—a foot wide in some places. There are two crosses erected in different places of the way. One, not far from Tiflis, where the Emperor Nicholas's carriage was upset; one at the top of the pass he is not quite sure about, believes it was put up in *alter Zeit* to record that the Gosudar (Emperor) that then was, had stopped at that spot to curse the road!

"Gently down hill for hour after hour, with but little intermission, past beautiful sweeps of forest, till in the evening we have reached the plain at Tsikane, 1831 feet above the sea, with only thirty-four more versts between us and Tiflis. Great traffic still marks the road; timber wagons, farmers' carts, buffaloes—all obliged to move on one side of the way, at the summons of our bugle, for we represent the Imperial power in so far as our carriage and horses belong to the Government service. At five in the evening we stop for our last relay, the four now being spanned making exactly sixty horses we have used since starting from Vladikafkas.

"Mtzkheti, the station, is a pretty spot. Within a hundred yards of it we double round by the railway from Batoum, with a long petroleum train on it, and close to it the river Koura, dashing along between deep cliffs. We shall run near it all the rest of the way to Tiflis—twenty and a half versts—where we shall hope to rest, while it flows on to the Caspian.

"After a while the distant lights of a great city become visible among the environing mountains; for though we are in a plain, it is of no great width—and the hills beyond it seem endless. Lost now and then, to reappear a little

more distinctly, at last they show grandly on the steep slope, reaching away for a long distance. We drop to a slow walk as our horses climb a steep hill—then gallop down a steep; up again; and we are in a wide street of the city, at our 'Stantzie.'

"The Georgian has yet sixty versts to go, but he has determined to post it at once; and, as he leaves our carriage, he gives each of us a shake of the hand. I thought he had cut my finger with the crush he gave it against his diamond ring. But he is gone, and Abraham Saloman is gone—and we drive gently down one more hill to the Hôtel London, where for days and nights our limbs ached away the effects of the thirty hours' riding through the Great Barrier of Asia.

"Two days after our arrival, our interpreter and I were in the street in which the post-office stands, when we suddenly came upon our old fellow-traveller, the Jew. The dear old man was delighted. 'Oh,' he said, 'I've been telling my wife what good people I met with on my journey, that took me inside and kept me warm, and gave me hot tea at the Stantzie. And she and I have wished that you may live to *five times your present age!*' The old man has since been twice to see us at the hotel, and he is going to show us the synagogue on Seventh-day morning."



CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS OF STAY AT TIFLIS

JOSEPH NEAVE and his companion were unavoidably detained in Tiflis for a month, and they therefore had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the city and its life. The selection here given from John Bellows' letters to his wife will give some idea of their impressions and experiences there. During their stay they found a comfortable home at the Hôtel London, which they made their head-quarters.

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 31-12-92.

“Here I am continually reminded of the line in Tasso, where the knight is about to fell the enchanted myrtle :

‘At every strange new turn some strange new wonder sees,’

and it is impossible for my pen to overtake the impressions that follow one another in such rapid succession in this marvellous Eastern city! The sights and sounds and suggestions of the walk through the Armenian and Persian bazaars yesterday afternoon, kept me awake for most of the night. * * *

“The sunbeams of *summer* are shining on me as I write, for it is a lovely summer day and nothing less. I hope and believe summer days are near at hand for the dear people here in bonds, after their long and sore winter. They have some of them given up all hope for this life ; but the Master for whom they have suffered the loss of all things will not fail of His promise, even in *this* life ! ”

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 3-1-93.

"The strangest of all sights in Tiflis are the bazaars. Turning down the street of silversmiths, if one stops a moment to look at a bit of filigree-work, a pane pops open and out comes the silversmith's head within six inches of one's own, with 'Pazhalst' (Walk in, please.) They ask about two or three times the price of the articles they sell: gradually coming down. The last bid of the customer is declined as an impossible and utterly unreasonable thing—then the customer takes his leave: and just as he reaches the next door, the man peeps out and says in a resigned-to-the-will-of-Allah tone, 'Pazhalst' (Please take it at that figure!)

"No sooner are we past the silver-workers, than the Jews are at their doors—or rather at their fronts, for there are *no* doors except where valuables have to be protected—trying to sell me a *paletot*, inasmuch as the day being warm I am in my ordinary coat only. A maker of bright weapons and tambourines on the opposite side, has caught Joseph Neave's eye, and is gesticulating and earnest to sell him a 24-inch dagger, touching the edge with his thumb to hint its keenness! Presently we come upon an old man in a chimney-pot. 'Why, that's a *European* hat!' says Joseph Neave to me, in surprise. The wearer, who is a Jew, takes it off at once and bows to J. N. with a speech in a humble tone which we do not understand. I can only *guess* that he has taken our friend for some Russian official who is offended at his want of respect, and that the poor man is assuring his High Excellency that he had not seen him, or would instantly have shown him that reverence which is his due! Blacksmiths' shops with the smiths sitting down comfortably at their work, confectioners, fruit-dealers, grocers—all in the open air, green-grocer fashion—offer their attractions, but are not over-pressing. At a dried fruit

place I note lumps of chalk in a pan — as big as hens' eggs. 'Ask what that is for,' I say to Fast, who interprets accordingly. 'It is *milk* !' 'Milk ! what animal's *milk* is it?' 'It is the milk of cows, dried. Would the Gospodin like to buy some?' The Gospodin says '*Niet* !' with such energy that the question is not repeated.

"We cross the narrow street, hopping from one high cobble to another. A horse passes, with two disgusting-looking greeny wet skins distended : each skin squirting a fine spray of water about a yard long, at anyone who has a mind to get in the way. As for Joseph Neave, I don't know what *he* is doing. I back out of the horse's track, getting out of tune with Eastern manners and customs ; or rather customs, for of manners there is not the faintest trace !

"Recollect that the street is very narrow—the shape of one's forefinger in the act of beckoning : that a steep by-street like one of the back lanes in Falmouth, comes into it at the knuckle : that the width of each street varies with every house : that no house or anything else in the place is square : that the pavement is two feet wide in some parts and three in others—reduced to ten inches by all sorts of obstructions, and that to keep hopping up and down from it to avoid these, means getting in the way of people who stand from one to two feet lower ; for the path goes up and down at every yard ! Look at this woman coming with the baby ! Decide in one moment whether to have that baby rubbed against one's coat with all but the certainty that it has the measles ; or step off into that pool of liquid mud !

"'Ding, ding, ding,' I heard at a little distance, but paid no attention to it—for seven donkeys had come round the corner laden with charcoal, and so laden that each donkey formed a sort of imitation camel. As these animals have no idea of method, they spread all across the street in loose marching order, one of them putting me

to the instant alternative of letting him charcoal my coat on the left, or else of my rubbing it on the right against the bloody neck of a sheep whose carcass swung pendulum-wise from a butcher's shop. By a sharp skip I avoided both Scylla and Charybdis, and then stepped into a shop space to let a blind man pass, who being stout of person took up the available foot-path—vaguely extending his hands on each side in advance of him, and holding his forehead back to catch, it might be, some gleam of the blessed light of which in this bazaar there was none too much for those who *had* eyes. A rogue of a boy (all boys are rogues) gave him a bump for the pleasure of seeing him waggle—which he did, and then recovered his balance. Two dromedaries at this instant hove in sight, carrying, as I thought, the stock-in-trade of a rag-merchant. Like the donkeys, they were lacking in their order of march; going skew-wise, and justifying their title of 'the ship of the desert' by rolling about as if they were at sea. Instantly an angry shouting and clang of bell came from behind. I turned, and there was a tram-car swinging round the corner, loaded with Armenians, Turks, ladies, officers, and I know not what besides, all nearly brought to a dead stand by the dromedaries, which looked scared out of their wits, and which were hauled out of the way with guttural objurgations I could not follow. The fact was that the mud had so hidden the tram line that I had no idea there was one there at all!

"Of the bakers' shops I have no space to speak, but I hope to tell you some very interesting things about them when I get home. Also about decayed fish! One thing I note in the fruitshops is, very large boxes of walnuts—I think 1 cwt. each—already shelled! As they use no machinery for cracking them, I would rather not buy them so!

"This morning J. J. Neave and I took a short walk up the hill in front of the hotel to the little chapel that stands

so picturesquely in the steep side of it. The view thence of the city is very striking. As we look down on the sea of roofs, we note a singular commingling of red and green; for a great many of them are painted a pale verdigris green. This I have no doubt is an imitation of the actual verdigris when roofs of public buildings were really made of copper. There are mines of the metal in the district, and I hope we may come across some of them.

“One singular thing here is the use of the long *Cornish* shovel! Directly after the tram-car and dromedaries had got out of the part of the bazaar I describe, one of the shopkeepers came out to remove some of the mud from before his own premises. This he did by shovelling it with one of these long-hilted shovels, over to his neighbours' parts of the street, right and left! In the process a cobble came up on the shovel—displaced by one of the tram-horses or dromedaries or donkeys: a stone four or five lbs. in weight. He hurled it across the street to be rid of it, and it struck the margin of the footpath close by me.

“I could not help thinking, several times, that —— might fill a large book here with designs of fretwork, etc. from the balconies! They are exceedingly pretty. In summer in the best houses some of these balconies are curtained; and they must be very pleasant as a change from indoors.

“Tell the children I saw a grand sight this morning: an eagle sailing down from the Caucasus mountains over the city of Tiflis. He might have been a quarter of a mile off, at an angle: not perpendicularly above us. He looked as if his wings spread out five feet or so, but of course I could not say exactly what the span was.

“He would give five slow heaves with his pinions, and that sailed him on for a long distance—then five or six beats more—and a slow wheeling round as if he were making a curve to see what was worth while swooping on

below. He would be sure not to swoop in the city however; and we passed behind some tall buildings, and lost sight of him as he was nearly over the Eastern or Asian Gate. He was by far the largest bird I have ever seen on the wing. It was a *grand* and *beautiful* sight!"

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 11-1-93.

"The editor of the 'Kavkas' travelled through Central Asia just after that young American had gone through on a bicycle. It was the absorbing topic of conversation. The Tartars generally thought well of it. They said a steel horse that eats nothing was a good invention. A Persian blacksmith who had examined it carefully said 'he believed he could make a thing like that!'

"Of the train at Samarcand, they think highly. The Europeans, say they, can invent *anything* except a soul! The fact is the Asiatics are younger brothers in the great family; we are the elder, mentally."

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, New Year's Day, O.S., 13-1-93.

"We went to the Mosque, under the guidance of our Persian, who goes under the Russian name of Samedoff. The building stands in the most crowded part of the bazaar, close to a branch of the Koura river; and the throng of donkeys, traders, carriages, porters and camels beat anything I had yet seen. Diving off the narrow side walk into the mud to cross the way, I got among a tangle of all these and had to bow my head to keep out of the way of a camel that approached at the head of a file of the same species—some chewing the cud—some making bitter unearthly noises: this front animal especially, right over my head. Slipping and tripping as best I could, I got behind a butcher's cart, with disgusting elements in it, and found a lot of freshly-stripped skins, flesh side

uppermost, covering the footpath all but the tiniest edge. To step upon them was to feel the whole mass slide like a fluid, but I just managed to escape. I don't know what it is that charms one in all this disgusting mass; but in spite of these sights, and a stench dangerous to health, I go every time, fascinated!

“ ‘Ask how much camels like these carry?’ said I to Fast. ‘Fifteen poods’ was the interpreted reply; and I feel sure they did bear that weight. They stalk along, six, or eight, or ten tied one behind another, squelching the mud with their great pads of feet, and gazing mildly about them, with large, very expressive eyes; ostentatiously chewing the cud with a lateral motion of the lower jaws, of several inches—on the whole very interesting creatures.

“ A narrow door by the side of the principal one, led to the women's gallery of the Mosque. Up a step or two and along a narrow dark passage or gangway, and we came into a vaulted building of three centuries old, irregular in form. Stepping down a step or two, we peep over a low wooden railing; and there, nine feet below us, is a floor covered with Persian rugs. A sort of stairs, really a pulpit, stands at the east end; above it in white or gold letters (Arabic) on an azure ground, texts from the Koran. Half a dozen Persians and Tartars are at prayer, down on all fours; now and then bending a little till their foreheads touch the carpet. It was rather an impressive sight. I ventured to ask the Persian, who was with us, whether a camera would be allowed in the building when no worship was going on. He asked the muezzin who stood by; the muezzin said he kept the keys, and he would let us in with a camera to the same gallery. Forty kopeks gladdened the good man, and as we were leaving, he asked if we would like to go up to the gallery in the tower from whence he calls the faithful to prayers. We said ‘yes’; and he showed us a *very* narrow staircase, by far the narrowest I ever got into. It was literally a

snail's spiral ; for as we took each step up, our bent backs slid against the smooth ceiling, rounded to fit them.

"The muezzin had crept up after us to warn us not to try and descend face first, but to back down, as in descending a ladder. Again fitting fairly tight into the spiral tube, we got down backwards ; but a fat man would have stuck there in the pitch darkness, and been in a very serious position.

"In the market-place we met an *étape*—that is, a gang of perhaps twenty manacled prisoners, under a guard of twelve soldiers. The street was steep ; and it was a new and painful sight to see this throng of grey-clad men, and to hear the heavy clank of their irons as they marched past : twelve bayonets gleaming in and out among them. We could not ascertain who or what they were ; no one would say.

"We called at the smith's and watched the forging of one of the tiny shovels he has made for me, and for which I paid him 50 kopeks each. Another smith is making me a tiny pick. These are the originals of the tools used in Cornwall and in Germany.

"Opposite the smith's shop, the road runs up, very steep ; and a little dark-eyed Georgian had brought a sledge about two feet long, home-made, and was having a grand time, when the gardevoi (policeman) pounced on him and took away the sledge. The little fellow lifted up his voice and wept sore, the big tears dropping down his little round face ; when we pleaded for him. The gardevoi was good-natured, and gave him back the sledge ; but let him be sufficiently scared to keep him from breaking the legs of Tartars and Armenians who have to use the road.

"I said the other day that our old friend Abraham Saloman was going to take us to the synagogue. His nephew scared him out of it ; and one can hardly wonder, now that the Jews are so fearfully persecuted. When the

worthy old man told him he was going to bring us to the synagogue, he said, 'What for? What do you know about these people? They are travellers; and you don't know what they are here for. When I asked them what they came to trade in, they told me they were not here to trade at all! Don't listen to them. You just let them alone!' The old man, notwithstanding, feels kindly to us, and has come repeatedly to see us: wishes *now* that he had taken us to the synagogue without saying anything about it to anybody!

"I have got a photographer to take me some special views; things that the Tiflis public care nothing about, but which will be of great interest in England. Some of the scenes attendant on our round with the camera were quite exciting. I was specially wishing to get one of the large ox-skins of wine in; and some Georgians of whom we were asking about the best spot to get at it from, suggested bringing one out into the street. Recollect it is New Year's day, old style, and vast numbers of people are *en fête*. Some brought out the hide; and instantly a throng began to collect, which in five minutes numbered over a hundred. Everybody was commenting or giving advice in Persian, Arabic, Armenian, Georgian, Russian, Turkish and a host of languages and dialects perfectly bewildering! I don't wonder the masons stopped work in Babel when the like thing occurred. An old beggar, in the wildest state of raggedness, was hauled in, presented with ten kopeks, and made to sit down. The gardevoi forced back the motley throng, though he could not silence it, and made a large ring for the photographer, till the 'click' of the instrument told all was over.

"Dr. Haudelin has been telling me that in the Caucasus *sixty* different languages are spoken; many of them not yet classed by scientific men as to their stock or origin. One tribe seems to be descended from German Crusaders!

“The stream that runs under the hotel window, and of which I have a capital fresh photo this morning, with a ferry boat crossing it—the river KÛR—is in all probability, Dr. Haudelin tells me, the one which gives the name to CYRUS (Kuros.) In the steppes between the Kûr * and the Araxes there are the ruins of seven large cities, and remains of aqueducts that supplied them.

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 14-1-93.

“Our old friend Abraham Saloman came to take us, after all, to the synagogue. He had taken the matter into his own hands and determined to act independently of his nephew’s opposition to us as ‘travellers’—here to-day and gone to-morrow; and suspicious because we came neither to buy nor sell!

“Fifteen minutes’ walk through the frosty streets, in the bright sunshine, brought us to a back street in which stand two synagogues: one the ‘military,’ the other known as the ‘Spanish.’ Abraham led us to the former. We entered a room about half the size of the synagogue at Frankfort—longer in form; with a raised platform railed off in the centre, standing about a yard higher than the floor, and a double aisle passing on either side of it. At the further end was a desk on another raised platform, under a canopy—so placed that the reader’s back is towards the congregation. On the desk is a seven-branched candlestick, like the one shown in the arch of Titus; and at the back, in the wall, a curtained cupboard containing the roll of the law. A passage of Scripture in Hebrew stands above this. Opposite me was a little boy who contributed his full share to the success of the service by his *Ah—mèn*! at the top of his treble voice. It was to me marvellously interesting. Many nationalities were represented; but the majority were Asiatic Jews, black-eyed, dark-featured, and wearing the Gruzinsky

(Georgian) cap. Red-bearded Russian soldiers were there; and here and there a European hat stood out conspicuous.

“They were reciting their prayers, using books printed in Hebrew and Russian in parallel column. The strange wild chant rose and fell monotonously; and swelled into chorus in which my little friend and the children throughout the building made their voices dominant, and then their ‘*Ah—mèn !*’

“Abraham touched me on the shoulder and pointed to the gallery over the back of a room; a hollow semicircle not open as at Frankfort, but closely veiled with muslin curtains—saying half in German, half in Russian, that it was for the Zhenskian (nearly like the English word ‘gentian’)—*i.e.*, the women’s gallery. I noticed several furtive liftings of the curtains, and peeps of the Zhenskian on the scene below; partly prompted, doubtless, by curiosity at the presence of the European Gentiles near the reading desk, and wonder what the Rabbi might be saying to one of the three—for he had stepped up behind me and said, ‘*Sprechen Sie deutsch? Quelle langue parlez-vous?*’ ‘*Anglais et un peu de français,*’ I replied—and he went on to chat a little about the service; seeming interested at hearing that I had been in the synagogue at Frankfort.

“Long rose and fell the weird strange melody—for I must so describe it, though musical it could hardly be called—now loud, now low, now a wail; and now a monotone song. Was it worship? I cannot lightly undertake to say how far or how far not. I remembered Charles Lamb’s excellent description of the Quakers’ meeting, in which in some of the faces he could detect nothing but ‘blank inanity;’ and others on which ‘the dove sat visibly brooding.’ A man past the prime of life sat facing me in the next seat but one, with his hood drawn over his silvering hair—with a very sweet and serious

face. As I looked at him I could not but feel that he was really drawing nigh unto God, and realising the promise that God would draw nigh unto him. I felt strongly in sympathy with him; and as I glanced round on the shrouded figures in other parts of the room and remembered that some of them came from distant lands, and some not far from the plains in which their fathers had been so wonderfully favoured in other days, it was difficult to keep back tears at the sight, and the sound of the names 'Ah-bra-ham, Ee-sak, Ya-kob,' that came out in part of the service.

"By and by the reader desisted; the curtains were drawn from the depository of the law, and the roll was lifted out and kissed by one after another as it was borne to the central platform. Six or seven men stood round it, the Rabbi, more European in costume than I was (for I wear the shapka here,) in one corner. The covering was taken off, reverently, and the roll moved till the portion for the day was reached—it is a double roll—when the Elder stood with a silver pointer, tracing along the Hebrew text, as the reader proceeded, from a book held in his hand. 'What part is he reading?' said I to Abraham. 'I don't know,' replied the old man in German. 'It is in the old Sprache that I do not understand!'

"Several individuals were summoned from the congregation to take part in the reading. It is not allowed to the Rabbi or the Elder to stand there alone. Here comes a young fellow of five and twenty, a handsome Georgian Jew. I see the corner of one of the 'Zhenskian' curtains lifted, and the flash of a pair of spectacles—and another corner—and the glance of a pair of black eyes! . . . curtain dropped; owner of eyes noting Gentile observation possibly! And now came what to me was most of all interesting. A young Russian soldier steps up—light of complexion, pale of face—the striped silken hood thrown

over his grey uniform and military cap, the brass Russian letter and number of his regiment shining in the opening. Throwing his hood well back he chants out the Hebrew in strong clear fashion, as if his heart was in the work. No curtain is lifted for *him*! He comes with his regiment from far away to serve in the Caucasus, to serve his five and twenty years in the army, and then be cast out of home and country by the country he has served.—But *no*. It will not be so. The New Year has opened in the outward world with sunshine and beauty; and it will even be so for the persecuted Jew and Christian in Russia. Brighter days will come.

“The Jew in the corner, whose sweet serious face had so attracted me, left his seat, and came and shook hands with me. Neither of us spoke, for we both knew it would be in vain; but I need not say I was delighted with this spontaneous mark of friendly feeling.

“The congregation turned to another part of the book and began a fresh reading. It was the prayer for the Emperor. An old man took the lead in the rest of the service, a recent comer to Tiflis—a merchant millionaire, I was afterwards told. It was a strange sight and sound. His tall figure was shrouded in the hood, from where I sat, except the edge of his snow-white beard, as he swayed to and fro with his head bowed towards the candlestick.

“We had asked the old man (Abraham) to come and take coffee with us. He was waiting for us at the door, and begged us to stay yet an instant, while he went and spoke up the women’s stairs. Presently an old lady came down. She was *Sarah*, his wife; and she was evidently greatly pleased to shake hands with the fellow-traveller of her husband, and to thank me for our kindness to him. I bade the Rabbi assure her ‘*Il n’y a pas de quoi*’—which was done—and we came away.

“The Rabbi left us with an invitation to come to his house this evening at 8 o’clock, when he is going to ask

some of his friends to be present also. The whole interview was very satisfactory to my mind ; and after it was over, as I took a few moments' turn over the bridge in the sunshine, I felt deeply the love of God to all men—and to these His ancient people whose eyes are yet holden that they cannot see Him in His last and most perfect manifestation. I will not throw stones at them, however, because they do not see ; but I will rather, in such measure of the same everlasting love as I am capable of, take them by the hand, if it may be, to commend them yet further to cherish the knowledge of God they have ; yet further to obey His Spirit which saved Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and which is able, notwithstanding their blindness, to save them also."

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 15-1-93.

"I must not forget to record one impression, now very familiar to me: the effect of the city by night. The nearest thing I know to it is Falmouth, after dark, as seen from the harbour ; but Tiflis is like many Falmouths fused into one. As I look from my hotel window, the innumerable lamps in the great amphitheatre of hill before me lead on up to and mingle with the stars above them, and suggest that element of the vast and the indefinite which is the very foundation true poetry is built upon. In the morning I look up from the gloom of the valley to the same hill-side, and see the sunrise touching the spire of the chapel-tower yonder : and then gilding some windows, before the day properly comes down into the streets. Sixteen evenings and mornings have come and gone since we came ; but the effect on the mind is as if I had been here for many months, I am not quite sure that I ought not to say 'years,' for I never in my life felt like this before in a foreign land !

"Our Persian of the mosque was married yesterday morning, when his sister returned with the wife she had

been in treaty for at Elizabethpol: neither she nor her brother ever having seen the young lady before. The bride is a girl of fourteen, and speaks no tongue but Tartar: her husband, who is thirty, talking Persian, Russian and Tartar, will have to teach her. She brings no dowry. On the contrary he has to pay *her* father and mother a handsome sum. I was curious to know what kind of reception the poor girl had; and I have fished out from a friend of the husband that his comment on her was, '*Elle n'est pas mal*!'—which is, I take it, satisfactory as a beginning of the new *ménage*. This friend of his thinks he will have paid as much as 1000 roubles to the girl's family, for the match.

"In the morning, just now, I went out for a good walk alone. I went on to the Botanic Gardens at the top of the town on this side. The gates were closed, but the caretaker remembered my face in connection with 20 kopeks, smiled a welcome, and let me in. I had an hour's undisturbed walk, for there came no further visitor. Getting back to the hotel at *one*, thy letter arrived at the same time; and as soon as it was read I had to accompany my two friends to the house of ———, who had asked us to dine. About nine others came.

"In the afternoon we had a long conversation, over the Bible; and finally the 27th Psalm was read, and we sat a few moments in silence. One of the Russians then prayed, and was followed by a young man who had come in late: a working-man—with dark features, and densely black hair and eyes—bearing the impress of a sweet spirit that struck me much. It was strange to hear the new and unknown sounds from his lips; what language he used I did not know, but it was not Russian. It was more rhythmic, but wild-sounding. I felt the prayer was of the true stamp, nevertheless, and was greatly drawn towards the speaker. As we were presently after at tea, I asked Fast what countryman he was. 'An *Assyrian* praying in

Persian! I should have added that Joseph Neave also prayed with marked power. The young Assyrian drew from his pocket a well-thumbed Syriac New Testament, and I opened it at Acts, ii. 8 and 9. He read it with animation—and made signs that God was speaking to our hearts Himself.”

To his daughter Marian.

TIFLIS, 18-1-1893.

“We have just returned from spending [the evening] with the family of the Jew who was so timid of his uncle’s bringing us to the synagogue; and a very interesting evening it has been.

“I asked him [our host] about the Hebrew word in the 20th verse of the last chapter in Isaiah, which is translated ‘swift beasts’; and again in Nahum, ii. 4. In both these cases he confirmed the idea I had got from some Hebraists (from the former text,) for he said, suiting the action to the word, that it meant something rolling very swiftly on *wheels*:—my supposition being that the prophet in each case had the vision of the *railway train* before him, and used the only word that he could find to convey the idea.

“It also interested them a good deal when I told them of the Jerusalem survey; King Solomon’s waterworks, and the discovery, a few years ago, of the inscription in the tunnel made by Solomon to convey the water, the form of his mains, and so on.

“When I mentioned that strange intonation of the synagogue service at Frankfort, and the way in which the Georgian or Armenian singing struck me as matching it, the doctor said that he came here to the Caucasus from a distant place about fourteen years ago, and was at once struck with the same. He thinks my suggestion is the right one: that the air or *motif* is from Assyria at the time of the Babylonian Captivity. As another Jew in Tiflis also confirms it, I think it may be safely set down as probable.

“At supper, several religious questions came up, all showing a solid interest in them, though the father seemed more worldly and less alive to these things than the rest of the company; and he made some remark that no doubt Joseph Neave and I had more freedom from business cares than he had—for a man immersed in trade had not time for studying the Scriptures. I asked him if, when he was courting his wife, he ever found business hinder him from writing to her. This caught the attention of the whole family, and of course brought a smile to the faces of the two daughters. *He* smiled too, and assented to my point. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘where there is love, it will make a *way*.’ Here (laying my hand on the Hebrew bible) is the first commandment Moses gave you as a people—‘Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy soul.’ If we *love* Him, we shall not only strive to obey Him and keep His commandments, but we shall be delighted to find time to read what He has said; and no business will hinder us.’ They all assented fully to this; and I felt their hearts were open to hear us, *if we spoke a language suited to their position*.

“The [eldest] son has a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures: several times finding a text before any of the rest of us, including the doctor, who was very expert, could do so. We had been talking of the Talmud. ‘There is *our* Talmud!’ said the father, pointing to the lad with evident pride!

“I felt the love of God was very manifest to this family; and when we rose to leave, this feeling was especially strong towards the eldest son, and I said: ‘We feel very grateful for all this kindness that you have shown us strangers in a strange land, and we can in return wish you no better wish than that which is our heartfelt desire: that you may seek and find the Lord God of your fathers, for His promise is as true to-day as in former days—They that seek me *early* shall find me!—and that you may love

Him and serve Him.' There was a moment of pause as the interpretation fell on their ears, and the warm shake of the hand told that the word was felt by every one. The eldest son, especially, grasped my hand in his, as if his heart were too full for utterance. They seemed unwilling to let us go; and insisted that we must come and see them again when re-passing Tiflis in a few weeks.

"We gleaned many details of the unfair and wicked treatment to which the Jews are subjected in Russia; and I have no doubt that the knowledge of our endeavour to secure equal liberty for them as for Christians helped much to open the door for our conference with them. They laid stress on the inconsistency of persecution with the teaching of Jesus Christ; and one of them remarked that the difference was not great between a *real* Christian and a good Jew."

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 26-1-93.

"It is a month to-day since we arrived at Tiflis, but the delay works out for the best. Owing to it, we are here at the period of the annual conference of all the local governors. When we speak of governors and governor-general, we must not imagine such ranks as correspond to Indian Viceroy: for the total population of the Caucasus may be about 8 millions, and that of say the Government of Elizabetopol about $\frac{3}{4}$ million, Tiflis 1 million, and so on. The Governor of Kutais has the bedroom next mine, and a very picturesque 'Ossetin' tribesman, armed to the teeth, keeps guard at his door. His bosom is covered with cartridge holders, a tremendous dagger in his girdle, a long sword dangles at his side, and a good-natured smile plays on his lips. I wish I could get him photographed!" * * *

To his Wife.

TIFLIS, 27-1-93.

"It is still winterly, but not more so than, if perhaps as much as, in England. We leave to-morrow at mid-day

for a station called Daliar, on our east before we come to Elizabethpol—arriving in the evening. A team meets us from the Kedabek copper mines ; and the horses and we rest all night. Then we go to a village and again stay the night—and next day are at the mines. On the morning after, we return to Daliar and come by train at night to Elizabethpol, and then to several villages and the little town of Shusha, where an Armenian-Persian population lives : *i.e.*, Armenians formerly under Persia and speaking the Persian tongue. From this point to the Caspian, I think, in ancient times, the country belonged to Media ; and the River Kûr, on which our hotel looks at the back, belonged to the kingdom of Media. This is how it came, I suspect, to give its name to the great Cyrus.”



CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO THE KEDABEK MINES—DOUKHOBOR VILLAGE—
CAUCASIAN SCENERY—ELIZABETHPOL—UDZHARRI.

AFTER their month's detention at Tiflis, it was necessary for the two Friends and their interpreter to take a journey to the great copper mines of Kedabek, and from there still further into the mountains near Lake Goktcha. To reach the mines from Tiflis, they proceeded by rail to Daliar station, on the line to Baku, driving thence across country to Kedabek, some thirty miles southward.

From John Bellows to his Wife.

TIFLIS, 28-1-93.

"It is with a feeling of relief that I find myself again on the railway, as it means one more step towards the accomplishment of our work. The country we are travelling over is steppe—the flat valley of the Kûr, two or three miles wide, between the hills of Kohitia, the great wine district of the Caucasus, on our left, and the snowy, sun-dazzled mountains of Armenia on our right. The line is just crossing the river Kûr, and the steppe is here diversified with trees. A few versts behind we passed a few of the very dwellings Strabo mentions—*i.e.*, huts underground. These have framed doorways.

"When we got into the train at Tiflis, I refused to enter the smoking carriages, and as the '*ni-kouriaſtchi*' or '*Nichtraucher*' seemed to be reserved for ladies only, we have changed into the first-class by permission of the *chef de gare*. This has led to our making two acquaintances—a Persian Shihite Mahomedan and a Turkish Bek.

We find from the latter that the Persian is a judge at Shusha, the place we shall soon visit (Shusha is the Tartar word for 'glass'—from its white appearance on a hill, at a distance.)

"The Turk is a tall young man, with slightly aquiline nose, densely black hair, and nominally a Shihite Mahomedan. He asked me in Russian if I could speak that tongue. I said no—but '*un peu de français*'—and found he also can speak a *little*; just enough for us to make out each other's meaning. He wishes us to lodge a night at his house, saying he will give us good wine, and will kill a sheep for us, and have pilau served. I think we may possibly become his guests; but I tell him in the matter of wine we are better Mahomedans than he is, for we do not drink any. He says Mahomet's rule is a good one; but he does not keep to the rule himself, as he believes that if he does not steal, and keeps a good conscience, he will go to Paradise. 'Some of those Persians,' he added, 'make plenty of prayers, but they will take away your five roubles all the same!'

"Ali is unmarried; in fact is at this moment on the look-out for a wife. He is an intelligent man, readily entering into my questions about names of places, etc. The 'Railway?' I queried. The Turks call it *Démirioł* = iron-road. By the way I must tell, when I get home, of two Tartars or Kurds, who thought the engine was worked by evil spirits inside the boiler—and a Molokan who credited the telegraph with no higher motor!

"I took a last stroll this forenoon for half-an-hour, at Tiflis, in the stove-makers' quarter, and on getting back to the hotel had difficulty in getting rid of a man who begged me to buy a dagger or a sword of him—both 'Stari' (antique). The carrying of weapons so universally, leads to much loss of life—for in Tiflis government alone, out of less than a million people, there were 140 murders in 1890—and I think 139 in Elizabetopol

government, out of three-quarters of a million. Then there are hundreds stabbed who do not die. * * *

“Daylight had gone when the train pulled up at Daliar, the station for the mines. As we stepped down with our baggage, the manager of the mines came in; for the same horses that brought him here are to take us to Kedabek.

“We found ourselves in a boundless plain of snow. The forwarding agent of the mines was in waiting to take us to his house (where I now write,) a quarter of a mile from the station. A carriage took our baggage, but we walked along the line. Near the station I noticed an iron tower fifty feet high. Others had occurred at some of the other stations; and one I saw was just begun. What were they? Signal towers for the line? ‘Nein,’ said our host, who speaks German; ‘they are mosquito towers for the station people to sleep in on summer nights!’ The mosquitoes keep near the ground, and by these towers they can be escaped from! This is one of the annoyances we avoid by travelling in winter.

“Our interpreter has an old friend living three versts from this place, and had planned to leave us here for the night and go on to sleep with the old man; we picking him up in the morning en route for the mines. But the *expéditeur* (for this is a siding station from which all the metal copper is sent off—and all the materials are brought to it from the mines)—told him it would not be possible to go at 9 o'clock at night. He says the mud will take him up to his knees, and he would never forget the road all his life after, if he tried it! But he persevered, and finally a guide was found for him. Just as they were going to start, a German engineer came in and made such a frightful picture of the dangers that *he* has scared him out of the idea. ‘Not only the mud that you will stick fast in—but *Tartars*—and besides the Tartars, *wolves* will attack you—and all sorts.’ This last was shouted at the top of his voice, for the gentleman is deaf, and had no idea of the

noise he was making. It is now arranged that the guide is to go with him *früh* in the morning, and we call for him later.

“ We are to be called at 6.30, and start as soon as we have had coffee. The distance is 45 versts—30 miles—over the mountains ; and with six horses (and even they useless over the steepest three versts, which we walk) it will take us till six o'clock at night to reach Kedabek. The mines employ 2000 people, I believe. We are very sorry to miss the manager, but his wife will entertain us ; and she speaks English.

“ I think I told you about the travelling shop on the line here ? We owe our excellent supper to-night to the purchases our host and hostess made from this van in the train.”

To his Wife.

KEDABEK MINES, CAUCASUS, 29-1-93.

“ In spite of the stoves, we found our bedroom at Daliar last night cold enough to make our bourkas valued as a covering. The house is a good German one—a sort of warehouse below for the copper ingots ; and a railway platform and siding adjoining for loading the metal, and for unloading machinery and plant for the mines, which are 45 versts away, in a mountain over 5000 feet high. Near the ‘Expeditions Stantsie’ is the great petroleum reservoir, holding three hundred thousand poods of the unrefined oil ; of which more presently.

“ The whole premises is so arranged as to serve as the store for the copper, etc., and the upper part in which we were entertained, as a kind of hotel for persons coming to or from the mines. The agent is a German of perhaps thirty-five years of age—a bright active man, with a bright wife, and one little girl three years old. The child sees so many visitors that she is not a bit shy ; and in a very few minutes after our arrival she had taken Joseph Neave's measure and mine, and established games with

us. I had a regular race and hide-and-seek with her, and made all clear to her mother by showing the photo of *you*—the Upton family! Greatly as I regretted, for the hundredth time since being in Russia, my non-acquaintance with German, I was yet glad of the fractions I was able to scrape out of my memory—enough to ask my host many questions, and understand his replies. They were abounding in their efforts to make us comfortable. As to Clara, two things heightened us much in her opinion. The first was a box of a Russian sweetmeat, made from apple-jelly into a sort of Turkish delight, which M. S. had included in her selection for our journey. We had only used half, and Fast most happily bethought him of it for this child's benefit. The second was a happy acquirement of Joseph Neave's, by which a handkerchief, knotted, is drawn over the top of the forefinger to make a man, the knot forming his cap. In so lonely a position as this home in the steppe, where a child of three has no playmate of her own age, thou wilt fancy how popular all this would make us!

"It was as well Fast did not go last night, for although I do not believe either Tartars or wolves would have attacked him, we were warned not to go downstairs (the stairs descend from a verandah and balcony outside, as is usual in the Caucasian-German houses,) as several large and fierce dogs are unchained at dark to guard the premises from robbers. I shall have another word or two about dogs by and by—and Strabo's account of them. They howled fearfully last night, I know!

"We were called at 8, and as soon as we were dressed, coffee was served to us with excellent bread and butter; the bread made in the house, the butter sent in by a Tartar of the steppe: white, but as good as we get in England. At breakfast Clara's bright little face suddenly grew sad—and her tears came! What was the matter? She remembered that last night she had a beautiful box of

sweets, with a picture on the lid—and it was gone. She thought it was a *dream*! Box found, safely put away in a cupboard; tears dried, smiles again order of the day, and general distribution of ‘goodies’ to all of us. Mamma as much pleased as Clara!

“When the coffee was drunk we were told the ‘Pferde’ were ‘fertig’—or ‘gatof’ as the Russians have it, and we forthwith put on our shubas and then the heavy wolfskin shubas over them—for Dr Haudelin had dissuaded us from leaving the heaviest at Tiflis. ‘Take every wrap and coat you have. You will want everything.’ Staggering under the weight and bulk we climbed into the *Fy-tone* (phæton) that was to take us to Kedabek: our baggage strapped, part of it in front and part behind. Six horses, four abreast and two in front, were waiting to drag us through the bog and over the boulders that formed the ‘road’—for road in the English meaning of the word there is none. A light-haired young man in a sheepskin coat, and a great woolly cap, mounted the box as driver; a boy of thirteen or fourteen, similarly clad, plus a bright coloured scarf round his neck, mounted one of the front pair as postilion; and a handsome fellow on a good horse rode slowly up to the side of the carriage who, we were told, was ordered by the mine manager to escort us as a guard. He wore a coffee-brown cloak over some blue garment, heavy boots, his bashlik lying on his shoulders—a breech-loading rifle slung on one side, a sabre on the other, and a large dagger in his girdle. We found afterwards that the Governor-General had an understanding with the mine manager that he was to give us this protection! Of course we did not want anything of the sort—but the authorities here don’t consult us in such matters. They simply regard themselves as in some way responsible for our safety from attack, and take their own measures. Sometimes just behind, sometimes in front, our Tartar rode—all three were Tartars who had charge of us—and very nicely they behaved all the way through.

“The station enclosure is simply a piece of bog moorland fenced off from the other bog outside. The signal given, the driver cracked his whip, and the horses pulled us through the heavy ground half way up to the axles. When I say that an ordinary arable field in England would be as good, it is no exaggeration—bump over a boulder—lurch into a rut—squelch through sludge, amid objurgations from the driver and postilion to the horses (for I have gathered an idea that swearing, or what sounds to one like it, forms a sort of principle with Tartars in dealing with cattle!)—on we ploughed at two miles an hour till we reached the German Colony (Annenfeld,) where Fast had been breakfasting with an old Pastor.

“The mark by which I have come to know German villages in Russia is the presence of the Lombardy poplar. It adds much to a landscape otherwise so bare of trees; and Annenfeld is a well-to-do looking village with double lines of poplars, and a stream of water under them.

“By degrees the way rose as it wound to and fro over the moorland. In front was a line of mountains, serrated into hundreds of points, all glistening with snow—larger ones behind the smaller. As hour after hour passed, we rose higher and higher into scenery that now reminded one of Malvern, and now of the Welsh mountains. At last the slant is steeper than even six horses can well manage, except with the empty carriage—empty, all but for our light baggage; and we take off our wraps and walk for three versts. We have now mounted to 2,500 feet, and it is perceptibly colder. The sharp points of the hills behind us are beginning to give place to rounder mountains. We have in no instance any cliffs like those in the pass from Vladikafkas; but steep combes and gorges, very Welsh or Highland.

“I turned to look back at one point. Two dark snow clouds had just rolled asunder, and gave a peep over a plain stretching far—*far* away. A sharp pointed hill in

K

the mid-distance we had passed on our right—not far from the ‘Colony.’ It had been the centre of the camp of the last Persian army that fought with the Russians in 1827; for this country east of Tiflis all belonged to Persia at that time. It was winter, and a driving storm of snow blew from west to east, covering the Russian army coming from the west. It was only 8,000 strong—but falling suddenly on the Persian camp unprepared for attack, the battle was very bloody, and soon over; the Persian Prince was among the slain.

“By mid-day the sharp pointed hills have given place to great rounded mountains, all covered with snow shining in a slight sunny mist. It felt as if we were travelling over endless moorland. On one high plateau we see tombstones unfenced near the road. They are recent; the inscriptions in Persian (Arabic letters.)

“We left at nine. By half-past two we come in sight of a large tank like a gasometer; and near it a good European dwelling. We drive into the yard and find it is a sort of half-way house for the works. An elderly German who is in charge of the Station comes out to welcome us. ‘Herr Bolton,’ he says, ‘has ordered dinner to be ready for you, and if you will come in it shall be served *augenblicklich*.’ We were very tired and hungry, and excellent vermicelli soup and baked potatoes, with Asiatic bread, soon recruited me; while the others were regaled further with roast hare, hares being plentiful here.

“In an hour we started with four fresh horses instead of six tired ones*; for although we rise higher, the way is not on the whole so atrocious as in the part we have done with. Here and there we certainly seem very near a capsize, and even here the hill seems too steep in parts to let us escape a fall of appalling force; but the driver knows what he is about, and the two outer horses skip up

* “This was a mistake. They rested, and the four fresh instead of six were given us at Slavianska.”

and down in a way that first moved my pity, but later, when I understood them better, my admiration. They *were* clever! The one on the side towards the hill would only get foot room now and then by a skip out of the rut on to the bank; while his opposite fellow hopped on three legs—then went with his foot alternately on the ridge and down in the rut; but very rarely on a boulder, though they tempted him sorely.

“Daylight had gone, and with it the only signs of life, except now and then a wagon or a peasant on the road, a kind of crow, and the snow-bunting. The last time I saw this bird was on Ben Nevis. But I ought not to have missed mention of Tchardachlè—the Tartar village adjoining the half-way tank and house. It consisted partly of huts built of stone, with earthen roofs; and partly of caves or houses made in the ground, exactly as Strabo describes the Caucasians 1900 years ago! He also says the people here had dogs as large and fierce as lions; and it made me start as I looked across the way from one of these subterranean houses, to see two dogs guarding each his master’s door, immense in size, the exact colour and appearance of lionesses, their ears short; so that it would be *impossible* not to think as Strabo did, if we came without knowing a word he had said!

“This morning (day after) I saw one in the works—a magnificent dog; and on saying as much to the manager he replied ‘Yes, he’s a fine dog, but of a bad temper. He has *killed* fourteen other dogs!’

“By and by we drive down into a long valley, pleasantly besprinkled with trees, and among them Lombardy poplars. The village that came into view was Slavianka, (something like Slave-vill or town of the Slavonians, *i.e.*, Russian.) It is a Duchabortzi colony* transported in the

* This is the first mention, by John Bellows, of the Russian sect whom he so largely assisted in later years in their emigration to Canada. The name is now generally spelt Doukhobor,

first place from some part of Russia to the Crimea, where the Duchabortzi were joined by Mennonites from Germany. Re-transported to the Caucasus, they have settled and prospered here, and brought with them from the Crimea the making of fuel out of the farmyard manure pressed into moulds and dried. It looks, *en masse*, like turf ricks. In a treeless country, like parts of the Stavropol government, this is all they have to depend on for firing.

“While the horses were changing we were asked to walk in. The house was a farm; and a decent room with two beds in one side, curtained off, shewed that they used it for sleeping. An old woman neatly dressed, and clean, brought us biscuits—home-made. Her daughter, a very tall, strongly-built woman, and grand-daughter, a girl of perhaps ten, also came in, and they were glad to converse about their belief. They fetched in another woman, a neighbour, to give us a specimen of their oral recitation of a hymn. She needed a good deal of urging, but at last began, and for five minutes repeated line after line till she got to the end, when all bowed in token of reverence. Fast said that on the whole it was good matter. These people are well spoken of by other Russians as honest and industrious; and I believe it.

“With our new team of four we resumed our course. A few narrow escapes, and lurches that made one cringe, were the only diversifications as we passed from hill to valley, and valley to hill, until we began one ascent so bad that it seemed impossible for horses to pull us up it. I was calling ‘Stoi!’ and offering that we would get out and walk, but our Engineer said in German, ‘It is only a short hill. Don’t get out. We shall be in Kedabek in einer Viertelstunde.’ On the summit, 5000 feet elevation, the smell of sulphur burning confirmed his words, and before long we were driving down hill once more, with the lurid light of furnaces reflected on the snow, and making beautiful effects with the moonlight and the shadows.

“At a sudden turn we stopped at the Gastinitza at the entrance of the village—for the absence of the manager prevented Dr Haudelin’s plan of our being his guests [being carried out.] We had no reason to complain, however. It was not such an hotel as we had had at Petersburg or at Tiflis; but there were good plain rooms ready for us, with a brisk fire in the little stove; and very soon the samovar and its concomitants left us little to wish for.

“We should have to spend most of the next day *waiting* to see the persons we wished to question, for they were at work till evening. We cannot move as we should naturally like to, in this far away corner; things in Asia are slow, and we must submit.

“In the morning the deputy-manager called on us, and we went with him to the works; no great distance down the village. The mines are high in the mountain side, and the ore is brought down to be smelted, etc. All the processes are now performed with raw or unrefined petroleum from Baku. The mine was discovered ages ago, beyond history. Its latest development before falling into the hands of the present firm, was under a native (Armenian, etc.) firm, when it yielded about 4000 poods of metal a year. William Siemens, German Consul at Tiflis, knew of it, and finally induced his brothers to take it over and work it after European methods, thus enormously increasing the output, and greatly benefiting the district by employing such a large number of people; about 2000 in all.

“As it was not possible to go further during the afternoon, the manager of the mines asked if we would not occupy the time by going underground, in charge of their German overseer—or, as he would be called in Cornwall, ‘Captain.’ We were glad of the opportunity, though the loss of time was a trial we could not help.

“There is more than one mine here; but we went to the nearest; perhaps a couple of versts out. It is on the

side of a very steep hill. * * * * It was very warm in some of the backs ; but the mine is really well ventilated. They use the same methods as in Cornwall : powder for blasting the softer rock, and dynamite for the harder. An hour and a quarter of the underground journey was as much as we cared for. My friend did not like the ladder climbing, little as it amounted to ; but the Captain was pleased to signify his belief that I was a ' born miner.'

" We also had the opportunity of testing the point about the antiquity of the pick and shovel ; for when the manager found I wished to go into this, he sent for a venerable old Armenian who had worked many years in Kedabek mines before Siemens Brothers came here. He had a splendid white beard—for the old man was eighty-five. The cross-examination had to be conducted through double interpreters—*i.e.*, as I asked in English, Fast repeated what I said in Russian ; marginal notes were thrown in by the manager in German ; then an employé of the mine interpreted into Armenian ; and the answers returned through the same complicated lines except the first.

" *Question 1.* You now use in Kedabek three-cornered shovels with long handles. Were these first brought here by the firm Siemens Brothers, or is this the original shovel of the country ?

" The old man replied in a tone that showed me he was denying that Siemens introduced the shape ; but he added something more, which the middle interpreter conveyed direct to me by speaking in German, and using a pencil. ' He says, No. This was the shovel used in old times before Siemens came into the country, and you will see it used in all country places in Armenia now ; only they put an iron on for the foot to bear on in digging with it.'

" *Question 2.* Was the pick used before Siemens' time, the same shape as this one ?

" *Answer.* Yes. Before Siemens came, all the picks were like that ; none had head *two* ways. * * *

“On Third-day morning we started for two villages still higher in the mountains than Kedabek. They lie about 30 versts east, and 30 versts in such a country is enough for a day’s journey, as much of it is slow climbing up mountain steep. We must therefore sleep at one of these places in a cottage.

“In the morning at nine we were ready. I shall always be grateful to Dr Haudelin for his care of us, and counsel to ‘Take all the wraps and furs you have. It is *very* cold up in the mountains.’ For, judging by slight frosts at Tiflis, which is in the valley, I should have come without the heavy wolfskin shuba, and only brought the lighter fur; but 5000 feet up a mountain makes all the difference! I don’t know how many poods I weighed; but I do know that the stairs *plied* a bit as I trailed down them. At the door stood a wagon—springless—with four little horses harnessed abreast and a bronzed peasant for driver.

“By the good offices of men accustomed to load goods, I was heaved up and got seated on a bundle of hay, as were the rest—and off we went. In a very brief time we found our wagon more comfortable than the phæton. As for springs, the hay and our shubas answered. Real steel springs could not have stood such work as we had to go through. After a long climb up hill, we descended a steep, past a commenced but unfinished bridge across a gorge. Recollect, everything is deep in snow, and the brooks part frozen and part free. People talk about keeping a good heart. I thought later on in the day, ‘The best *place* to keep it is in one’s mouth, for it keeps on coming there!’”

Having completed its work in the Kedabek district, the party returned to Daliar station, and travelled eastward to Elizabetopol, where a day was spent in making certain needful calls.

At their hotel in Tiflis, Joseph Neave and his companion had met with a young Englishman, who, by a singular

coincidence, had been educated at the school * in Gloucestershire where one of John Bellows' own boys was at that very moment. Their new acquaintance was the engineer of a large liquorice factory at Udzharrî, on the line to the east of Elizabetopol. Its owner and the chief members of the staff were all fellow-countrymen of our travellers, who gladly accepted an invitation to visit them in their isolation on the factory premises. They accordingly spent the week-end at Udzharrî, after their visit to Elizabetopol.

To his Wife.

UDZHARRÎ, CAUCASUS, 5-2-93.

"We arrived here shortly before midnight last night to spend a quiet First-day before beginning our round to Shusha, etc., etc., after a single day in Elizabetopol.

"As soon as we came back † from the mountain drive, W. Bolton, ‡ finding I was curious to see a subterranean dwelling, drove us over, about a mile, to an Armenian village, where we went into one. It was divided below into two apartments, one for the cattle and one for the family. A little light came in from the door, enough to show two broad benches of earth covered with board, on either side the room, with a stove in the space between; at the far end, raised 20 inches from the floor, on the platform, was a mother rocking her baby to sleep in a cradle; and a handsome girl of fourteen or so was doing some domestic work. Fowls walked in and out between our feet.

"A visit to the stables at W. Bolton's ended our pleasant afternoon there. One lovely Arab horse, white, with flowing mane and tail, bought for his wife to ride, but rather too spirited, was brought out—neighed—stood on his hind legs; and was followed by an old Turkestan white horse, twenty years old, which the lady *does* ride, and which, amid all these loose stones and mountain paths, has

* Bussage House, near Stroud. † To Kedabek.

‡ The manager of the mines.

never once slipped down in his life ; then a native horse, whose height I took ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mètre) as a memorandum for use in describing our teams.

“ In the evening we took tea at Gustav Kelly’s, whose wife is W. B.’s daughter. She speaks French and he English ; so that we felt not cut off by our foreign speech. The Boltons came too ; and the hearty kindness *all* showed us, I shall never forget.

“ In the morning we left for Daliar. We had a little conversation with the young Greek priest of the village, who left a favourable impression on us. I am bound to say this is our feeling with regard to many of the priests—though a few are bad and dark.

“ We had liked our old wagon and driver so much that we engaged the same team to take us to Daliar—but W. Bolton, wishing us to use his phæton instead of the wagon, we got the same four horses harnessed to it and started. The first thing that met our eyes just beyond our inn, was a cow that some Tartars had just butchered in the street ! This is a dreadful country for such things. I do hope the day will come when people will cease to eat flesh !

“ The road was slippery for some hours till the sun had gained power—and I sat admiring the feats of skating performed by the near outer horse of the team, in front of me. He could do ‘outside edge’ in a wonderful way ; and many other things. One movement he had which used to make me shiver ! Every time we rushed down hill to one of the sharp turns, where a gorge needed his keeping *in*, he had a way of pulling *out* and heading straight for the gulf ! And just at the last moment he would alter his mind, sidle up close to the horse on his left, and make him get in far enough for *him* to have room for his feet instead of falling over, and ending the lives of the whole equipage : horses, driver, interpreter, and ‘Friends’ ! I *now* believe he only obeyed the rein, and

that it was his place to pull diagonally at that particular juncture, though why I fail to see. Certainly all the time he was not engaged in saving his own life, he pulled. A big Strabo's lion dog set at his legs in one village. He kept his eye on him, and all at once let fly such a kick at the animal as would have killed him on the spot if the dog had not dodged it!

"Soon, as we rose on to the high ground, we got a peep at the Great Caucasus mountains sixty versts away—a grand piece of the range, but limited on both right and left by the hills through which we were travelling. Hour after hour, as we rose and descended, and rose yet again nearer the outer heights of this Lesser Caucasus, the stretches of the Greater range grew broader and broader; till at last, on emerging from the last of the back valleys to the edge that overlooks all the plain of the Koura, the whole vast wall of towering Alps stood in dazzling splendour before us—two hundred miles long and eleven thousand feet high! Far too wide to be comprehended in one view, the eye had to travel slowly along the great arc, unable to take it in so as fully to realise it: wearied with its very magnificence. We are ourselves standing on a mountain at this outer line two thousand feet higher than the plain below our feet—the plain that rolls away westward to Europe and eastward to Asia; itself a great and vast and indescribable sea of violet that ends nowhere, right or left, but dies away into violet mist, and that again into blue haze—and the blue haze into a grey that is again immeasurable—and then above all this the innumerable peaks and towers and cliffs, dazzling white against the far pale blue sky. White with faint blushes of palest rose colour, marked with thousands and tens of thousands of folds and wrinkles and lines running down from the snow into the violet sea of nothingness in the plains below. Yonder, far, very *very* far on the western horizon, is Kasbek, 16,000 feet high—and west

again from Kasbek, some other giant height far more than a hundred miles from the mountain we stand on; and as we turn eastward the sight wanders on, and on, and on, till it wearies in the effort to comprehend that another hundred miles towards the Caspian still leaves the list of heights unexhausted.

“There is nothing in Switzerland—nothing in Europe like this; and powerless to grasp the ideas such a scene suggests, I am glad of the sunset, glad of the darkness, and the silence and the stillness that shall for a time veil the overpowering presence, and hush the spirit to rest from it. Any one of those mountains alone would be enough to rouse all the sense of the vast and sublime of which the mind is capable. Those tiny grooves and perpendicular lines are, some of them, cliffs four and five thousand feet deep; and yet they are only at the base of the hill; for yonder on the right we see Shalvuz Dagh 13,619 feet; Shah Dagh 13,931; and Basar-Dusi 14,750.

“We walked and ran down the mountain to the valley, making short cuts, plunging through the snow and amid the bushes, which are here abundant, while the carriage went to and fro down the zig-zags.

“I had got ahead of the others, who were out of view, when I came upon three Tartar boys with donkeys, and a woman standing by a spring. I was not thirsty, but to open up communications with the nomads I made the sign of drinking from my hand. The youngest of the three lads ran to the woman, took a tin from her, filled it with water, and handed it to me. I gave him a fifteen kopek piece, which he took without the slightest sign of ‘thanks’: but this was only because he had never learned to offer thanks for a gift. Gifts were in his life few and far between, I fancy! The woman went one way, the boys and their donkeys laden with firewood, *my* way; and we walked together. I tried to get a few Tartar words from the biggest boy; but his vague wild gutturals in reply were

beyond my grasp. Presently the youngest, a mere child, noticing that I slipped a little where the snow had been frozen smooth, went and fetched a stick which he signed to me to use as an Alpenstock. It was very nice of him, and I prize his little gift; for it was his way of showing that he was not ungrateful for *mine* to himself. When we parted from him, I kissed his little bronzed cheek and longed that someone would now and then show some kindness to him and to his people; as indeed I believe will be the case in the village they were going to.

"It was dark when we reached Elizabethpol. As the luggage was being loaded into one *phytone* and we were stepping into another, I suggested to Joseph Neave that we should walk to the hotel. 'But *where* was the hotel?' 'Four versts from the Station!' It was well we had not attempted the walk. At about half-way the luggage stuck fast in front of us, and we stopped, stopping two more carriages behind us. Strong language! Driver in front using whip freely—then cajoling with little sounds like kissing—but horses not to be urged or cajoled! At last they do go—and we also. By and by all this occurs again. Later on, at a heavy lurch over a rut, our biggest package is pitched out—and then we get into softer mud, and pass under giant trees with low windowless buildings behind them, and long blank walls—closed shops—a few lamps—a large mosque with two minarets, and presently a gloomy one-story building with a porch across the footway—the Hôtel d'Europe. We are in Russia politically, but in all other respects—buildings, people, language, manners, we are in *Persia*! *Inside*, the hotel is light and good; an open balcony runs round the courtyard. The rooms are very lofty; and with fire in the stoves we are soon comfortable.

"In the morning we waited early on ———. In reply to some question of mine, he says the town was formerly called Ghandja—and was thirty versts in circumference,

the large gardens taking up so much space. [After a visit to the Mosque] we went through the Bazaars: still more oriental than even those of Tiflis—the great many-centuried plane trees standing in the street before the shops, loaded baskets of grapes, bags of drugs, beautiful sweetmeats, and other merchandise. In reply to some archæological question, the old gentleman* turned to me with a smile and said, ‘*Feu mon oncle fût le Prince ici avant la domination russe.*’ I found afterwards that he is the grand-nephew of the Persian prince who governed the city and province of Ghandja. The mud was incredible! The old gentleman lastly took me to the city park or garden (my friends returned to the hotel) and even here the paths were so bad that they pulled off my goloshes, and left me plunging hopelessly after my guide—almost losing him sometimes. Again in the street, we met a lady—the only woman I saw in the whole place. She was veiled in purple silk—but instantly turning her face to the wall, she bent slightly forward, and stood so till we had passed.

“In the evening we allowed an hour to plough our way to the station; plunging, rolling, heaving, till I thought at one lurch we really had lost our balance. We were met between 11 and 12 at night [here at Udzharri] by James Brown, who had a man in waiting for our baggage; and five minutes’ walk brought us to a bungalow in a large enclosure, the residence of our host, the owner of the Liquorice Factory, the buildings of which stand at a few hundred yards distance. Four young Englishmen in all sat with us next day (First-day) at table: a manager, a buyer of root, J. Brown (the engineer,) and a clerk. We were made welcome with a heartiness that was tenfold the more acceptable from the extreme isolation of the spot: a roaring fire in our bedroom, and an excellent hot supper in the dining-room, to begin with. We are in the middle

* Their guide.

of a vast flat; marshy, and very bad for fevers. The mosquito tower at the Station tells its own tale.

"A few versts off the Tartar population are in a terribly lawless state—hundreds of murders a year never traced. Brigands abound. They often kill as well as rob; and always beat their victims. Close by here lately, a Tartar stabbed his brother to death for having let a horse out of an enclosure. Another, angry with his wife, cut off all her fingers with his knife, slashed her dreadfully, and sent her home to her father! The murder of a wife is very rarely brought home to a man. If he is caught, he brings fifteen or twenty eye-witnesses, who go into court and swear they saw her get into a boat and try to cross the Koura—and it upset and she was drowned—etcetera!

"We spent a quiet First-day yesterday (2 mo. 5). I felt a hope that some opening might offer for a few words on the most important subjects. At last Fast went out and came back with a Bible in his hand, asking if we might have a chapter read. They readily assented—and I took the book and read a chapter in Job. We paused; and Joseph Neave spoke at some length very nicely in the ministry, following in prayer. It was, I felt, a word in season; and I was indeed thankful that this seed had been sown. They were more hearty than ever, after it; more kind than I can describe.

"Out-of-doors it was bright sunshine and blue sky, but too muddy to attempt walking. From the balcony in front, a splendid view of the Karabagh mountains, south, 10,000 feet high—and from the opposite balcony, Basar-Dusi nearly 15,000, and Shah Dag, nearly 14,000 feet, north.

"This is Second-day, the 6th of Second month. I was not very well this morning, and Joseph Neave and Fast begged me to stay in and rest—which I have done—while they paid the visit to Geoktchaïskaya, 17 versts from here. They have returned, and we have all been taken over the

Liquorice Works—a very interesting sight. The yard itself is surrounded by a mud wall seven feet high and a mile in circumference. The buildings and machinery I must tell you about when I get home. Around the houses are great stacks of liquorice root 150 feet long and 30 feet high.

“We start at 7 to-morrow morning, and by the time this reaches Gloucester I expect we shall be back in Tiflis on our way home, all but two little visits *en route* besides Moscow and Petersburg.”



CHAPTER X.

TARTAR CARAVANSERAI—BRIGANDAGE—SHUSHA—ARMENIAN
VILLAGES—GERUSI—ALI AKBER—FUNERAL SCENE—EVELACH
STATION—RETURN TO TIFLIS.

THE travellers had now to face the hardest and most difficult part of their journey, which was to take them, through the mountains of the southern Caucasus, to Shusha and Gerusi : in fact, almost to the Persian frontier. The first portion of their route, from Udzharrî, was by rail to Evelach, where they were joined by the Government attendant who had been specially appointed to accompany them to Gerusi.

After a journey of over two hundred and forty miles by road and rough mountain track, they found themselves once again at Evelach, where they parted with their attendant, and returned via Elizabéthpol to Tiflis.

From John Bellows to his Wife.

CARAVANSERAI OF KORVENDSKAYA,
EASTERN TRANSCAUCASUS, 7-2-93.

“ When I posted my No. 45 into the mail carriage at Udzharrî at seven this morning, I not only foresaw that some days must elapse before I could again get a letter on to the line of rail for home, but I thought that I should be some time before I had anything fresh to tell. But I am writing this under the strangest circumstances of the whole journey : lodging the night in an oriental caravan-serai.

“ The boy came into our room at Udzharrî this morning at six to light a fire of wood for us to dress by ; and a good breakfast awaited us in the dining-room, our untiring

friends accompanying us thereafter to the platform to see us off. No one can tell but ourselves what that break in the journey has been to us! So far from home, and even from civilization, to find the comforts of an English home and a very warm welcome! We again had a time of worship with them last night; and the seed sown will not have been sown in vain. For an hour and a half we rolled along over the seemingly boundless wilderness; for the morning was misty, and the great mountains no longer in view. We cross the Koura near our halting station (Evelach) and a bit of forest diversifies the monotony of the swamp we have traversed; not at all like an English or German wood, but an impenetrable tangle of briars ten or twelve feet high under the trees, and hundreds of these themselves overgrown with tropical climbers. These woods and swamps abound in hot summer weather with venomous serpents. In the end of spring many people are stung by them; and this, added to the continual fever that hangs about the swamp, makes it a sad country to live in.

“At Evelach we found our Government attendant waiting for us. He had been kind enough to hire for us, as requested, two phætons (the carriage of the country, though not well suited to it) each with four little horses abreast. Dividing our baggage between them, Fast and the attendant took one, and we the other. The agent's name is Gregoriowitch; a very decent young fellow. He is armed to the teeth, carrying besides his bright weapons a breech-loading rifle and twenty-two rounds of ammunition. Of course we are not responsible for this, or we would on no account allow it; for, although the district is almost abandoned to banditti, we have not the slightest fear that the Master who sent us here will suffer any real harm to befall us. Unlike their congeners nearer the mouth of the Arax, they do *not* hurt their victims, but simply take away their property. As a heavy robbery

L

took place on the road we are now travelling, only two months ago, Gregoriowitch wanted us to take an armed Cosak guard, which we promptly declined to do.

“The robbery was between this posting station and the next (Agdam) to which we meant to push on to-night; but our drivers are so frightened that we have given up the attempt. Eight armed Tartars managed the whole affair. They began in the morning by stopping a phaeton; lashing the passengers to trees (for we are in a sort of straggling wood,) and robbing them. Then they waited for a second, a third, a fourth, and so on the whole day long, including the mail and all its passengers; so that by night-fall they had about 150 people tied up. Then one of them untied a victim, and left them to get out of the difficulty as best they could! *Yesterday* they again robbed the mail near this spot! In 1885 one daring fellow with his band managed (in the Baku Government) to tie up and rob nearly 300 people in a day. It occurred to him afterwards that the Russian authorities might look into such a matter as this, so he withdrew into Persia, where it is said he is now an attendant on the Shah.

“Don’t be uneasy on our account. The very fact of this letter arriving will show that I have posted it! But more than all we are under a higher protection than police. Even a couple of armed men are no match for eight desperadoes; so that the reliance on them would be in any case foolish.

“We drove for twenty-three versts this morning along a better road than any we have seen since the great military way over the Caucasian mountains. It is as level as a die—over a moorland and marsh, with now and then a bit of scrub and *here*, a wood. The way is kept good with pebbles and gravel that once formed the bed of the Caspian when it came up here. Twice we had to cross the bed of a very broad torrent, now dry; *i.e.*, a torrent at the melting of the snow.

“ At the end of this twenty-three versts, we turned into a very large yard in the Tartar village of Barda. Round two sides of it ran an open flat-roofed shed for horses and camels. At one part was a vapour bath ; and on the side next the street some empty rooms, into one of which we were shown by the *Odabashi* (Head of the yard.) As the weather is very cold this was cheerless. A room twenty-five feet long and ten wide, with mud walls covered with European paper-hanging—here and there torn—and a board floor. Three or four low broad tables served for bedsteads, and there were three chairs, but nothing else whatever in the place. An arched recess in the end showed that fire *was* sometimes used there ; though they certainly did not appear to be fire-worshippers ! ‘ *Tapietié!* ’ (Light a fire !) In two minutes a grave-looking man brings a shovel of burning charcoal and lays it in the hearth ; while a boy, following, brings a big armful of split blocks of wood. These are piled endways on the embers, and in a few minutes we have a splendid fire, and the boiling samovar ; make our own tea, and get a good lunch. In an hour we are off again ; and just at sundown our drivers, who are very timid, declare it is not possible to go further to-night—and they drive into another large yard through a stone building that looks almost like a fort.



Long stone walls on either side of it are covered with a mass of dry thorns, enough to keep a wolf from climbing over, but only needing a match from a robber, to make us quit the premises. Heavy oaken gates close the entrance,

and above them is a gallery open both front and back. The yard is a foot deep in mud, but as it is frozen we are not harmed by it. Inside the stone walls are storehouses for firewood, etc. etc., stables and granaries. Away on the right are three or four underground houses burrowed in the yard itself!

“We are asked to climb a step-ladder to the gallery, and are shown into the upper room on the right—our quarters for the night; as the apartment below is for our drivers. Opposite, another party of travellers has already taken up a similar position. A boy climbs the ladder with a shovel of coals, burning; a great store of wood is brought, and a blazing fire made.

“The room itself has an earthen floor, and bare stone walls and bare timber flat roof above. On the floor lie three carpets, under which I find ‘India’ mats. One tiny low table 18 inches square and 2 feet high is the only furniture. We unpack, and when the samovar comes we make a splendid tea, the foundation of which is four cakes of Tartar bread which we bought at three kopeks a pound. Each is about a foot in diameter, and one inch thick: unbolted wheat meal. Then we have sardines, butter, cheese and other luxuries, and make a picnic. This is literally ‘a lodge in some vast wilderness,’ for no other dwelling is within many miles of us!

“I have made the folk bring in a good large stock of wood for all night; for warmth is everything here now. In summer the windows are left open for air; and I see everywhere a set of ornamental bars or *grillage* to keep anyone from paying a visit through the opening so left!

“It is now half-past ten at night. Joseph Neave has put his pillow on the floor and laid down in his clothes, and is now fast asleep. I am going to put on my great wolfskin shuba and do the same—so for to-night, Farewell!

“*Morning.* We arranged ourselves last night in two rows of two each, heads to the wall and feet to centre

of room and influence of the fire. I soon fell asleep—and never woke till the Odabashi pushed open the door, a little before six, and placed a loud-singing samovar on the floor; presently following it with a fresh armful of wood for the fire.

“We have just breakfasted. The room is as warm as a toast, and we shall go out into the frosty air with a stock of heat that will last us the rest of our journey—54 versts to Shusha—a Persian fortress—now belonging to Russia. It is walled, and the gates are shut at night.”

To his Wife.

SHUSHA, 8-2-93.

“We got into this place about six o'clock to-night; making two days' journey from the Railway Station of Evelach.

“We find the fears of our drivers were not imaginary about robbers. Four more travellers who followed us last night decided to push on to the next station, and they were all stripped of their possessions! *At the very time* I was writing in our caravanserai, they were being tied up and their packages searched! And not long since the highwaymen paid a visit to the next caravanserai after the travellers lodging in it were comfortably settled in for the night, and cleared them out of everything.

“This is rather more than the Russian authorities can stand; and the district chief of police has gone to the scene of the robbery with another official to make the needful enquiries on the spot. We met them coming at a tremendous pace down hill; a mounted and armed police guard in front, peremptorily ordering carriages and camels, etc., out of the way. A good many camels have met us; and wagons, loaded with carpets and other merchandise. I never imagined when we left England that part of our work would lie in Persia; but so it is—for all this district was a Persian Province until the time of the Emperor Nicholas, I think. Almost everything is oriental

in the extreme. We met two or three women this morning, of the poorer class, yet each veiled in silk. One was carrying her baby on her back and leading a little fellow by the hand. At a hundred yards away, I saw that her silk hood was not drawn over her face—so thought for once I should see what a Persian woman was like. As she drew within fifty yards, however, I saw her raise her spare hand to her mouth, and when she passed the carriage, she had a black netting drawn up level with her nose, but with such large meshes that it did not conceal her mouth. Another passed us as we were walking up a hill, closely veiled in pale red plaid silk, but barefoot, with sandals. That is, the sandals are loose and at every step the foot lifts nearly out of them. They are high-heeled to keep the toes well down in them, or they would constantly come off. Most of the population are *Armenian* Persian; and these do not veil.

“ We resumed our journey quickly after breakfast; but I found I had been mistaken about the extreme lonesomeness of the spot. There were two or three habitations and another caravanserai a little further on. By and by the wood ended, and we were again in the open country—at last entering a valley with a river in it, which we followed for many miles. Walnut and mulberry trees were frequent; for this is a silkworm district. By one o'clock we came to a small settlement* in which was a caravanserai where we rested the horses an hour and a half, and had lunch. It was in an upper room like the one we had slept in—but smaller, and less tidy. Three panes broken in a window we stopped by putting a bourka against the casement. There were two stools (no carpet) which J. J. N. and I sat on. Our companions folded their bourkas and squatted on them—and the Odabashi made his boy—a smart little fellow who kicked off his sandals every time he crossed our threshold—light us a fire of

* Khan-i-bagh.

small sticks; and then he came himself and spread a camel cloth on the floor in front of it for our samovar. As we carry all we need with us, bread, butter, cheese, tea, sugar and lemons, we soon made a meal, when Joseph Neave and I started for a walk in advance of the carriages.

"The building we left at Khan-i-bagh was like the one at Barda in general plan—but the open gallery ran all along the outside as well as through the centre above the gate, and three or four workshops occupied the front towards the road on the ground floor; especially a blacksmith's, next the gate—who sat on the ground as I looked down on him from the gallery—forging nails, and talking to two friends who squatted alongside of him like Job's counsellors, and I imagine as usefully employed as they were.

"Khan-i-bagh means Khan's garden. As there was a house up a bank 100 yards off, with two windows and a door, I imagined some wealthy man lived in the place; and found this surmise was right, for as I was looking back at the house I saw two bullock



wagons loaded with ice, unloaded into a cellar at the end—under the mass of supporting masonry, I suppose.

"If we should go to Ali Bek's to pass the night on our return from Djibrail, I hope to induce him not to kill the sheep he promised us. He is a gentleman; but many of his class—Tartar beys—have a way of not only killing a sheep to gratify a visitor, but of having his bloody carcase brought in *steaming*, to show that he really has been killed on purpose! Others bring him to the door and cut his throat under the very nose of the guest! This is a barbarous land.

“ We walked three versts before our folk overtook us ; gently rising, with sometimes a down-hill, as we wound in and out among the deep centres and lateral valleys of this wonderful series of volcanoes. One crater on our left was almost perfect ; and basalt and lava on all hands told their own tale. We caught sight of Shusha again and again for two hours or more before we reached it. It is right on the top of a mountain, a thousand feet higher than Snowdon, above the plain of the Koura ; and most of the elevation we have made gradually in to-day's journey. The road is a wide and good one, with no bad gradient in the whole 105 versts ; but the last hour especially it winds and doubles to and fro in a most bewildering way. I looked down just now upon a series of six different bends of it far below us, all going in different directions. At last we come nearly to the walls, for it is walled (by the Persians) though the walls are no longer of value as a defence.

“ We are so near that we can see there is no opening by which we can go in—when suddenly a previously unseen bend comes in view, and we turn back again—and then again ! At last we find our road (which is new) passes through a breach forty feet wide made for it through the city wall—and we drive up the steep frozen street ; wind again to and fro amid the quaintest old buildings, many in ruins, through the bazaar, out-Tiflis-ing Tiflis itself—and after a mile of such entanglements, pull up in a square or market place. Several hundreds of men and boys all surround us and offer counsel and comment in Persian, in Russian, in Armenian, and in Tartar, till the whole sound is as of a swarm of bees. Presently an Armenian and several men and boys under his rule, take each an article of our baggage, and we follow in the tail of their procession up a side street for a few yards, and through a door, up an open staircase to a balcony, whence we are conducted to a comfortable room 18 feet by 10,

papered *à l'euro péenne*—our hotel and quarters. It is nicely warmed by a stove, and an open hearth at the end can also be utilized. A dark-haired boy (whose pay I afterwards learned is one rouble a month) brings a low table, wash-basin and ewer, and pours a little into each of our hands by turn as we wash. Clean linen on our beds promises rest.

“The samovar comes; and we order fried fish for supper, with a little *shisslik*—roast bits of mutton done on the coals. An hour and a half after we have drunk our tea, it comes! But it is good—and we are thankful! for the journey has been extremely fatiguing.

“*Fifth-day morning, 2 mo. 9.* We have had an excellent night's rest, notwithstanding the difference between European, or rather English, and Asiatic beds. The latter, here, are hard benches with a couple of rugs laid on them, no mattress, and one sheet. Above, a single quilt. The thing is to lie still; for if one turns over, there is nothing tucked in, and everything moves, letting in the cold. But I had taken the precaution last night, when our boy brought in four chumps of wood for the open fire which I got him to light as well as the stove, to get hold of his two hands—and pointing to the four logs, I counted off *ten* on his fingers. He grinned assent, and presently returned with a further supply. His appreciation was rewarded with a new 10-kopek piece; and this has made him our willing servant.

“When we arrived last evening we wanted a wash. There is only *one* basin and ewer for the establishment—kept in a room open to the balcony on one side, outside our door. Now this boy not only poured a few spoonfuls into the hands of each of us in turn; but after we had all washed and the water was *black*, he quietly put the jug to stand in it and left it for the night. This morning when I was dressing I asked Fast to call for the basin, etc. He suggested that we must do as the others do in the hotel—

and let the boy pour a driblet of water on our hands. But I put my foot down. I said—‘No; I will not be told by Asiatics how I shall wash; I will have it my own way.’ After a while the point was carried triumphantly: basin cleaned, and a jug of hot and one of cold water brought into our room. It really was a treat. I ventured to enquire whether it could not remain here, but as it appeared this would prevent all other occupants of the premises from any ablution whatever, I waived the matter. I had a *look* at the basin an hour after —!!

“At breakfast when the boiling samovar came, we enquired for eggs. The people of the house thought it a very foreign idea—they never eat them for breakfast—but they sent out and bought some, which we cooked ourselves. Could we have a little milk? Yes. In half an hour a saucepan came up, with half a gallon, hot.

“Our next journey—to Gerusi—which we start on to-morrow, at first looked trying. We were told that the road is so doubtful from snow blocking it that it would not be possible to travel with any carriage but a *fourgon*—a four-wheeled springless wagon with a half-round body, and as many horses as would serve for each of us to have one to ride on if we found the way impassable at any point for further traffic on wheels. And as the distance is eighty versts, we must prepare to sleep all night in the open wagon; no other accommodation probably being available. Of course this meant hardship; for we are high up in the mountains in the depth of winter, though the wolfskin furs would keep us probably warm enough to get some sleep. After fully deciding on this as our only way of reaching Gerusi, we are considerably relieved this morning by the news that someone has come down from there and reports the road open the whole distance for the posting *fourgons*. Instead therefore of taking our own team (*i.e.*, the one that brought us here) we shall now be able to take the customary post-horses, and change four times, getting through in *one* day.”

To his Wife.

STANTSIE ZABOUCH, NEAR GERUSI, 10-2-93.

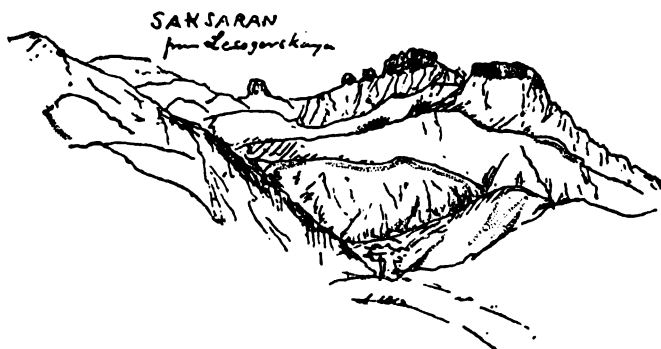
"After a busy day yesterday, we rose at five this morning to get an early breakfast and start for Gerusi—a journey of eighty versts, which by using the post-horses, we hope to finish by night. The distance is about the same as from Gloucester to Birmingham, but over a very difficult mountain road. Two little wagons, springless, harnessed with a 'troika' each (three horses) took our party of four and the baggage, Fast and Gregoriowitch in one, Joseph Neave and myself in the other. There is just room in each for a little luggage and the driver besides two passengers, who have not comfortable elbow room, and nothing to hold on to on swinging round corners.

"It was seven o'clock before we got fairly under weigh. The streets of Shusha are as steep as the worst parts of Stroud or Redruth; and as we drove uphill our horses slipped and scrambled in all directions on the ice. In five minutes the other wagon which started in front of us, pulled up, and after a great deal of plunging and scraping to get a foothold, down came the off horse of the three. Ours threatened to follow suit; but we soon got on better. A long descent followed, over deeply trampled and rutted mud, frozen as hard as stone—and on which we danced up and down till I began to wonder what might be the limit of shaking that the human diaphragm can bear. But before long we were on a better road, nearly level, and about 13 feet wide, except in some places where it might, for a few yards only, be too narrow for two carts to pass. It is a *new* post road, only opened nine days ago; so that we are among its earliest passengers.

"Soon we enter a gorge in the never-ending multitude of mountains—and our road becomes a shelf cut out in the face of the rock, running for mile after mile in loops and bends following the windings of the valleys, rising almost insensibly till we are up some thousands of feet from the

first valley we left. The precipice on our left varies from 45 degrees to almost perpendicular : in numbers of places the outer edge of the road being held up by a dry stone wall of 10, 15 or 20 feet before it touches the natural surface of the ground. In some bad places it is laid on faggots of oak.

“By 9.30 or so we have reached our first stage—a pretty spot, high up, but looked down upon by the extinct volcano of Saksaran, 7,068 feet high. It shows two great sides of the crater wall still standing like cliffs on the summit. The general look of it is this :



“Hour after hour wore on as we continued winding in and out of the never-ending mountains ; now rising gently to the summit of a dividing ridge, now going right down to the bottom of the next valley, and plunging through its stream. In one place we saw many cave-dwellings of Armenians, cut in the soft sandy cliffs on the opposite side of the valley : some seemingly inaccessible, but probably got at by inner galleries.

“By one o'clock we had reached the second stage, Abdalyarsha, again on a parting ridge of very high ground. Just before reaching the ‘Stantsie,’ the bare hills began to be relieved by arbor vitæ, which here took the place of the deciduous trees (oaks, etc.) we had seen in the valleys. The farthest line of mountains is the last

series in Russia to the south. Bartaz is the highest on the left in this line—7,490 feet high. On the other side of that range, and at their base, runs the River Arax, or Aras, or 'Araxes,' margining the present Persia.

"We find *all* the post horses are gone from the station. We have the right to the first that come in; but they must first have two hours' rest. Meantime a fire is lighted in the station-room—an apartment 12 feet by 10, very rough and ready—and the samovar brought. We make a good meal; and then Joseph Neave and I decide to walk on. As the wagons will not start till three, possibly half-past, we shall have to give up our idea of getting to our journey's end to-night, and sleep at the next station.

"For an hour and a half we walk leisurely on, cutting across corners and loops of the post road, and plunging down the steep hill sides, for there are no perpendicular cliffs here to oblige us to keep on the track. At last we come out into a valley of nearly a verst in width, and the loud sound of water warns us that we can go no further till the wagons come up with us. We are on the banks of the River Akara—a fast-rushing stream of some two feet in depth, and from 50 to 100 feet wide. It is a lovely sunny afternoon, and we fill up our time by searching among the shingle of the strand for pebbles that may be worth bringing home.

"By and by a horseman rides up, says something to us in Russian, to which I can only give my stereotyped reply, and in a few minutes, after hesitating, he rides through the river and disappears up the opposite hill. I can now see what he meant. Finding us moving about the bank he no doubt thought we wanted help to cross the water, and so offered to take us on horseback. Soon after he has gone, however, the wagons come up; and when we are seated, the drivers head the troika for the ford. They pull up in the middle, to drink; and then plunging in and out among the boulders, the wagon

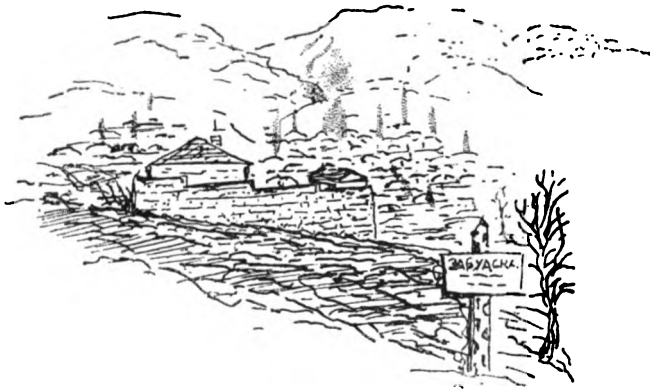
lurching to and fro as its wheels strike the obstacles, we get on to *terra firma*.

"This river Akara runs into the Araxes. Just after the part where we ford it, it enters a narrower defile, and for the lofty cliffs that overhang it we are now making; for our road goes on in many a loop and double S until we are at a dizzy elevation, looking down on the winding river below. Our road is again only a twelve feet shelf or ledge cut on the side of the slope; often the latter is as steep as 60 or 70 degrees; and we are running on snow, with alternations of sheet ice where the sun has melted it and the evening air again frozen it. Our driver is rather less careful than some we have had, and he swings along in a happy-go-lucky way that keeps me nervous, for our wheels skid sideways on the smooth surface sometimes. But at last we are descending again, and it is still daylight when the man makes a short cut over a very steep bit of rough mountain side, instead of following the final bend of the road—and we are in the Stantsie Zabouch. Here we must sleep; and here we learn for the first time that we can go no further on wheels. We have still some fifty versts to go, to reach Gerusi; and as the post road is blocked, we are told we must go on horseback. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof, and we must do the best we can for to-night.

"We go up a wooden outside stairs to a couple of small rooms, of which the inner is our lodging. It is dirty enough—but I lift the samovar on to one of the low tables that are to be our bedsteads and turn the tap, signifying to the Tartar who attends as a servant that it must be wiped with a cloth. He does this; and then we send him to the village for bread and eggs. Milk? There is none.

"Presently he brings twenty eggs, for which we pay twenty-two kopeks; and four *sheets* of bread, thin and tough as brown paper, for five kopeks; *i.e.*, a pound weight, Russian. Then the Yuzbashi comes, to lend us

carpets and two mattresses to lie on. (Yuz is Tartar for *hundred*, so that Yuzbashi means 'head of the hundred.' He is in reality the *chief man of the village*, answering to the Starosta in Russia, or the Maire of a French Commune.) Fast and Gregoriowitch make up, with these, beds on the floor; Joseph Neave and I sleep on the wooden stands. I undress and get into my wolfskin shuba as between sheets. It is a wonderful help to a night's rest—for I can keep warm in it anywhere. Yet the unusual surroundings keep one thinking; and I wake at midnight



The large house is the *habe* prison as seen from the steps of our Stantsie. The slightly curved roofs level with the ground at back, of the Tartar huts, rise in irregular tiers behind.

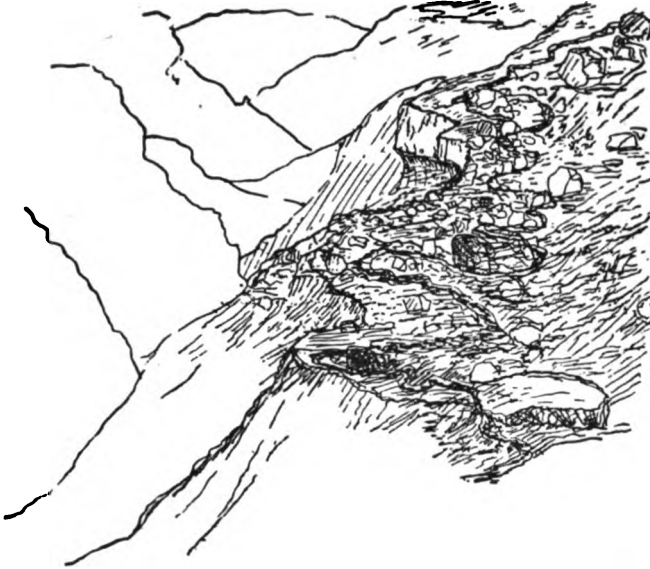
for a long while thinking of home; not, I hope, in any spirit of wishing to cut short the work here—for I remember that if I were a soldier of the Queen's, I should not be a good soldier if I shunned the privations of war; and miserably deficient as I know I am in the higher service, yet I have been *called* to it, and I wish to do it faithfully in my small measure. The River Zabouch runs at the bottom of the dell; and as I lie silent I hear its sweet never-ending melody, on its way to the Araxes, till it lulls me to sleep again.

“ We open our door wide to the morning sunshine, at six o'clock, and again I enjoy the loud sound of the stream. We must cross the little river, and there is no bridge, so we all mount horses and wend our way to the bank. First rides Gregoriowitch in his uniform, his sword swinging ostentatiously by his side. Next, Fast, in his bourka. Third, Joseph Neave on a bay horse. Fourth, myself—on another bay. Fifth, a Tartar with one half our baggage most cleverly arranged and strapped—portmanteau, baskets, etc.—and he on the top, camel-wise. Lastly, [another] Tartar perched on the rest of the baggage, and armed with dagger and breech-loading rifle! There is no persuading these people that we would rather they took no weapons. It is impossible at present to get the idea into their heads! Only last night Gregoriowitch was talking it over with Fast; and he still believes that our objection is not to *arms*, but to the peculiar style of weapons of the country. He is a very nice thoughtful man; and we hope to see him more clearly informed before he leaves us. He was very earnest in listening to something J. J. N. said the other day in the ministry—and would like to have the words ‘written down, for they were good words,’ he said.

“ One after another our horses crept down the steep bank to the river, and got across among the rolling boulders. Then in Indian file we entered a gorge in the mountain opposite, and scrambled up the bank, steeper and steeper, along a path every foot of which had loose stones and pieces of lava on it. Stepping up, and down, and sideways—one horse turning to the right while the one behind him was facing left, and the rest at all angles by turn, we kept steadily ascending.

“ I begin to think it a mistake to try to give any idea in a sketch, of the sort of path we followed for some versts; but we went on climbing the edges of such steeps, sometimes 200 or 300 feet above the valley below; the valleys

of course rising too, as we get farther back into the mountains. One slab of rock took up all the path but six inches. It was covered with marks of scratches from horseshoes; but a real slip would have sent horse and rider hopelessly into the ravine below.



“ When we had got to about two thousand feet higher than the village, we were glad to get out of the precipice path on to a great table-land of snow of but gentle slope. My Tartar however thought it now safe to let the horses generally have a good strapping (he had lent me his whip, most fortunately—or it would have been worse!) I regretted that my ignorance of the language prevented my being able to speak effectively to him, as it also prevented my interpreting some remarks of his to his companion; I incline to believe having reference to my horsemanship. We came to a sort of dyke, down which my horse was picking his way carefully and safely, when the Tartar stole up behind and gave him a whack that made him start

M

and miss a foothold. He did not actually fall, but plunged so that I should have gone over his head but for the pommel of the saddle—one of the best things among this barbarous people. It is a real handle, and an instant grip of this saved me.

“Joseph Neave got off and walked, as we had originally intended—for I forgot to say that after crossing the stream and jumping up on to the bank, I had suggested that we might keep our seats for a verst or two—not dreaming of what was coming! When it came to a descent I dismounted too—for I looked upon this as more risky than going up. At the bottom of the valley into which we had come I got on again, to ride up to the Stantsie in the Armenian village of Dyk.

“Hundreds of families came out to see us pass; or were already out enjoying the hot sunshine. Old men sitting on their housetops, with their legs dangling in the air; women in all brilliant colours, scarlet and green and blue—scarlet predominating—standing in their porticoes, with groups of children similarly attired in bright hues. As we wound slowly along the ledges, which were at most five or six feet in width—a retaining wall or the houses themselves on our right, and a sheer drop of fifteen to twenty-five feet perpendicular on our left, the roofs of the next row of houses at the foot of this drop (and so stage after stage, both below and above us)—we could barely give room to the men who were standing in the ‘street’—if I must call it a street—without endangering our horses’ foothold. Worst of all was a little donkey loaded with firewood, projecting a most unreasonable distance from his sides. If I rode outside of him he would push me over the cliff; if inside, I should send *him* over. I kept patiently behind him till he got to a little passing place. A ferocious brute of a ‘Strabo’—a dog as fierce as a lion—came barking at us; and I was debating what would happen to the calf of my leg, when my Tartar, to

whom I had restored his whip, used it in such wise that by dogs we were troubled no further. Where the houses were level with us we could see their arrangement, and the dark Jewish faces of the women, veiled over the mouth.

"In the dell below were the massive stone arches of three *boulaks* or fountains—many women drawing water at them, and shouldering their copper vessels to carry it home in admirably oriental style.

"Before I leave Dyk I must mention that its frightful misdrainage caused great havoc last summer with the cholera. The people are very ignorant and superstitious; and someone having suggested that the way to stop its ravages was to bury the bodies of those who died of it, *face downwards*, they set to work and reopened the graves, and turned all the corpses over on their faces. Of course the cholera spread fiercely after this. Three hundred died in this one village.

"It was now a long walk over plains of snow on top of the mountains. Emerging from the environing circle of heights, the landscape opened away on the south to a great plain, on the far side of which was the magnificent barrier of mountains looking down on the Araxes and Persia. It is fifty miles away—and before it is a sea of the softest



blue—too ethereal for this world—and yet too real *not* to be. It is more beautiful than the clear blue sky above us, more lovely than any painter could paint, or than any poet could find words to describe. Yet if scenery could give power to either painter or poet, surely it would be *here* in these Armenian mountains and in yonder everlasting hills whose forms were known to the Assyrian kings as well

as to Darius, and daily looked upon by Cyrus through all his earlier years, and woven into his very dreams. Yes, that Cyrus dreamed of those mountains of the Araxes I am as certain as that I am dreaming here myself, *alone*.

"My companion, after asking if I would ride again when the horses came up, and finding I would do so, decided to finish the journey on foot, and went on; and I am alone on this great plain of snow, quietly walking after him when I have finished my little outline above. Suddenly as I look up I see two figures on horseback in the distance, and as they draw near, I see a gentleman in the Russian military uniform, and a lady in black, who by her veil must be a Tartar. He asks me something in a voice of cultivated tone—but I am obliged again to fall back on 'Ya Anglitchanin; ya ne gavarou pa Rousky. Perevostchik pridiyot' (pointing back.) 'I am an Englishman; I can't speak Russ. The interpreter is coming.' I was so full of Bartaz and the Araxes that it never occurred to me to try French with the strangers; they understood my difficulty however, and passed on. I found afterwards that they were a Tartar Bek and his wife.

"The descent into the next dell was difficult from the sun melting the snow, and leaving the volcanic débris a soft, very adhesive mud, that held down my goloshes, and unless I took care, pulled them off. At the bottom the path turned sharply to the left, and in rounding the corner I found myself suddenly face to face with four Tartars armed to the teeth. Ordinarily I should expect as a very likely thing to be robbed; but I am not here in my own will, and I am perfectly certain of protection by my Master. I pass them cheerfully with 'Salaam,' and they courteously give me their own (initial) greeting 'Salam malûchim!' 'Peace be to you!'—a word they *never* deign to say to an Armenian. I do not think that life is so lightly esteemed in any other part of the world as here on the border of Persia.

"When the horses overtook me it was at the entrance of a glen with no road at all in it; nothing but a mountain stream. There was but little water running in it; plenty of ice and boulders. Up this stream we went, the horses feeling their foothold among the rocks; now crawling down a bank; now leaping and scrambling out again to a bed of the higher or spring torrent-level when the snows melt. When that comes, of course no living thing could stand here. Rocks and boulders are driven down, tearing fresh passages for themselves, and gradually changing even 'the everlasting hills' into plains!

"After more ups and downs we again come out on a plateau covered with snow; and at last look down some couple of thousand feet below us, on Gerusi. It is a village, at first sight, of European houses; but on nearer acquaintance *two* villages, for an Armenian settlement stands back in the hollows of the slope we must now descend. But *how* to get down there? The Tartars swing cheerily on with no idea of danger; and we have to trust to the horses as before.

"At last we got to the valley, and in a few minutes were in the yard of the caravanserai. As it is a fine sunny afternoon we unloaded our luggage in the yard and sat outside while a Tartar youth wiped our floor with a wet cloth, and cleaned the little table. He looks as much like a Cranham gipsy as can be; except that he shaves his head as a Mahometan. He does not dye his beard with henna, like his master, who owns the place and superintends the arrangements—for the simple reason that he, Ali Hassan, has as yet no beard to dye. As soon as



he has done the floor, he lights a fire in the little iron stove; and as the hole in the wall sends the smoke back into the room, he fetches a double handful of mud from the yard and plasters it up.*

"He is helped by a bright boy of twelve or fourteen, Ali Akber. He has a very nice face, dark as a Hindoo, and large expressive eyes. Though a Tartar he has learnt Russian at school, and speaks it well. Is very glad to answer any of our questions. 'How many Prophets are there?' '144 thousand.' Then he gives the names of some: Ibrahm, and Sheof (Job) figure among them. I suggest Da-veed, and Salomon? Yes. They were *prophets*; but not *Veliki prophétén* (not *great* ones.) There are only *five* Veliki: Ibrahm and Natch (Noah) and Yakoob and Eesus and Mâhomet.

"Does he intend to become a Mollah? 'Niet!' To be a Mollah one must go to Persia or to Turkey to learn; and he does not wish to go to either. Ali Akber stands by the door after he has done our fire for the last time at night, listening in rapt attention to our reading in the Psalms. We hand the Russian Psalms to Gregoriowitch,



and he reads it after the English, a few verses at a time—(Psalm 32)—so that he and Ali may understand it. Both are evidently very thoughtful. Ali had kept coming in earlier in the evening to look to the lamp, to pour water over our hands for washing, from a beautiful Persian jug into a new brass dish (bought on purpose for us,) to bring me *svetchki* (candles,) and so on. I showed him the sketches in this letter—to his great delight, and then let him have a look at *you*—the group photograph from home.

"Ali has been a smart lad at school, and he carried a blacklead pencil and a piece of paper in his pocket, in token of his being a Mirza (writer.) He is entitled to sign

* See sketch on previous page.

his name as '*Mirsa* Ali Akber' in consequence of this acquirement; one may almost call it a B.A. degree, as things go here. He must not put the Mirza *after* his name — *that* means '*Prince*.' * * *

"We have had one walk up into the Armenian Village. It is a place of exceeding interest—there are 500 houses,



part of them half underground in the slant of the hill, and part *caves* cut in the towers and spires of sandy conglomerate that cover the mountain side. I begged permission to go

into one of these homes. A parley with two veiled women seemed likely to fail, when fortunately the husband came home in the nick of time. After silencing a furious Strabo by a punch in the ribs, we were courteously asked in. It was intensely interesting to sit down on the carpeted bench in a cave-dwelling, and see the ancient loom, and the spinning wheel as old as the Babylonian Empire; and the oven in the middle of the floor; and many things besides.

"In the cave, shown above in the crag on the right, dwells a potter. He has built a kiln just outside the door, in which besides pots, pitchers, etc., he makes the ovens like those I saw at Tiflis. Round at the back of this cave, in the next cliff, I found a stable, similarly hollowed from the rock. Standing at the back, and looking across a small dell, we saw a funeral. The burial grounds are almost always unfenced; and this one was. A procession

of sixty or eighty people came down to it from the shoulder of the opposite hill. A child's coffin was borne in front, by one man, (on his back) and the ceremony consisted for the most part of singing. It lasted some twenty-five minutes; and then several men brought to the grave, each a stone as large as he could carry, from a heap evidently kept for the purpose. No doubt the loading a new grave with such stones is a necessary protection in such a country, from wolves or other wild animals digging up the body.

"Descending through the village we had the same scene of beautiful colouring I have already mentioned—for while the Armenian men and boys wear coffee-brown tunics, or sometimes blue, and blue trousers, the majority of the women dress in Turkey red ('Karmir,') and as they stood or sat in their doorways or on the roofs of the houses, the whole effect was really beautiful. From the timbers of one porch a swing was suspended; and a little thing of two years old or so *was* enjoying it! We walked either along the streets, or on the roofs of the houses as we chose. The chimneys came up in the most unexpected places; once, in the middle of the road!

"We left Gerusi for Shusha on Second-day morning at 9.30—J. J. Neave and I deciding to walk back to Dyk; for I agreed with him in preferring our own feet to a horse's. We took a track not quite so direct as we might have done—and did not arrive at the Stantsie of Dyk till two o'clock; for the sun was exceedingly hot, and the snow giving way under our feet very tiring.

"At the Stantsie we did not stay longer than to get a quick meal, for we found the snow-blocked section of road between this and Zabouch was now sufficiently passable for the mail to have come in by a 'troika' wagon, and we were able to use this on its return journey. Joseph Neave preferred walking all the way to Zabouch. Fast went on horseback to accompany him; for our Russians are not such walkers as the English. Gregoriowitch and

I took the troika—exchanging at rare intervals a word or two in French, which tongue he learned at school, and has some little remembrance of.

“Eight versts before we could reach our Stantsie we could see where it lay. The last two or three were down a mountain I should think 1,200 feet to the valley. In the very bottom was the Tartar village, and the pretty green stream, with mulberry trees on both its banks; the same river Zabouch I have [already] mentioned.

“At last we have got down to its level. It is deeper from melting snow, than when we crossed it on horseback; and we only barely escape damaging our baggage, as we are dragged by main force amid the shifting boulders and eddying waters. The horses at any rate are the better for the plunge, for they were loaded with mud; and *now* they are as clean as new pennies!

“And here we are back in the Stantsie of our Tartar village, with a good fire in our stove, and prepared for a sound night's rest before to-morrow's heavy wagon ride to Shusha, of 40 versts odd. I believe a week or two of roughing it and walking like to-day's work would make me as strong as I have ever been in my life. It is very different from Upton Knoll with its bath-room, to turn out as I did at dusk this evening with my soap and sponge and go down to the brook to enjoy a wash in unlimited cold water! This comparison is not intended to the disparagement of Upton, to which after all I shall get re-accustomed very soon; but as a contrast to little Ali pouring leaks of water into my hand from his Persian jug. To do the boy justice he was anxious to do all he could for us, and very gladly fetched more water when the quantum was exhausted. He wrote his name in my book just now, in Russian; and when I asked him, repeated his autograph in Arabic. Ali Akber is decidedly a Mirza!

“The pleasant sound of the river Zabouch is filling all the silence of the night—and my face is homeward so far as

the main part of our work is concerned. So, for the moment, Farewell ! ”

The following morning the party left Zabouch, continuing their return journey to Shusha, which they reached that night.

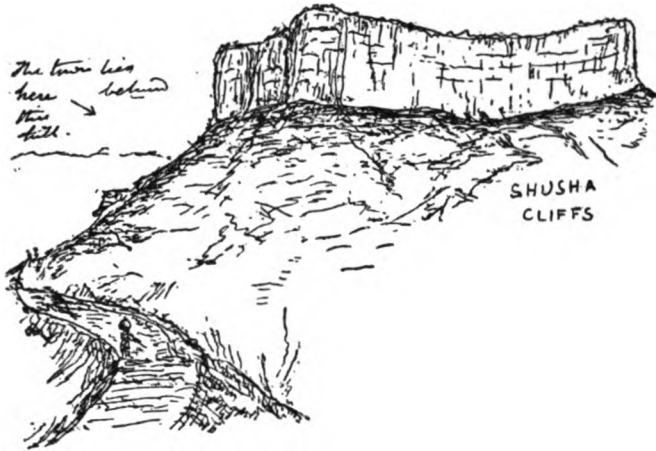
2 mo. 14, 1893.

“ No one can form the least idea of the difficulty of such a journey as this to Gerusi [from Shusha] by looking at the map, which gives it forty versts as the crow flies ; whereas the actual measured distance on the post road is eighty. And the to and fro of this eighty versts takes the same time that it does from *London to Petersburg*—four days ! while it is incomparably more fatiguing than to travel from England to Russia !

“ It grew dark before we had ended the run—so dark that I could no longer distinguish the edge of the precipice just below me, for I took the outside seat ; but I knew what it was from having gone over the ground five days ago. The worst places are where the edge has given way and been mended with faggots. Where a rill crosses the road, back in a gorge, it eats away the ground, and the wheel goes bump down into the notch in a very unpleasant way ; and while the horses always manage to keep clear of newly fallen blocks of stone lying in the way, once in a while the wheel does *not*—and a hit against a large stone of this sort this evening shook me for an instant off the seat ! But it is over—and we have indeed cause to feel very thankful to have been brought through all our hardest mountain travelling in safety, health, and strength !

“ Before it grew quite dark we could see the great limestone cliff from a long distance, that crowns the hill of Shusha. It is a singular sight. On the *top* of a volcanic mountain (I believe) of over 5,000 feet high, comes a perpendicular wall of cliff, of from one to two hundred feet deep, three quarters of a mile or more long, by one

quarter of a mile broad. The end is so exactly like a castle that it is not easy to think it merely natural, yet it certainly is so.



"2 mo. 15. We left between one and two o'clock for the railway to Elizabetspol and Tiflis. It is hard for us English folk to realize a two days' drive to the station, but this is what it is, for the distance is 105 versts. The road is in good order now, for the snow is gone, and by six o'clock we had reached a Tartar village, Agdam, to which a posting Stantsie is annexed on rather a large scale; and the building in which we have our quarters to-night is a singular compound of hotel and caravanserai."

To his Wife.

AGDAM, 15-2-93.

"Agdam is a Tartar settlement on the post-road from Shusha to the Railway. We are just at the end of the mountains, and on the edge of the steppe. It is a most welcome change; for while a little mountain scenery is very pleasing, such an amount as we have had fills one with very different feelings. To be shut in day after day by black gigantic cliffs of lava, and to ride from sunset to dark along precipices, is a very depressing experience, as

well as a very exhausting one, physically. I am as *well* as need be, yet aching in every limb from the tremendous jolting of the last few days.

“*Sixth-day, 2 mo. 17.* We did fairly well at Agdam, and managed to get some sleep in spite of the dirty floors. At one we stopped at the caravanserai of Barda. The general outline of the place is like that I have already described; but the rooms are here approached from a balconied platform of five feet or so from the ground. A very rough step-ladder gives access to it; that is, on condition of one's making a giant-stride to begin with, for the bottom step was gone. The room, exceedingly dirty, is paved with coarse tiles, not set close; and two square yards in the centre have apparently gone to look for the ladder step!

“I felt for once *dégouté*. I have stood a good deal on this journey—eating Tartar bread, and Armenian ditto; and cheese that never had any connection with cow's milk, to say nothing of a loaf laid on a *pillow*, and a salt-cellar kept beside the brush and comb on the dressing-table. To watch a man, while one is eating, cleaning one's goloshes with his coat-tails, and a boy cutting the mud splashes off Gregoriowitch's uniform with a pocket knife, does not increase one's appetite—and this morning I gave in! I felt rather qualmish, and as soon as I had warmed myself I set out to walk on towards our final halt at the Railway Station.

“The traffic at intervals was great; and then-again one would be alone for a time—nothing else in the whole circle of vision but some far-away flock of sheep, with the solitary herdsman watching them. When flocks are not too far off, they form a much prettier feature in the landscape than with us; because they are of many shades of colour—black, several shades of brown, and a few white; while a goat and some kids give further variety to it.

“I carried a small hammer to break pebbles, etc., on the stone heaps by the roadside; for these are brought

from the neighbouring river beds, and contain specimens of the volcanic rocks we have seen such masses of. By and by a Tartar rides up and requests me to hand him up the stone I was examining. 'What is it?' I laugh, and tell him 'Nitchevo!' ('It's of no use!') 'Nitchevo?' he queries, rather puzzled. I assure him it *is*, Nitchevo! What am I myself? Can I speak Russian? 'No.' 'I am an Englishman.' 'Inglesam?' he repeats doubtfully—and then asks if it is a *Frank*. 'Da! Frank!' I reply; and so we part the best of friends—he remarking as the light dawns upon him, handing me back my specimen, 'Rousky Kamin /' (*i.e.* I was a Frank collecting Russian stones.) Another lot of Tartars offer me a ride in their wagon, which I am obliged to decline on the ground that 'Phytone pridiyott ot Barda,' (pointing back to the place.) There is no fear of being robbed just here, for the police are at this moment scouring the district after the band whose exploits I have already told. They came up with them a couple of days ago, but did not dare close with them, for the highwaymen or banditti are a band of eight, well armed and prepared to fight to the death. The country people help to conceal them. They are afraid to do otherwise. When the banditti come to plunder them, they send word to the police, and when the police are on the track, they send word to the banditti—and so endeavour to keep on good terms with both.

"The stage was twenty versts. I had walked seven or eight when Joseph Neave overtook me, and at ten versts the carriages overtook us. The fact is that walking is far more pleasant than riding, for the bitter cold north wind was blowing in our faces from the Daghestan Mountains; and the exercise just balanced the chill. The sight grew more splendid as we drew nearer the range, and as the afternoon sun changed the shadows and lights on the cliffs and gorges. The base of the hills we did not see for the day—the belt of cloud hiding it. As sunset drew near,

the colouring grew vivid and beautiful. All the way along the eastern line—about half the distance that separated us from the Caspian Sea—the snow-covered peaks stood out in a pale rose tint. Right in front of us, rising out of a sea of violet haze, came the line of purple cliffs that margin the river Koura; here and there touched with fiery red. Above these again came volumes of cloud, dark and cold; and then far up into the sky the great towers of crimson and burning peaks, and red blazing chasms and precipices, and down below them the grey cloud silently rising and dimming the resplendence, until the fires rested only on the last solitary points, paused, and died away.

“It is a cold chilly evening as we drive past the caravanserais with their silhouetted mosquito towers to the Evelach Railway Station. We have to ask permission of the authorities to be allowed to stay in the waiting-room all night, for there is no train westward till half-past eight to-morrow morning. The under-stationmaster at once accords this; and we have the satisfaction of being in a clean room, with European comforts, or some of them, around us. There is a train to Baku at ten at night; several passengers drop in, and we have a very interesting chat with one of them, a Tartar formerly in the body-guard of Alexander II. He is a thin intelligent-looking man, shaved all but a heavy moustache; a strict Mahometan. I do not know that I ever gained more information from any man in the same brief interval than from him.

“When the Baku passengers had cleared out, we prepared for the night's rest. A fire had been lighted in the large refreshment room. Gregoriowitch wrapped himself in his bourka and lay on a sofa; Joseph Neave on another; Fast lay on the stone floor on his bourka—the station cat curling herself up by his side as the warmest place. But the fire went out in the night, and all suffered more or less from the cold, except puss, who still kept to

the bourka on the floor. I had a sofa, or rather a divan in the small first-class waiting room—no fire—but my wolfskin as usual kept me as warm as toast, and I had a really good night. At eight we had coffee and good white bread. Butter there was none; nor milk. No one at the station could keep a cow, I fancy; the certainty that she would be stolen is a deterrent. A few passengers come in: among them a *Priestoff* or superintendent of police, in his grey uniform. As he opens the door, he falls all along, dead drunk on the floor. A faithful Tartar servant gets him up and on to the sofa; and one of his subordinate police gets his pass for him, at the booking office.

“In the little interval before the train comes, I turn out for a walk on the platform. It is a lovely morning. Away, far away over the level steppe towards the Caspian, the sky is gilding with the sunrise; and a cliff or two of the great mountains on the north catch the reflection; but the clouds hide the rest. Southward the mountains we escaped from yesterday are clear and dazzling in snow; and I take my last farewell of the 7,000-foot volcano that comes furthest towards the valley.

“It *was* a relief to be once more in the train, rolling on and on over the steppe instead of being imprisoned in the Armenian mountain gorges! At every station the same sights; the woman holding the flag at the crossing; the mosquito tower just outside; the long petroleum train on the siding for us to pass. On the steppe itself sometimes irrigation and cultivation, sometimes stunted barberry bushes, sometimes a flock with its shepherd. Here a line of sand hills, like those at Hayle and Gwithian—till a closer sight shows them to be the volcanic sandy mud, like that of Gerusi with the cave dwellings cut in it; and there are cave dwellings here, too, perched in the sandstone cliffs. Just outside one station, the porter's abode is one of those underground houses Strabo describes! Europe and Asia wrestling together—the one to force her

innovations on her sister : railways and new fangles of all sorts—the other to hold what she has, and *means to keep* !

“Yonder on the right is a mosque of brown tile work, but domed in most beautiful Persian blue tiles that glisten in the sun like deep sapphire. Ten versts more and we are at Elizabethpol. Two *phy-tons* take us and our baggage, and we plunge at once into a bed, a sea, of mud, of the consistence of mortar, of the colour of raw umber, and of the depth of twelve inches. We take our places in a file of *phy-tons*, each dragged by two horses by main force through the bog. Plunging, rocking, halting, we go on through this incredible bog till we cross a destroyed burial ground, the subsidence of the graves under our wheels making even this *bad* so much worse that at one lurch, Joseph Neave, who never loses his head as I do, quietly remarks, ‘I hope we shall not be upset *here* or we might be stifled before we could get up.’

“For the last verst the mud changes to a thin fluid with a surface like Windermere, except as to colour, which is now pale drab. At last we splash our way across the great square round which the plane trees stand, and the bazaar shops behind them. The next two streets brought us to the hotel, and our coachman, a Kazan Tartar, thought well to smack his horses and finish up with a fast trot ! A burst of indignation rose on all hands, which bewildered me, till a loud shout from two men in a *phy-ton* coming the opposite way made me look up instead of down into the sea below. Both men were leaning away from us, and covering their faces with their hands, which were heavily splashed. I realised too late that our man had made his carriage into a powerful centrifugal pump, and had been throwing columns of mud into the air from our wheels and the horses’ feet, which had come down on the by-passers and on the goods in the shop fronts ! I wonder we were not mobbed ! It was really a relief to find oneself inside the hotel door, and the matter allowed to drop.

2 mo. 18.

"In the train for Tiflis. I sat up very late last night writing the foregoing. On glancing at it I note that it conveys the exact impressions of the moment; yet it would mislead a stranger to our movements if he imagined they were mainly light or amusing. I purposely avoid much mention of such parts of our work as involve mental pain and exercise of spirit. These are neither few nor far between. Such a season was my lonely walk from Barda; heaved up and down on the wave, I could well feel near the state of the disciples who cried, 'Master, carest thou not that we perish?' Yet above it all, and below it all, is the feeling that it will yet be well; and one is held firmly enough in the storms not to cast away the small measure of confidence that is left till the waves grow still again. . .

"I did not mention yesterday the beautiful blue seas we saw under the Koura cliffs. They set me dreaming, as well they might, for they were of dream material themselves—mirage—with the morning sun on the vapour."

To his Children.

IN THE TRAIN TO TIFLIS, 18-2-93.

"It was a delightful thing yesterday, when we got into Elizabethpol, to have a whole lot of letters and post-cards handed to me. I picked out Mamma's—and read that *first* you will say? No, I didn't! I saved it to the last, because it is always nice to have the best to finish up with. And it *was* nice! I expect some more letters to-night when we get home to Tiflis. It seems like home after going to the places I have told Mamma all about; for it is like being cut off at sea from the land, to feel that it will take one four whole days and nights to get to the nearest railway station! You must know, too, that there is only one train in the day, here, each way. Some of the stations are in places where there is no water to drink, no bread to eat, no meat or fish, no shops to buy anything in. So

N

the Railway has a travelling shop; and when the train comes in, people have driven in from the country to meet it and get what they want. Then there is a great carriage like an iron boiler painted white (to keep it cool on hot days,) to bring water; and once a month there is a travelling *chapel* of the Greek Church in the train. They bring it into a siding with the engine, and leave it till next day. It is fitted up with an altar and pictures of saints, and great wax-candles that burn all day before these pictures. All the officials are expected to come and take the sacrament while the travelling priests are there to give it to them; and if there is a marriage, it is timed to meet the train-day. The bride and bridegroom and all their attendants go into the carriage, and the priests chant and sing over them; and then they all walk round the saloon in procession, while two friends of the bridegroom go behind the newly married pair, holding a heavy crown above the head of each. They say it makes their arms ache to do it. I think if I had to do it, I should ask if a *half* crown would not do as well!

“Then the next day the chapel is hooked on to the train again, and goes to the next station—and when all the stations are done, it goes back to Tiflis. * * *

“We have just stopped to dine at Akstapha. I could only get raw fish, bread and coffee, but I have managed to make a meal. When I say ‘raw’ I mean that it is smoked—but not cooked. I must not forget to tell you that last night, at our hotel, we asked for *slivki* (cream) as Joseph Neave can hardly drink black coffee. They brought us a quart bowl nearly full! When we came to use it, we found it was very nearly what *we* call Cornish cream; and we had part of it again to-day for breakfast. This helps to shew, I think, that the Cornish people had their way of making cream from Asia. The manners and customs that we are in the habit of thinking Syrian or Jewish would be properly described as Western *Asiatic* ;

for we have seen very many things here in this old part of Persia that remind one of what we read in the Bible. Three days ago as we drove along the road from Shusha, we saw an aged woman, seemingly a widow, *sitting on the ground*, begging. A little child stood by her. Joseph Neave reminded me of a passage, perhaps in Isaiah, 'She, being desolate, shall sit upon the ground.'

"Locusts eat up the crops sometimes, and the Russian Government, to keep them under, makes every house collect 3 poods of locust eggs in the spring (a pood is 36 pounds.) All the women and children then turn up and are very busy gathering these eggs; and as they go in among the bushes to find them, they often get bitten by serpents, and sometimes die. If they cannot find three poods, they have to *buy* as many as will make up the difference; and a good trade is done by Persians bringing them over the border to sell! Of course it comes to the same thing; for if the eggs were allowed to hatch in Persia the locusts would fly over to the Caucasus and do the same mischief as if they were natives."



CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO BASHKETCHET

ON THEIR return to Tiflis from their long and fatiguing journey to Shusha and Gerusi, the two travellers rested for a day or two, and then left with their interpreter for Bashketchet, to the south-west, to visit Prince Hilkoﬀ. The latter—once a wealthy landed proprietor—had divided his estate among his tenants; and, for his dissent from the Greek church, was now living, in banishment, the simple life of a peasant.

From John Bellows to his Wife.

EKATERINENFELDT, 20-2-93.

“Yesterday, First-day, we rested all day; aching in every limb and stiff from our heavy journey in the mountains. I felt rather poorly with it; but a good night’s rest in the beautiful clean sheets and pillows we can appreciate so, after Asiatic rugs, set all right; and this morning I was up at six, and we breakfasted and packed in time to be on the road at a quarter before eight, for Bashketchet, the village in which Prince H. is exiled. It is a long way, though but little on the map: eighty-five versts, much of which is over downs with no road.

“We had a phaeton with four horses abreast, and a good driver—a Molokan. For the only time since coming to the Caucasus we had a clean nice-looking carriage. Driving out of the Eastern or Persian gate, we seem by the map to be wrong, for our destination is south-west; but the mountains near Tiflis are so bad in the direct line, that we do better to go ten or twelve versts further round,

and avoid them. The thing was to get as far on as possible while the ground was hard with frost; for if the sun should be hot, part of the way would be so deep and adhesive that even four horses could not pull the carriage through, and in such an event we should have to unharness and leave the carriage in the middle of the moors, and each of us mount one of the horses! This often happens.

“At no great distance out, we overtook a caravan of thirty-one loaded camels: a very interesting sight. By and by we leave the Baku *chaussée* and strike over the great barren plains and low rolling plateaux that separate the last hills of the Great Caucasus from the first hills of the Lesser. It is rough work. Fancy having to drive all the way from Cheltenham to Weston-super-Mare—more than half of it over arable land, and part over worse roads than the most cut-up roads in an English field, *frozen*. We have to make fifty versts to-day, staying the night at Ekaterinenfeldt, a German ‘Colony’ village, and finishing the other thirty-five versts to-morrow.

“By and by we sight another caravan in the distance; and as we come up with it find twenty-nine camels in a long line, with four swarthy fellows as drivers, slowly and with stately swing, pacing the desert. For it is a desert: not of sand, but of dull brown earth, everywhere thickly bestrewn with stones. It looked as if nothing green grew on it, but there must be some slight herbage, as we pass several flocks of sheep. In the midst of one of them, I get our driver to pull up and ask the two Tartar shepherds a few questions: ending with a request for a specimen of the ‘Asiatische’ sheep’s wool, of both white and black colours. Fifteen kopeks donation for same gratifies the Tartars.

“Slipping, bumping over the frozen ruts, plunging into a pit or mounting a bank, we go trotting on at I dare say five miles an hour notwithstanding. At one rather deeper ditch than usual we drove a few yards to and fro on the

nearer bank before our *cocher* would risk the dip that might break his springs ; at last finding the least forbidding spot, we pass it in safety. At twelve o'clock



we have reached the Tartar village of Sarvan. The first house we come to on crossing a timber bridge over a stream, is a *Duchan* or inn. The

weather is cold, but not bitterly so ; and we prefer sitting outside under the 'Balkon' to going into the gloomy interior.

"Our horses are scarcely out of harness, and our provisions unpacked, when another team of four in a phaeton drives up, and two gentlemen in uniform descend and take their seats at a table on our left. They are very pleasant-mannered, and are perfectly ready to chat with us, giving us any details we ask for, and so on. We offer them tea or some of our cold eggs ; they politely decline, but press us to take some of their *shisslik* (roasted mutton done on skewers over charcoal.) One is a very handsome man of thirty, and what is very unusual here, he is blond and with very light hair. His companion looks much older ; I guessed him sixty—but he told Fast he was thirty-six years old only : adding 'It is very usual for us here in the Caucasus to turn grey early.' We found they were two Georgian princes.

"We had twenty versts yet to do. In the course of it we passed a large deserted Persian fort on the bank of the river Chram, and on the further bank a considerable Tartar village. A good many children were on the flat house-tops to see us drive past. I should mention that we had now come on to the post-road to Alexandropol, and, though very rough, it was a decided step in advance of the moorland. By six o'clock we drew towards [this]

flourishing German colony : marked for several versts before its approach by well-fenced vineyards, and the never-failing Lombardy poplars brought here by the good Swabians and Wurtembergers, who were the original founders of Ekaterinenfeldt.

“It is the most prosperous-looking village we have yet seen in the Transcaucasus ; we might say in all Russia. Excellently built houses in the German style, modified as it is here by the Asiatic verandah and balcony, show their gables to the street ; many of them coloured, or rather colour-washed, in tasteful fashion. We go on almost to the end of the village, where it descends a gentle slope, and drive into the yard of the village hotel. We are taken to a clean little room on the right of the door, a fire put in the stove, good coffee, etc., etc.—not forgetting fried potatoes for the chronicler of these events, who is now going to bed, as his friends are already in theirs.

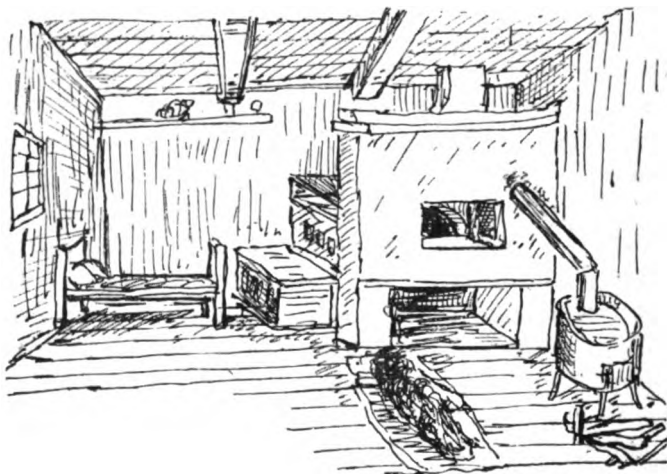
22-2-93

“Rising early we were again on our way betimes. A fairly level but rough road lasted till a little beyond our first halt, about ten or half-past. It was a Duchan : a house half underground, half an inn and half a shop. A blacksmith has his forge for shoeing close at hand ; but as the owner of the Duchan facetiously remarks, he has more shoes than horses to put them on. After baiting our team, and samovaring ourselves, we go forward, passing a new colony of Molokani. A number of log houses are being built in all directions : several tiny ones, of one room, are already finished. These are the vapour baths *à la russe* : to every Molokan a *sine qua non*. There are twenty-five families in the colony, and they have taken 1500 desiatines of fertile land on a kind of plateau, but with a bordering of forested hills on the two sides. They have a lease of thirty years, and pay 1 rouble 80 per desiatine per year. Last autumn was their first crop of melons, which would have paid well, sold in Tiflis, about seventy versts off, but

for the cholera regulations making it illegal to offer them. They have sown a large breadth of wheat, etc. Timber for the buildings they have free ; and, for firewood, some hills covered with trees behind their allotments they also have free. They will become prosperous, if they are not interfered with on the ground of their religion.

“ The road goes on rising for miles, the last part over high table-land covered with snow ; and at last, in the afternoon, in a dip of this plateau, we see two villages near each other : one, flat-roofed and half-burrowing, the other very German-looking. The latter is Bashketchet, our destination. The snow is deep. We are over four thousand feet above the sea, and there is one height in sight, over ten thousand.

“ Ivan, to whom —— has referred us to lodge, is quite willing to do so ; but as his space available is very small, he ends by taking us to another peasant's, where we have a room 18' by 20', and are well accommodated.



The door is on the right. A similar but poorer room is opposite ; and the latter was for a month the lodging of Prince H., we found. The good people of the village, this

house included, are Duchaborts, of whom there is a total colony here of eight villages. The peasant's wife gets us a good supper—eggs, milk, boiled potatoes, and home-made brown wheaten bread. Her dress is a red plaid cotton, with head-gear somewhat like a helmet of red and blue, tipped with bright ends of ribbon in front. This is the general head-dress of women of this sect.

“Next door is a smaller cottage (like this below,) in the left-hand room of which Prince H. lives, with his wife and



two little children. We send him word of our arrival. In a short time he comes in: a man of say five-and-thirty, dressed in a dark brown tunic of coarse woollen. In profile he reminds me of ———, very fair, with wavy light-brown hair and beard, blue eyes, and a most sweet dignified look. He wears a pince-nez, and is very gentlemanly in bearing; indeed it would be impossible to take him for a peasant, though he identifies himself with the peasants in every way he can. At the moment of our arrival he was carrying a burden of firewood. One would take him for a country doctor; and in fact he is exceedingly useful to his neighbours for some distance round in this capacity.

“He asked if I could come and look at an old peasant in the village, who was ill. I ought to say that he had enquired if I knew anything about sick management; and it was my affirmative reply that led to this second question. We went to a tidy log house, where a tall strong man of sixty-five lay in bed, in a good deal of fever. I got a

large tub of hot water and well bathed the old farmer's feet; and a hot blanket to wrap them in; and got the men who were with him to rub him. In the morning his temperature was down. They were very grateful to the *anglisky Feldsher*, as I dubbed myself in fun; and sent a message that they hoped the Lord would bless me and bring me to my family again in good health, and to find them so. (A *Feldsher* is a rough and ready doctor who has passed no examination; a man who generally gives medicine rather with the hope of finding out what is the matter, than with any distinct idea of its curing!)

"The great fierce dogs to be passed in going from one house to another, are a serious danger; for they bite, Prince H. said, as well as bark. He put a stick into my hand (notwithstanding his non-resistant principles, which he carries further than Friends do) and a piece of bread in the other. The dogs in all cases prefer the bread. One old fellow who lay in the porch of our lodging needed a great deal of admonition from our friends to keep him from flying at us; and after he had been threatened, and *tapped* on with a stick, and ordered to 'Poshol / Poshol!', he groaned and growled like a demon. I never heard a dog make such sounds—and hope I never shall again!

"As soon as we had done with the old farmer we went to Prince H.'s cottage. He lives, with his wife and two children—a boy of four and a girl of two-and-a-half—in the left-hand room in my sketch. It is about twelve feet square, with an earthen floor. A large oven fills one corner, similar to the one in our lodging. One wooden and one iron bedstead, and a table, with a chair or two, make all the furniture. Two shelves on the wall hold books and bottles of medicine. A very tiny scullery opens from it, in which a paraffin stove and other necessary utensils stand.

"Princess H. is a pleasant-looking woman of thirty to thirty-six years—oval face, very black hair and eyes.

The little boy—a sweet little fellow who was four years old on the day of our arrival—has an *air distingué* in spite of his father's endeavour to live the life of a peasant.

“We had a long and exceedingly interesting conversation. Prince H. gave us the history of his charge upon the Turks in the siege of Kars, the General of the Russian forces (an Abkhasian by the way) sending him with only fifty men to surprise an enormously larger force of Turks in their sleep. A Tartar brigand who was serving under him recoiled at the idea of killing men in their sleep; and Prince H., too, felt pity for them, and refrained. In a few moments the Turks were prisoners, without bloodshed, when one of them lifted his rifle, with the muzzle at Prince H.'s breast, and was going to fire. Prince H. leaned over (he was on horseback) and fired down on the man's head, killing him instantly; but the fact haunted him, and he determined to kill no more. The officer to whom he first spoke of this advised him not to resign until he was sure that his motive was not *fear*, and suggested his going into battle and not defending himself, as a test. He did. Twice he half drew his sword in the heat of the excitement—but sent it back into its sheath again. Once a Turk put the muzzle of his rifle to the nape of his neck, but it slipped, and as he pulled the trigger, the ball went just past his ear, the explosion deafening him so that for three days he heard nothing whatever. He came out of the action with another hair-breadth escape; and then he resigned. It happened that he was not ordered to serve in this siege of Kars, but had volunteered, and this left it possible for him to withdraw without a court-martial. He is exiled, not for this, but for speaking to people about religion.

“As a nobleman, the Government would even now release him if he asked to go abroad; but he feels that he is more useful here at Bashketchet, among the peasantry. All the people look up to him almost as an angel. They

bring him bread, and potatoes, and flour, and fruit, and everything they have, as much as he needs ; and he talks to them in a way to open their eyes to many things, and he tends them in their sickness. I must tell you about his visit to a sick Tartar when I get back. * * *

“When we came to settle in for the night, Prince H. was anxious to ensure our being warm ; and in spite of our protestations that we had wood enough, he went and brought us a double armful to keep the stove going all night. J. J. N. and Fast offered me the bed : they to sleep on the benches. I declined, and insisted on lying on the floor by the stove, which I did, in my old friend the wolf-skin, and was very comfortable except when the old Adam put Isidor * into my mind and his diabolical delight in cruelty.

“In the morning the good woman of the house baked us some fresh hot cakes for breakfast, and Prince H. brought us a beautiful jug of milk. The meal well over, we started to walk (J. J. N., Prince H. and I) in advance of the horses, over the deep snow. It was a walk I shall never forget ; and it was hard to part when the moment came that we must do so. I felt very closely united with him in spirit. Riding behind our carriage was a young man with a spare horse besides his own. This was sent by the villagers for Prince H., as they had seen him start to walk with us, and they wished to spare him the walk back.”

* A certain Greek priest, who had threatened Prince H. with further punishment.

CHAPTER XII.

KUTAÏS—POTI—FAREWELL TO TIFLIS—FLOWERS—ON THE BLACK
SEA—SEVASTOPOL—LITTLE RUSSIA—ST. PETERSBURG AGAIN—
AT COUNT TOLSTOI'S—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

ON THEIR return from Bashketchet to Tiflis, the work of the two Friends in the Trans-Caucasus was ended, except for an interview in the city, and a journey to Kutaïs. The former having to be postponed through the illness of the person they wished to see, they proceeded at once to Kutaïs and made their call; and then went on to visit their old friend Wilson Sturge, the British Vice-Consul at Poti.

From John Bellows to his Wife.

KUTAÏS, 25-2-1893.

“We left Tiflis last night about seven o'clock in the *ni-kouriaſtchi* (Nichtraucher) carriage. As the only non-smoking one is for ladies, we could stay but by sufferance. A lady came, with her little girl about Lucy's age, and took the two spare seats next ours; but though a lady, she was anything but ‘*ni-kouriaſtchi*,’ for she took out a cigarette, lighted it, and made a cloud over our prospects. Her husband, an army officer, came to see her off, but did not accompany her. By and by we settled in on the shelves; the little girl sleeping on the seat opposite me rolled off on to the ground, but did not really wake up with the blow. Meantime her mother lighted one cigarette after another, to ‘keep out the cold,’ though I perceived no cold to keep out—for the weather is quite mild at this moment.

“At four in the morning we left the train at Rion, where a branch line of eight versts takes passengers to Kutaïs. Arrived at the town we slept in our chairs till seven, and then came to the Hôtel de France, where I write this.

“The city is exceedingly picturesque in situation, as the river Rion, on which it stands, winds between cliffs and mountains, reminding one of the Saar. Pomegranate trees grow everywhere, and I saw figs already formed larger than hazel nuts. The blackberry-bramble is budding, and violets are in bloom. We have had a walk up the hillside to a fort held by the Turks about 1815 against the Russians, who destroyed it.

“The Rion is an exceedingly rapid torrent: muddy at this season, and liable to heavy floods. The mud from one part of it is a natural cement of great hardness, used constantly as mortar. Evergreen trees, such as cypresses, grow very tall here, and make a feature, with ivy on the walls and cliffs, of much beauty in the greenness they give among these dark mountains. The average temperature is the same as that of Naples. In the bazaar I begged a piece of Georgian wool—and bought two little fleeces—though, singularly enough, I had *not* Jason’s being here for his golden fleece in my mind as I did so! (*These* are lambskins.)

“We have now finished all the visits we needed in the Caucasus, except the final one at Tiflis, which we hope to make on Third-day. We are both tired—but *well*; and the rest to-morrow at Wilson Sturge’s will be doubly welcome after the ‘roughing it’ of the past three weeks.’

To his Wife.

POTI, 27-2-93.

“Poti is a town of only 4000 inhabitants; but the houses are all bungalows, widely set apart from one another to lessen the risk of fire, as they are built of wood.

“Crossing the Phasis—the Rion—by a long, low bridge, English-built, and driving along a broad road, with trees

and bungalows on either hand, we arrive at Wilson Sturge's villa. The blazing fire, the cocoa and cake and bread and Trebizond butter, the chat till midnight, the clean comfortable beds, the sleep with compound interest to repay those borrowed hours of dozing in trains and railway stations—all these things I can outline, and thou canst fill in and shade off for thyself! Those days at Udzharrî in the steppe, and these two by the Black Sea, at Poti, will always remain in my recollection as green spots in our pilgrimage in Russia and Asia.

“After breakfast we sat down to our little meeting, to feel some new evidence of that mercy which is new every morning; and to sit as under the shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land. It was a sweet and refreshing time. All of us parted from home, and from all that is dear to us on earth; all helpless and needing the renewal of our strength—and, I feel sure, all finding it. Wilson Sturge is greatly pleased to have our visit, for his position here is a singularly lonely one.

“After this we went into the garden. Tall magnolias, cypresses, retinosporas and lemon trees make it different from an English one: but very pleasant after the vast monotony of barren mountains we have been journeying amidst.

“In the afternoon, Wilson Sturge took us a walk to get our first sight of the Black Sea. It is about two miles from his house. Very wide roads, gravelled from the strand of the Rion, at some distance out end the villas and cottages, and we enter an open glade in a wood of not very large trees, tangled and bound together in all directions by climbing rose-bushes: at night the shelter of vast numbers of nightingales. Violets and cyclamens grow among the bushes below; and we pick some which I hope may reach thee safely, though faded.

“At last the wood ends. We can only see great green banks in front—sand-banks: but they are artificial, the

remains of a Russian fort used in the Turkish war. Mounting the bank we have the sea almost at our feet—wide and blue and beautiful. The mountains of Armenia fill up all the landscape on our left; and very far off on our right are the towering Alps of the Northern Caucasus. Filling in the great semicircle that is formed by all these mountains, or rather two sides of the semicircle—for the plain of the Rion is flat for many miles—is the sea: smooth and beautifully blue—blue as sapphire—with the gilding of the evening sun on its farther line: this is the ‘*Black Sea.*’”

On leaving Poti, John Bellows and his friend returned to Tiflis for the interview already alluded to, and then left for St. Petersburg by way of Batoum and the Black Sea.

To his Wife.

TRAIN, TIFLIS TO BATOUM, 1-3-93.

“ Leaving Tiflis closes a distinct chapter in our journey; and in doing so, I can truly acknowledge that I have been many times in course of it impressed with the goodness of the Almighty, who, as thou hast so well put it, is Lord both of time and space, in so ordering it that neither the time nor the distance which separate us has been permitted to press upon my spirits to anything like its full natural degree.

“ As I look up from the window, I see we are running along the bank of a swift river, a feeder of the Rion; for our watershed has changed since passing the tunnel, and this stream runs to the Black Sea. The flora too has visibly changed. We begin to see ivy on the cliffs, and bushes of box and holly and yew, as well as the ‘Colchic’ laurel. Little tufts of cyclamen appear on the edge of the woods, and in one or two spots, considerable masses. I note now and then some primulas, pink, with a light centre: and, I *think*, a few primroses. Hellebore makes a good show. A bright blue flower I take to be squills, in the woods; but there is no opportunity of verifying it by

getting close. Blackberry brambles are abundant, with last year's leaves half unshed; but the barberry, that grows all over the Caucasus east of the Suram and especially east of Tiflis, is wanting. One thing that tends to this change in the growth of plants, or rather in the plants, is the much greater abundance of water. Here it is like the Lake District. The loveliest cascades come down the gorges: one, over a flight of very regular ledges like stairs: another, in five silver streams down the face of a perpendicular cliff, like the strings of a harp: and the music, in a pause of the train, beautiful.

"For a long distance the valley was as narrow as that of the Wye below Lydbrook; but the hills are higher, and not so thickly wooded. The train winds in and out between the mountains, opening a fresh picture at every bend. By degrees, however, the valley widens till we are on a plain many miles broad. After a beautiful sunset we have the moonlight on it; and I feel that so far as description of the landscape is concerned, in the Caucasus, my day's work is *done*.

"I fully appreciate thy remark on the need of inward trial to keep the heart humble and therefore nearer to God. So far as this errand goes, on which we are now sent, I cannot say that it has ever struck me that it was an honour put on us, other than in the general sense that all true Divine service is honourable. If the issue depended on our skill or diplomacy, there might spring up such a thought; but it does not. Indeed the instrumentality seems so far removed from anything really effective, that I am daily more or less beset with doubts as to its outcome; but I feel it is not right to let this idea have much sway. It is enough to do what we are clearly called to do, and leave the result. Things do not turn out as we forecast, either for success or failure; unless we have a true sense given us of the result, which is, I think, but seldom. * * *

O

“As to my interest in science during the journey, I get along excellently with my companions; for although they have not the same tastes, I am often able to interest them with some details. They are exceedingly nice and very unselfish: always trying to give me the most comfortable place, etc. As to food, we have got on all the better in the last few days for the fast of the Greek Church; for this leads to the Hotels and Restaurants having a sort of double menu: vegetarian for the ‘orthodox.’ I conclude to discontinue fish: for I could not kill them myself; and if I cannot kill, I will not let others kill for me. That the most robust health and strength can be maintained without eating flesh is shown by the porters of Tiflis, who are practically vegetarians.”

To his Wife.

BLACK SEA, 2-3-93.

“It feels a distinct gain to be actually on the water sailing north for *home*! I am reminded of the Viking in Frithiof’s Saga, who, after roving not far from here, among the Greek Islands, says—

‘In the North is the land that’s beloved.
I will follow the flight of the heavenly winds—
I will steer yet again for the North!’

“We went on board our vessel in good time, and for nearly an hour watched the interesting spectacle of the final loading, and the coming on board of the last passengers. They are of many nationalities—turbaned Turks, fezged Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Georgians, Russians: a very picturesque assemblage in every way. Among them two Turkish women, veiled in a small-pattern check or plaid silk; though we are told they often put aside their veils on board ship when no Turks are present. These are nearly all second-class and steerage passengers; for we find the saloon passengers are only *five in all*—two ladies, and three gentlemen. Of the latter, one is from Petersburg, one from Sydney, and

one from Gloucester : the Petersburg one being the interpreter to the two Englishmen ! The saloon is four times as large as our drawing-room. There are six tables in it, and the steward is laying covers for five on one of them. Away in the farthest corner, in an easy chair, is a lady, with a book. Where the other is I do not know.

“ There was a drizzling rain as we steamed out of Batoum—but already, since I have written as far as this line, we have passed beyond it into a serene atmosphere, clear and quiet as the sea below us ; and this is so smooth that no movement whatever is perceptible in the ship but the tremor of the engines. It is the very perfection of travel. The ‘ Alexie ’ is an English-built vessel, perfectly new—most beautifully fitted—and of about 2000 tons burden. We pay 30 roubles each for our passage, which lasts three days—including the meals, which we are told are as good as on board a Cunarder.

“ How different most things on our journey have turned out from my expectation ! I had thought it not unlikely that this passage would be rough. It didn’t in the least trouble me ; for I supposed the physical pain involved might be needful, and therefore useful. For all physical pain is *also mental*. Still, we are not to choose for ourselves in such matters.

“ At dinner the Captain, a handsome grey-haired officer, took his seat at the head of our little table, and one, only, of the two ladies graced it with her presence. She might be an Englishwoman, or a German ; tall, light complexioned, sad looking, but she never spoke a word. The other lady beckoned the steward to bring her an orange, and dined on that ; and then both disappeared to the cabin. Ours is on the floor below, where we are ‘ monarchs of all we survey.’

3 mo. 4. 8 a.m.

“ We are lying off the entrance to the Sea of Azof, with a little steamer taking goods for Kertch from ours. There

is a fog: so that nothing is visible. We put in yesterday at Novorossisk for five hours, while an immense quantity of goods was landed and more put on board. All the passengers went ashore—but the town is a wretched one, not worth going to see: the streets, over ankle-deep in mud, cannot be crossed except in certain parts, where a little rise (as to ascend a bridge for instance) has allowed the mud to harden a little. Here a repetition of footprints in the same spots has left a little line of pits, down into which one has to step, balancing one's-self: penalty for slipping, whole suit of clothes spoilt.

“I was glad to get out of this, and away from the stepping-stones which cross one large open space, down to the beach, where I strolled along for an hour close to the edge of the water. There is no tide; but the wavelet keeps lapping to and fro over a space of about two feet, on the sand and shingle. I hunted in the shingle for little shells for Jack and Dorothy. There is not much seaweed; and the pebbles give scarcely any variety, being nearly all, as at Batoum, of dark blue limestone.

“Novorossisk is a place of perhaps 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants, with a considerable industry in cement-making. The stone (of which I have a specimen) is exploited by a French company, who have built large works here. It is brought in wagons from a score of versts off, in the hills. The place is also a landing port for *masout*—the waste tarry material from the paraffin manufacture at Baku. It is stored in large tanks, from which it is conveyed to the Russian railway stations for fuel for the locomotives.

“I cannot get much information from the folk on board, from the bar of language—but one passenger who has joined us since starting, speaks French, and is intelligent. He is a native of Sukhum Khale—the Dioscurias of Strabo—and has given me some really interesting details of the place. He is a great admirer of Gladstone as a

statesman ; but he did not know that Ireland was one of the British Isles. He suggested to me that it lies in the Baltic, and seemed rather inclined to contest the point, but I put my foot down firmly—and when, looking him straight in the face, I told him I *knew* it was near England, he meekly and nicely gave in. He would like to learn English ; and I have this morning taught him to sound the *th* as a commencement. I made him put his tongue out a centimetre between his teeth and withdraw it in the act of speaking. His *th* is now perfect : and so far he might pass for the Master of Rugby ! * * *

“ As the Russians, many of them, have a superstition that the English are all sailors and never get sick, I felt that the honour of the flag required us to keep up this delusion ; and Joseph Neave and I persisted in pacing the deck when the rest had given in. I am not quite sure that the effect was always dignified ; for now and then a bad lurch would have suggested to a stranger that our abstinence at table from vodka and schnapps was not genuine ! ”

To his Wife.

IN THE TRAIN BETWEEN SEVASTOPOL AND KHARKOFF, 5-3-93.

“ We finished our voyage yesterday at dusk, just in time to get comfortably from our steamer to the station ; for the fog had delayed us three or four hours.

“ The battle-field of Balaklava lies on the shore on our right, before we get to Sevastopol : *i.e.*, to the east of it. Rounding a headland we pass between two large forts into a long creek or arm of the sea with low hills on either hand. At a little distance up, on the right, rises the town : its suburbs stretching round a curve in front. Looking this way, a gentle eminence on the left is the Malakoff. Further still on the left, but not in sight, is Inkerman ; and in the hollow leading to it lie the Russian dead.

“ The general effect of the town itself is beautiful, and deserving of its name. Picture the dark blue sea in front,

and a crescent-formed hill of white buildings rising from it; for the houses are new and white, with here and there a blue dome, or bit of other colour to enliven the mass.

"We shook hands with our fellow-passengers of the saloon, with warm wishes on their part for our safe journey, and the success of our errand: one grey-haired old engineer with especial feeling bidding us God-speed, the tears filling his eyes. * * *

"The crowd on the quay at Sevastopol was very great. It took some time to get disentangled from it, and see our baggage right; and then we started for the Station. For military reasons this is placed nearly two miles inland, behind a hill which would largely shelter it from bombardment. The town is new and beautiful, so far as the main streets are concerned, although a great many houses (I think, but I am not sure, 300) are still in ruins from the Anglo-French bombardment. Its situation is of the very best as a harbour, and, as the sea is never frozen here, it is certain sooner or later to become the chief port of Russia on the Black Sea, instead of Odessa, which is often badly blocked with ice. In the drive to the station we go over the shoulder of the hill with a long, scarcely perceptible rise. On our left is a long valley, the opposite side of which is covered with hundreds of lights, for darkness has now set in. We come down a rather steep slope to the station, which is a very handsome one: strangely in contrast to the shed that forms the terminus of the Petersburg main line at Moscow.

"It was eight o'clock when we left Sevastopol. At nine o'clock [next morning] we had passed miles of marsh and flooded land from the River Dnieper: and then we got to Alexandrovsk, a prosperous-looking German colony. We get twelve minutes for breakfast, and here, thanks to the colonists, we could get good cream and butter. With the breakfast, I got rid of a little headache from tobacco-smoke: for though we are in a '*ni-kouriaztchi*'

carriage, they smoke just the same ! I sympathized with Jonah when he said 'Do I not well to be angry,' as I woke with the sickly smell of the cigarettes. I don't suppose Jonah smoked—or I should sympathize with the whale also that swallowed him ! To speak freely, I very often think of Jonah. He was what the Gloucestershire folk would call 'a very middling sort:' *and I am like him.*

"We have the comfort of a through carriage for our run of nearly a thousand miles to Moscow, where we are due to-morrow evening at 6.30: about 46 hours from Sevastopol. Up to this point (Sinelnikovo—one third of the way) we have had mild air and scarcely any snow on the steppe ; but here the ground is white over most of its surface. The cottages here in 'Little Russia' are almost all thatched ; better houses red-tiled, and the people look fairly prosperous. Our next main stop is at Losovaya, where we get an hour for dinner.

"We hear it is still very cold at Petersburg, last week forty degrees below zero ! I forget whether I mentioned that case at Kars, that occurred about six weeks ago. A soldier was sent there from the northern part of Russia. He had a brother already in garrison at Kars, and on his arrival went to speak to him at his post ; (he was on duty as a sentry.) He found his brother stiff and cold ; standing frozen to death !

"We are now in what is called the black earth zone of Russia : a belt of deep rich soil running all across from Poland to Orenburg and the Ural mountains. As we see it from the carriage window in places free from snow, it looks like the peaty soil of some parts of Ireland : perhaps hardly as black. It runs many feet deep, and in some districts they go on never manuring it !"

To his Wife

PETERSBURG, 11-3-1893

"Even yet the tired feeling has not quite gone from either of us, the result in total of our long journey in the

'Zakaskaz.' I dare say this counts for something—perhaps for much—in my dull mental state: for I feel a good deal cast down in the realization of the cruelty and injustice that so largely reign all around us; though I do not know that there is any fresh cause for it.

"In our little walk yesterday, taken simply for exercise, we crossed the Neva on the ice, in a long diagonal line to the 'Old Fort' of Peter the Great, where the Emperors lie buried. An arm of the Neva runs at the back of it, serving as a moat; and here large quantities of ice are cut and carted for consumption in the town. It was miserably cold; so that while there was no difficulty in keeping one's body warm, the face seemed as if it were *ground* by the tiny dust-like snow that was blown in it by the fierce west wind.

"Behind the moat is a park or plantation of trees; and as we were walking through it, the chime sounded for the three-quarter hour. I had heard it before on the other side of the Neva; but not close, like this. Even more magical than before, its sound seemed to me; for in a moment I was walking in Bishopsgate Street, and surrounded by the throng of Friends from the Yearly Meeting. I could not keep back the tears. I think I have never felt so low-spirited since leaving home—but the time is short now!"

John Bellows felt great reluctance to leave Russia without seeing Count Tolstoi once more, and, as the stay in St. Petersburg lasted a fortnight longer, a visit was arranged, and he again went down to Moscow—this time without his companion.

To his Wife.

TRAIN, PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW, 19-3-93

"The snow is nearly cleared from the streets of Petersburg, but here on the line there has been a little fresh fall: just enough to make everything dazzling

white and clean again. The trees are beautiful in their last winter beauty. The spring will come almost suddenly on them. We are told that the change is much more rapid than with us, the growth of the leaves being almost magical. I expect the change at Upton will be so to *me*!

TRAIN, RETURNING MOSCOW TO PETERSBURG, 20-3-93

"I have now, I believe, finally done with Moscow. It has been a time of great exercise of spirit with me: of special anxiety, such as I can more fully make clear verbally than by letter. Three or four visits have filled up the time, but by far the larger part of it has been spent at Count Tolstoi's. He was exceedingly glad to see me, and I feel bound up in him more than I can express. There are some things in which we see eye to eye; and others that I know to a certainty he is mistaken in, and which I would give much to open his eyes to. To-day, besides the conversation at his own house, he accompanied me for many miles over Moscow on foot and in the trams. I had a call to make at a house outside the city on the opposite side to his house and he came there first with me: afterwards to a bookseller's and finally to the hotel, till nearly the train-time.

"After lunch this morning, before we started on this round, he took a nap, as is his custom. A friend of his, who seems a very thoughtful earnest man, and one of his daughters (Countess Mary Tolstoi) remained at table, asking me about Friends' doctrines. They were deeply interested; and Mary Tolstoi said it was of great interest to them that one should come from so far off, who held the same doctrines they believed, on the universality of the light of God, and other points. She asked if I believed in the Divinity of Christ. I said 'I do believe in it; but I do not think it would be of any benefit to thee to force thyself into it, or into any other belief: for it is only as the thing is Divinely made manifest to us, that it is true or real to us. The great thing is for all of us to be faithful to the

light we already have. That will lead us to all truth.' She interpreted each point to the visitor as we proceeded; and then she mentioned some difficulty that seemed to her to stand in the way of her accepting Christ as God. I advised her to leave this at present; for if the true revelation of His character came to her, the seeming difficulty would disappear. I put the differences of creed, and yet their compatibility with our holding some truths notwithstanding, and the unity of spirit resulting from this, as follows:— Each of us—*i.e.*, every one—has a *double* vision in these matters. We see the real truth in a manner comparable to seeing, say, the trees in the garden, through the window. This I will call our spiritual sense, or that which we have through immediate revelation. But we have also an intellectual or merely human apprehension of them also, which may be compared to our holding a coloured glass between our eyes and the window. My glass may be red; my neighbour's, blue, or some other colour. Now it is human nature, or a law of the human mind, that we should imagine this coloured glass to be of capital importance, and try to force our neighbour to change his colour for ours. But a mistake here may injure his sight. The main thing is to direct him to that which is beyond, and leave *his* glass alone unless we are clearly called to touch it. I find I have put this less distinctly, here, in writing, than I believe I was enabled to do *viva voce*; for they were satisfied that it is the truth.

"Presently the two youngest children came in, and began to coax me to get them some English postage stamps: for my carte, etc., etc. Little Ivan is five: his sister Alexandra, a most lovely child of eight. * * * The two little ones dragged me off, at this point, to the nursery, to shew me their toys and their brother's puppy. 'An English pointer, Mr Bellows.' 'What is his name?' 'O, he has not got a name yet. You see it is—a little girl — and my brother would rather have a little *boy*: so

it will be changed.’ Ivan’s English is hardly so perfect as his sister’s. It was delightful to see his earnestness as he strove after words to say what he wanted. Their governess is a young [English] lady, and the nurse a motherly old Russian who was sorely exercised to keep them from making too much noise. ‘I think Mr Bellows will be tired with your taking him about so,’ said their sister Mary, coming into the nursery—adding some suggestion about shewing me to her brother’s room, if I wished some rest. I declared that I would rather play with the little ones: but Ivan dragged me to a couch—and pushing my head towards the pillow, said ‘Repose. Now—you can—repose—yourself’—but I was to go on, *while* I reposed myself, telling them stories about dogs, *bien entendu!* My heart fairly ached, in the vivid remembrance of our own Jack and Dorothy, as these two little things stood in the porch shouting ‘Good-bye!’ after me—and promising to come to Upton to play with my children.

“As we left the house, Mary Tolstoi slipped on her outdoor wraps and went on before us. Three hours after, when her father and I reached the hotel, I found a little parcel of toys for our children, with the note enclosed.

“‘Your wife will not like you to come back looking so thin,’ said Count Tolstoi, this evening, as he was bidding me farewell on the hotel stairs. ‘You must tell her that you are not feeding yourself enough on this journey: and that if you had stayed with us, we would have looked after you better than you are doing yourself.’ Again and again he said with emphasis: ‘How *glad* I am that you came over. O, how *glad* I am of your visit!’ * * *

“I made one call yesterday on an elderly lady who has had a great fight of trials and doubts; and when I told her she was not alone in some of the things she mentioned, and told her of the full cup that I had had to drink of in the past week, she said, after a pause, ‘Perhaps it has been permitted in order that you might be better able to

say a word of comfort and encouragement to others.' It *may* be so. I hardly know. What I do know is that I am ready to sink under the discouragements of the whole position ; and the impossibility of hoping, humanly speaking, for any material alteration in the Russian system of persecution. Joseph Neave is more hopeful ; but I cannot test his hope so as to hold on to its margin myself."

To his Wife.

"LAST LETTER FROM PETERSBURG, 27-3-93.

"It is nearly midnight on the last day of our stay in Russia ; for to-morrow evening we must be on our way to Berlin, Minden and Paris. It is with very mingled feelings that I bid farewell to the city that has played so eventful a part in my life : of delight at the nearing home again : of thankfulness for the help we have had from above : of gratitude and love to the many dear friends who have done all in their power to show their sympathy with us : of sadness that my own share in the work is weak and unsatisfactory : so much so that I could wish to bury it for ever out of my memory, and only to retain the recollection of the friends we have made, and the interesting spots we have travelled in, independently of the occasion of the journey. Part of this is probably due to want of rest, for the day has been a tiring one ; and as we shall be travelling in the same train that brings the mail, with this letter, I will leave it for to-night, and finish it *en route*.

28-3-93 (Third-day.)

"It is 7.30 at night ; and we are in the train rolling away from Petersburg for Wilna : really going *home* at last ! A very beautiful sunset has left its last lines of orange light above the serried trees on the horizon : orange that merges imperceptibly into the soft quiet blue sky. Sunset in Petersburg is an impressive sight : more than in any other capital I know, from the quantity of gilding on the domes and spires. It is a decoration of no

great value in the common daylight, but at sunrise or sunset the effect is altogether different; and the great burning masses and flashing lines against the sky, lift the imagination far into the realms of poetry. This is especially true of the spire of the Old Fort, with its majestic sweep of the Neva before it, and snow-laden cloud behind. If at one of these moments of splendour the sound of its bells falls on the ear—the low sweet melancholy chimes from *Ausland*, and from long years ago—the effect is overpowering.

“Quite a little throng of friends came to the carriage side to see us off: Baron Nicolay, William Nicholson, William Hilton and his wife and both their sons, their newly-married daughter and her husband, Hermann Fast, Dr Selheim, Mary Selheim, and their sons, and a young Lancashire Friend who is here in a cotton mill. We had had a little farewell gathering last night in Pastor Francis’s room, and had made many calls yesterday besides. In the morning we went to dear old George Prince’s—then to the lady on whom we made nearly our first call in Petersburg, and who was then newly a widow; some fresh tears were shed, but I trust not altogether without comfort and help. Thence we went to the British Embassy, where Lady Morier and her daughter received us very kindly; and where, after lunch, we had an interesting half-hour with Sir Robert Morier in his own room. He is greatly interested in the journey we have taken; though he is ill. * * *

“The family with whom Pastor Francis lodges have a Finnish servant. After the company had gathered (about 20 or so—mostly *not* those who came to the station) she stood for an instant in the doorway, astonished, and told her mistress afterwards, ‘Why, they do exactly the same in their meeting as *we* do!’ (*i.e.*, sit down in silence to worship, only speaking if they feel led to do so.) She belongs to a body of spiritual worshippers of which I had

never heard. This morning, calling to bid Pastor Francis farewell (for he was obliged to be elsewhere last night) we asked that the girl might be called, that we might shake hands with her. She has a sweet, serious face; and as we shook hands she said something in Finsk, and then, unable to convey her thought to us, she burst into tears and looked *up*, laying her hand on her heart. Her mistress was in tears too, and her master (a Frenchman) not far from the same state. It seems she was at the meeting of Finns and Swedes where we had that double interpreting: and was much touched there. * * *

"Sir Robert Morier said yesterday that he hoped I had kept a diary of the journey we had made in the Caucasus. He added, 'It will be of great interest in years to come.'

TRAIN GOING TO WILNA, 29-3-93.

"I did not get to sleep till the small hours, which thou canst, I am sure, well understand, from the strain on my mind, and the excitement of being so near our beloved home. The whole journey with its unusual events is still so close at hand, that it is as if one stood just under a cliff looking up at it. We get a more just idea of its proportions when we are more *éloignés* from it. Wearied as I was, it really crossed my mind that the whole thing was a dream, intended perhaps to teach me something, and that I should wake and find that it had never been a reality!

* * *

EYDTKUHNEN, 6.10 p.m.

"Here we are actually in free Europe again—flying by express to Berlin and shaking beyond anything we have had since the springless wagons of the Caucasus! At Wirballen our passports were all 'overhauled': ours being in due order we were allowed to quit Russian soil.

MINDEN, 1-4-93.

"Yesterday afternoon the Rasches took us a few miles out into the country to the Porta Westphalica. This is a

point where the River Weser passes between cliffs on either hand of a chain of wooded hills : the spot, no doubt, indicated in the poem,

‘Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,’

to watch the battle of Minden : when a stray shot struck her dead. From the top, at the ‘Silberblick,’ is a view over many hundreds of square miles of Westphalia, the winding Weser *silvering* the plain at a score of points. Far up, on our right, though indistinguishable from here, is Hameln (of the ‘Pied Piper’ story.) It was a holiday, and we met or passed thousands of the German people of the middle class, out for a walk or in other ways enjoying themselves.

“The stay at Louis Rasche’s has been another oasis in our journey. All the family do their utmost to shew their care and affection for us ; and they would have kept us a week if we had so wished, very gladly.

LATER

“We have just passed Bielefeld—a large town, and bearing the stamp of prosperity that is so indicative of the German people, and the fruit of the seed Martin Luther sowed. Oh, what a contrast to poor Russia ! But I hope Russia’s brighter day *will* come yet !”

The two companions reached London on April 6, 1893 ; and on the following day gave in their report to the Meeting for Sufferings, to its entire satisfaction.

To Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston.

GLOUCESTER, 15-7-1893.

“A very pleasant but flying visit we have had this week from Rockwood Hoar and his wife has pressed upon me the fact that I have long owed thee a letter ; and I must at least make an effort to pay my debt without more delay.

“First, let me thank thee heartily for the beautiful little volumes of thy poems published by David Douglas, who has done much in the last few years to make us better acquainted on this side the water with American authors,

and this in a form that does credit to Edinburgh printing. It is quite a treat to see so good a margin, especially on so small a page ; for in this utilitarian age the utility of any margin at all seems passing into the region of doubt, in cheap editions !

“ Three months have passed since I returned from half a year’s journey in Russia, of which I have already given thee some inkling : at least of the portion of it passed in Petersburg, including pleasant and profitable hours under the roof of Andrew White at the U.S. Legation. I have some doubt, however, whether the letter I wrote, and which is in my mind as I pen this allusion, ever reached thee ; because it went by a private hand, in the guise of a note of introduction to a Russian gentleman who may perchance not have visited Boston. I remember mentioning in it the effect of the chimes from the towers of the ‘ Old Fort,’ as their melody stole over the waters of the Neva to the Palace Quay, in which Andrew White’s house stands. They were London bells of long ago ; and to hear their soft sweet tones in that far northern land was to open the floodgates of memory suddenly, and overwhelm one with sights and sounds of *home*. Twice while in Petersburg I passed under this spell ; but the predisposing mood in which it finds one makes all the difference between a spell of pleasure or of pain. In the autumn sunset, just after hearing Ellen M. White’s description of a visit to places and persons in England well known to my friend Neave and myself, the London chimes mingling with the sound of the sweeping Neva, wove themselves into what had gone before, in a quiet delight ; but when, weeks after, we were walking on the ice over the silenced river, and I heard them again, close under the walls of the Fort, it was very different. I was in very low spirits that morning, for what reason I cannot tell ; but when the clear and mournful notes again reminded me of Old England, I could not keep back my tears. I shall not forget how I

was roused, however, from my reverie, by the sharp sting of their freezing on my face! For the air was intensely cold. It is no use crying when the thermometer is below zero!

“Paradoxical as it may sound, the difference between pleasure and pain is not always one of kind, but sometimes it is of degree only. I remember in the beginning of the present year, when we had been travelling for some days among the mountains of the Lesser Caucasus, on the borders of Persian Armenia, we emerged at last on the edge of a height overlooking the vast plain of the Koura, east of Tiflis. Two thousand feet below us lay the station of Daliar; sixty or eighty miles away rose the wall of the great Caucasian Mountains, nearly two hundred miles long, by 11,000 feet high. The optical effect was as if a curve bounded the horizon from left to right: though in reality the line is nearly straight. But the mind cannot receive or assimilate such an indescribable picture. The eye wandered, wearied out, over the uncountable peaks and spires and precipices, unable to convey the ideas they suggested. A hundred miles on the left were the shining summits of Kasbek, over 16,000 feet in height; a hundred miles off, in front, was one of the great mountains of Daghestan, over 14,000; between them, and around them, and beyond them, and below them, were hundreds and thousands of points and lines and cliffs and depths: white and dark and rose-coloured, and pink and ethereal, innumerable, bewildering, incomprehensible, overpowering, endless: so far *beyond* giving pleasure to the eye, that one longed for the darkness of night to fall and hide them from one for ever. It was as if some multitude of sweet sounds had loudened and gone on loudening till they terrified and deafened the hearer, and made hearing itself impossible.

“The truth is that all our capabilities—all the powers and liabilities and conditions of our existence are

P

suspended, as Mahomet's coffin was said to be, between heaven and earth : between forces, either of which, if we pass the narrow limits within which we are bounded, is destruction. A few degrees in the variation of the thermometer bring us to the walls of our Life-castle on either hand ; and if we overleap them it is to perish in measureless cold, or its opposite of fiercest fire. The guarding battlements that keep us from this leap are of Pain : the centre area between their lines is our limit of Pleasure. If we try to enlarge *this* by striding beyond it, it ceases to be !

“If *one*, only, out of all that infinitude of mountains had been in view, it would have given the pleasure that accompanies the flow of knowledge into the mind when it is in harmony with the Creation ; because the eye could have seized and classified its lines in somewise, comprehending some of its parts, and apprehending even where it could not comprehend : but hundreds of miles of mountains in one moment of time are not meant for the mind of man to deal with, any more than thousands of degrees of heat or cold are intended to be gauged by his bodily sensations.

“I brought home a large number of photographs from Tiflis, which give my friends in England pleasure to look over, though they do *not* convey the impression of the originals of the passes and cliffs they represent. How can a camera give a precipice 4,000 feet in height ? It cannot even approximate the effect ; though what it gives one instead is an agreeable substitute for it.

“Tiflis is a wonderful city for photographs. I think I am well within the mark in saying that we had our choice of over 10,000 views. In the month's residence we had to make there, we visited all the principal studios : chiefly, so far as I was personally concerned, to obtain a selection of the types of the races that people this most remarkable country. For as it has been the highway of the nations

migrating from Asia to Europe in ages past, so it has become the halting-place and home of little groups from among them which are now represented by—shall I say, fifty or sixty tribes differing in race and speech. Strabo mentions as many coming down in his day to Dioscurias, a port on the Euxine Sea, which became the Sebastopol of the Roman Empire (not the modern town of that name, which is in the Crimea) and finally *Sukhum Khale* of to-day.

“It was marvellously interesting to see how much of Strabo’s description holds good of the Trans-Caucasus, at this very hour. The fierce tribe of the Soanes at the foot of Elbruz is still there ; and I have made a magic-lantern slide of one of these wild sheepskin-clad ‘*Suans*,’ as they are now called, which would match anything in the way of Indians on your continent ! The old historian tells of underground dwellings, guarded by dogs as large and fierce as lions : I have been in those very houses, and narrowly escaped being bitten, if not torn in pieces, by dogs the exact colour of lions, and of such proportions as to need but small eking-out by oriental imagination to justify Strabo’s estimate of their size. I wandered one day, exploring, into the back streets and alleys of the Tartar quarter of Tiflis, when I disturbed a little mite of a dog which had the meanness to go off in search of one of those classical and dreadful brutes. The great dog came on deliberately, howling and barking in a way I wish to forget, as if he was in no hurry, but would seal my doom once for all. Providentially, a little boy of from four to five years old emerged from a doorway at the very instant, and caught the monster by the neck. What he did I could not make out ; but the bigger animal gave a shriek and turned away, and the little one crept into a hole : so that, as John Bunyan has it, ‘I saw them no more.’ In one of the villages, where, at every door lay one of these Strabonian lions, with his face all covered with scars—the

marks of battles—a beloved friend, a follower of Count Tolstoi, put into my right hand a stick, and into my left a slice of rye-bread: and following his example, I offered every dog we met, his choice. Fortunately they all preferred the bread. Even when the supply failed, though they growled, they refrained from attack, no doubt with an eye to future favours!

“I think the most interesting thing we met with, archæologically, was a cave-dwelling near the border of Persia. It was just on the edge of an Armenian village (Gerusi) and our interpreter asked permission for us to see the interior, of two women who stood at the door. They were veiled over the mouth, oriental-wise, and led us to understand that it would be contrary to custom for us to enter in the absence of the master of the house. He happened to come, however, at the instant, and very courteously bade us welcome. We passed into a domed room cut out of the soft volcanic stone—the roof glistening black with smoke, for there was no chimney. A deep pit in the floor was the oven: covered at this time with a slab to keep the baby from a premature grave. Near it was a very pretty divan, covered with carpets *made in the cave*. The floor, though of earth, was beautifully clean; and the whole place had an air of comfort that took one by surprise. Gerusi is one of the centres of this carpet making, and I have a rug I brought back from there, which our visitors, the Hoars, will tell thee would not disgrace any drawing-room in Europe or America: though it is not of the finest Persian make. The room might be twenty-five feet in diameter. At its farthest side was a loom with a short piece of coarse linen in it. This the good man kindly spared me for a few kopeks. His wife took down her spinning-wheel to show us; but something about it was out of order, and it would not work.

“These Armenians are very Jewish-looking, and some of them are said to be descendants of Jews who settled

here at the close of the Babylonish captivity : for we were not very far from the head-waters of the Euphrates. The Jewish manners and customs strike one at every turn, and carry one back as if by magic to the earliest modes of life on earth ; while we caught glimpses, even in the picture that unveiled itself before us, of those ages of Abraham, Moses and Job, of possibilities in many directions that have since developed into the things of *our* every-day life : the same materials for clothing : the same implements for working : and we close the door of the cave-dwelling silently, in the thought well expressed by Gaston Boissier in his charming article on *la Vieille Sorbonne*—‘ *rien ne commence : tout se continue !* ’ ”



CHAPTER XIII.

OLIVER W. HOLMES—SENATOR HOAR—AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY—PAIGNTON—LETTERS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS—
LATIN V. SAXON—ARCHÆOLOGY—TOLSTOI—KHAMA—CHELSEA

THE following letter from Dr Holmes refers to a description of village life in Gloucestershire, which John Bellows had sent to him.

BOSTON, JANUARY 21ST, 1891.

“MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

“I got your letter yesterday and cannot answer it fittingly, being oppressed with my wearying correspondence, much of which is of an uninteresting nature.

“It is enough to say that I thank you most heartily for one of the most charming letters I ever received. My intelligent young lady secretary read it aloud to me—every word of it—and we both agreed that your account of the boy and the top, and all the rest of it, were perfectly delicious. We thanked God that there are such sweet, intelligent, receptive natures as yours, whose very touch transfigures the common objects of life and throws an ideal atmosphere round them without destroying their nature, and also we thanked Him for giving us both the capability of appreciating your exquisite pictures of life as it met you in your daily walks. We shall both feel happier all day for reading that letter, and I don’t believe we shall ever forget it.

“I thank you for your permission to make extracts from letters of yours—you need not be surprised if by and by I avail myself of your permission. * * *

“Believe me, dear Mr Bellows,

“Always faithfully and cordially yours

O. W. HOLMES.”

A visit to England by Senator George F. Hoar in the summer of 1892, led to a warm friendship between him and John Bellows. Gloucester having been the home of Senator Hoar's ancestors, the city has always had a special attraction for him, and his occasional visits to it were eagerly welcomed by John Bellows. While the latter was on his Russian journey, he was much gratified to hear of his election as a member of the American Antiquarian Society—an honour which he shared with a few distinguished Englishmen, and which he owed to Senator Hoar's introduction. He contributed occasionally to the Proceedings of the Society, and Senator Hoar, in his delightful 'Autobiography,' lately published, records his estimate of the literary value of one, at least, of these contributions.

From Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, MASS., MAY 4, 1893

"MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

"I am glad to hear from Mr Taylor that you have got home again. I hope your important mission to Russia was fruitful of good result. I trust God may raise up for that unhappy country a Sovereign who will be another Peter the Great in genius, who will do justice, love mercy, and lead his people in the paths of constitutional liberty.

"The report of the proceedings of the meeting of the American Antiquarian Society for October, 1892, has been sent to you. * * * I write chiefly to say that I hope you will contribute for us a paper for our next meeting, which will be in October. You can select your own subject. And you may be sure that what is common learning to you will be of great interest to us. If you were to tell us what you told me and Mrs Hoar in conversation, about the laying out of roads and cities by the Romans when they occupied Britain, and their fashion of military dispatches, and their measurements, with any special account of the laying out of Gloucester, it would be of great interest. Or we should be glad to hear anything about the English Puritans, or any local matter

connected with the siege of Gloucester, like the story which one of your townsmen has told so well about John Massey. Or, if you have investigated the matter, we would like to know the view which you, as a member of the Society of Friends—an historical investigator—take of Macaulay's account of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. You may possibly think that subject has been exhausted. But it will always have an interest for Americans, especially if, as we hope and believe, Macaulay can be shown to have been greatly mistaken. But all these are merely to suggest to you the kind of paper that would give us great pleasure. It would be better still if you were to come here and read it yourself.

“I dined in company with your friend, Dr Holmes, last Saturday. He was as bright and sparkling as ever. His eighty-three years have made little impression upon him.

“I am, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR.”

In 1894, John Bellows contributed a paper to the American Antiquarian Society, on ‘the Past in the Present in Asia’—showing the relation which exists between our modern tools and methods, and the ancient ones still in use in the Transcaucasus.

To Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 5-3-1894.

“As to thy kind suggestion that I should come over and read the paper myself, I can assure thee I would gladly do so were I able to command a few weeks of leisure ; but at present I am tied by a variety of engagements that must be met. Still, I do look forward to such a visit some day ; for I have so many dear and valued friends on your side of the Atlantic, that I cannot help a feeling of New England being very close indeed to Old England.

“I think it will interest thee to know that I tried the effect of the article I have just sent thee, a few days ago, upon a company of about seven hundred smiths and

working engineers, employés of my old friends, the Tangyes, of Birmingham. I did not read the paper to them, but gave them magic-lantern slides of the scenery I travelled through in the Caucasus, the town of Tiflis, etc., and showed them the forgings * I describe in the paper. I never had a more appreciative audience; for the technical side of the subject suited them peculiarly."

During the summer of 1893, after John Bellows' return from Russia, he spent a month at Paignton, Devonshire, with his family. While staying there, he wrote to his invalid friend, John Soper, the account of a day's excursion here given.

To John Soper, Gloucester.

ON BOARD THE HOOKER "GERTRUDE," TORBAY, 25-8-1893.

"In less than a week I expect we shall be back in the usual groove at Gloucester, and to-day we have chartered this vessel for our last sail south: for we are bound for Dartmouth. It is a sunny morning, with a blue sky flecked with white clouds, and a tiny-rippled sea. The hooker takes this designation from its being destined to the *pêche à la ligne*, as distinguished from trawling: for the trawlers are the principal *bateaux pêcheurs* of Brixham, towards which port we are at this moment heading our course. The ship is four tons burden, fitted with a seat all round the stern-sheets, in which the whole of my family, except Max and Willie, are variously occupied: Dorothy and Lucy in sailing boats astern, and admiring the seaworthy qualities which enable such small craft to progress either on the water or below it—on an even keel, or capsized, as the case may be. My wife, who ought to have taken precedence in the category, is calmly employed in knitting. Marian and Jack are employed as I am, in letter-writing: Jack's epistle being to Max, and, I suspect, descriptive of the voyage. Kitty, who is always a practical person, is at the helm, obedient to the hints

* Models of tools in use in the Caucasus.

'Port,' 'Starboard,' or 'Steady,' which drop at intervals from the boatman. Philip is engaged in a general prowling over the ship: now climbing the mast, to his mother's apprehension, and anon, without re-assuring her, leaning over the bows to a degree that raises the question of his being able to swim, which he assures us he *can* do.

"I have been on Windermere when the water has not been so smooth as this which now quietly 'laps' our bows; and the motion is only enough to send one, if so minded, to sleep! Here is the perpendicular cliff of Berry Head just before us; far away on the east is Lyme Regis; and less distant, Exmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth, and the many-coloured rocks of Babbacombe and Torquay. The latter is a queenly watering place, with marvellous evidence of wealth: wealth that can purchase beauty of landscape and comfort of habitation, but, *inutile de dire*, not rest of mind or happiness.

'While place we seek or place we shun,
The mind finds happiness in none.'

—not place, then, but state of soul is the true thing to aim at!

"A low roar like distant artillery. What is it? Stone being shot from yon red quarry on board a sloop for Exmouth. Of course, in so uneventful a passage as ours, this is an event, and all hands suspend work to look at the operation.

"I wish thou couldst feel the delightful air on thy brow that fans mine as we tack—air that seems made for music itself—like that of Frithiof's Saga, where the Viking is running before the wind, homeward-bound to the north-east:

'For the western winds in the canvas sing
Like nightingales with the voice of spring:
And the blue veiled daughters of Egir play
Swift round the rudder, and dance away.'

It is to buy this air that all that gold has been spent at Torquay!

"2 p.m. We stood out into the Channel, hoping to get more breeze, and instead have had nearly a dead calm. For an hour-and-a-half we have had to use the 14-foot oars, making a rate which even Jack, sitting on the boom and blowing with all his might on the mainsail, has not sensibly altered! Great oily swells that heave us up and down, in place of the water like Windermere. The monotony is broken by passing a fishing boat, from whose stern they have suspended a shark about three feet long—one of the bottle-nosed sort. Bottle-nosed men are not well-spoken of; but sharks with this adjective bear a good reputation as harmless.

"As we roll up and down, we draw by insensible degrees nearer Dartmouth Harbour. Forty or fifty craft enliven the sea before us, for to-day is the regatta in which the 'Britannia' and 'Navahoe' are competing.

"3.30 o'clock. This letter is written *à bâtons rompus*! No sooner had I reached the end of last paragraph, than I had to lay down the pen for the oar; and after a long spell at it, I was fain to let Philip take my place. The poor boy worked on until I could willingly have released him, but, in view of the way he had spent some of his time latterly, I concluded to let him be. Rowing, even to tiring point, is at least *safe*; but I doubt whether the same can be said of sitting astride on the end of the jib-boom, with his stockings off, to plunge his feet into the billow at the dip of the bows.

"And now a breeze has sprung up unexpectedly, so that our sails are again bellied, and we are making way. We shall be in the Dart directly; and if in this sauntering letter I have been at all able to make thee a sharer in our voyage, I shall be well repaid."

To Colonel Carleton, Clevedon

30-8-1894.

"I am struck with the condition of trial in which I think every one of my correspondents is more or less placed in Petersburg: some by outward circumstances, and some

by more hidden means. They remind me of the passage about the Israelites being ‘*all* baptised in the cloud and in the sea’ in their journey through the wilderness ; for this is the case with every human soul in its travel towards the State of Rest. There are times when the suffering seems too heavy to bear, and we are ready to cry, ‘Master, carest thou not that we *perish*?’ But the alternation comes, and we are *not* left to perish. On the contrary, if we sink into a silent watching before God we emerge from the conflict with profit ; with at least some grains of the gold tried in the fire, which the Heavenly Wisdom counsels us to buy that we may be rich.

“And I am certain that there is no advance possible, in our experience, beyond the state of children, ‘tossed to and fro’ with the trials we have to pass through, until we come to this inward silence of the natural will, this ‘ceasing from our own thoughts,’ this abstaining from ‘leaning to our own understanding.’ Nor is it a matter we can attain to in a day. We have to learn it as all other things are learned, beginning with imperfect effort, and being schooled by our very mistakes, which are patiently borne with, and progressing slowly, *very slowly* at times, towards the state to which we are called. But here, as in outward things, the hand of the diligent maketh rich ; and the more we keep in watchfulness unto prayer, the more we shall grow in the true knowledge of God, and of Christ, His manifestation to us.”

GLOUCESTER, 10-9-1894.

* * * “I thank thee for Drummond. The imagined disaccord between the Scriptures and modern discovery never gave me a moment’s uneasiness. Two real *truths* can never clash.”

To his daughter Marian.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 13-9-1894.

“I never attended a more solidly satisfactory wedding than ——’s. I use these words as exactly expressing

the sense that seemed to me the pervading one—not of racketing merrymaking, but of quiet, still happiness, *and an underlying blessing of God on it*. We seldom make any approach at realising the close interest our Heavenly Father takes in us, His children; not merely in what we deem the acts of religion, but in all that concerns our daily life.

“As I woke yesterday morning the feeling of this came home to me, with the recollection of that solemnly beautiful opening of the Epistle to the Hebrews: ‘*God*, who spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days *spoken unto us by His Son*.’ Of course the writer referred to the outward coming and life and death of our Saviour; but as He is Infinite, so the ways in which His voice reaches us are also infinitely varied. We hear its distant tones in the outward creation from sunrise to sunset, and all through the darkness of the night, every day and night of our journey from the cradle to the grave, and in every wave of happiness and of grief that we meet with in our way; and we heard it, many of us, in our hearts, on the wedding-day we all spent so cheeringly. For as it is true that ‘in all their affliction He was afflicted,’ it is equally and correlatively true that *in their every gladness He too is a sharer*; and in every joy and sorrow His word to us, often very gently breathed, is, ‘My son — or my daughter, give me *thine heart*.’ I was much impressed with the spirit that prompted the endeavour to begin the wedding-day with an acknowledgment of the Divine Presence; and I am much mistaken if there are not several hearts in the little company now at ———, whose secret longing is to draw nearer to this Everlasting Spring, and to make life what it was intended to be: a means of glorifying Him who gave it. How much depends on cherishing such desires! They would increase to greater strength in us if we oftener turned quietly in heart to the Communion with God that is possible at all times:

a simple turning to the Light and keeping in the Light, instead of casting about us, like Naaman, for some great thing—some grand *coup* that is to do wonders for us, which itself is instead of the everyday humble watchfulness which in the end will bring us to see our mistakes, and gradually, *very gradually*, to *overcome them all*."

To Joseph James Neave, Sydney.

GLoucester, 30-10-94.

"Thou wilt, I know, have felt concern at the sudden failure of the Emperor's health [Alexander III. of Russia,] and at the uncertainty and gloom this has caused over Europe. His position has come home to me very painfully. It is impossible not to feel sympathy with a strong man, who, in the midst of a task such as few men would burden themselves with, even from a sense of duty, finds himself compelled suddenly to relinquish his position to those who are but partially acquainted with its responsibilities.

* * * *

"There is a time to be silent, and a time to speak ; and we have both been reticent on points we would willingly have talked of, if talking would not have been harmful to the cause we wish above all to be served. But in this instance, it seemed clear to me, it was time to speak out ; and I wrote to the 'Scotsman' as one of the provincial papers with great influence, an account of the Emperor's visiting the old nurse who attended him as a child, reading the English Bible to her ; and of his simple-hearted conduct on the day of the funeral. Thou wilt recollect our being told this at the house of the English Chaplain, who witnessed it all. The whole incident is a most touching one ; exceedingly to the honour of Alexander III. ; and I cannot but think, in reference to it, of Thomas Carlyle's view ; *i.e.*, that the measure of any man's real reverence for what is good in the conduct of another, is the measure

of his own love for what is just and true. There can be no question whatever that the tendering influences of the nurse's teaching told largely on Alexander's character.

"The letter was copied from the 'Scotsman' by some other papers; and I can see that the incident makes a deep impression on the working men who read it; softening them towards a man whom they regarded as but a tyrant, and inducing a better feeling towards his country. Possibly thou mayest see thy way to getting it into some paper at Sydney; but of this thou art a better judge than I am. I know how completely our views are as *one* with regard to the real character of the Emperor; and how glad thou wouldst be to see a kindly feeling towards him become general amongst Englishmen as well as others."

To Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 1-1-1895.

"I thank thee for the pamphlet, 'The Opportunity of the Colored Leader,' which I have read with interest. It is a delicate subject, handled, it seems to me, with great tact; and it is well to the point.

"Race preferences are inevitable, just as certainly as are individual predilections; but they are perfectly compatible with the right balance of justice, and the play of sympathy which softens off all edges and dividing lines that come in our way. No system, political, social, or religious, will really lead to harmonious life among men without this one element of quick sympathy. It is a master-key that opens *all* locks. We look forward in hope of some millennium—some golden age in which no wrong shall exist; yet this one power of sympathy which is at this very moment potentially within the attainment of every man is *all* that is needed to bring it about."

To the same.

GLOUCESTER, 7-1-1895.

“*Encore une fois de plus!* I have to thank thee for thinking of me; this time in sending me thy speech on Webster.

“Thy remark on Latin *v.* Saxon in language specially interests me. Somehow I can never get deep enough into the essence of the thing to decide whether the one or the other should really take the higher place; but my instinct leans to the Saxon, as a leading, but *not an exclusive* medium of expressing the highest thought. That is, Saxon with here and there a dash of Latin—a little touch or *souppçon* of it; for a very little in some compounds means a very great change in the effect. 0·1 of carbon added to pure iron toughens it and hardens it into a good steel for many uses. Put in 0·5, and it becomes brittle—a different metal.

“It is a question of mind, of the *cast* of mind, too. Macaulay tried to de-Latinize himself, if I may so put it, by reading ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ through fifteen times! But his mind was in no way the pendant to Bunyan’s: it was not the same size or shape; and he had as much chance of fitting Bunyan’s language as he had of fitting his leather breeches.

“‘Punch’ commented many years ago on the advertisement of a manual, ‘Every Man his own Lawyer,’ to the effect that a more wicked state of society could not be imagined than one in which *every man was a lawyer!* But ‘Every Man his own *Speaker*’ is certainly a truth. We may modify our own natural and inherent lines of thought, and therefore expression, to a very large extent, by copying other men; yet, *au fond*, there is a shape that is ours individually, and ours alone-ly of all the thousands of millions of men that ever lived.

“But to return to the point of power inherent in a tongue to express thought with beauty. I look upon Shelley’s as the most inherently melodious flow of English

language of this century ; and I note that his mastery of *Greek* plays a singular part in his poetry in this regard ; *i.e.*, his pen use of Greek place-names and Classic personal-names.

'*Arethusa* arose
From her couch of snows
In the *Acroceranion* mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.'

"Yet he could produce the most perfect lines with pure Saxon, as in his 'Lines to an Indian Air':—

'I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :

I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy *chamber* window, sweet !'

"Only one Latin word in eight lines ! But the first verse is music beyond music as it seems to me ; and the words such as might express the loftiest thought, as well as these simple ones."

To Colonel Carleton, Boxmoor.

GLOUCESTER, 25-6-95.

"The Roman remains at Boxmoor would have a great interest for me ; and there are some other places in Hertfordshire that I have been pressed to come and see for a similar reason. At a guess, which I do not lay stress on, these remains will probably belong to the time of Valentinian, or just after. He put everything in *fresh order* in this land ; and much of the building, pavement, pottery, etc., that has come down to us dates from this point.

"The period was one of immense moment to the Roman world. Valentinian had ordered the removal of the statue of the Goddess of Victory from the Senate House in Rome.

Q

The old Tories of the House of Lords were strongly against this, and they deputed Symmachus as their representative to the Court of the young Emperor Gratian—then a boy of fourteen—at Milan, to plead for its restoration. (This was of course after Valentinian's death.)

"Symmachus made a splendid speech, appealing to the patriotism of the council on the grounds that under the protection of the Goddess of Victory, Rome had gone on for a thousand years to become the mistress of all the world; and that she had given them bounteous harvests, and blessed and prospered them in every way—while on the other hand, directly her image was removed from the Hall, a blast had lighted on them, and a ruined harvest hinted to them what they must expect if they continued to slight her power.

"The cousin of Symmachus was Prefect of Milan: a Christian—a man of such consummate ability that not long before this, the Christians of Milan, struck by the wisdom of his counsel in a difficult case (the appointment of a new bishop,) insisted on *his* becoming bishop himself. This was Ambrose (now called '*Saint Ambrose.*') Greatly looked up to by the boy-sovereign, he counselled him not to yield. All the cabinet were against him—overpowered by Symmachus' eloquence. But Ambrose smashed his speech to atoms, making great capital out of the point about the bad harvest. That was some years ago. *Last* year's was a most splendid harvest—and this showed either that the Goddess of Victory was satisfied to be removed, or that she had no voice in the matter.

"That speech sealed the downfall of nominal heathenism in the Roman Empire—for Gratian would not yield an atom, and the cabinet gave way to his view."

To his son William

GLoucester, 27-7-95.

"Yesterday I had to fulfil my engagement to lecture at Caerleon to the Cotteswold Club, on the Roman occupation

of that district. An unusually large number came—between 40 and 50; and the day was a considerable success. One point struck them much. I carried with me the new Ordnance map of the village, showing the Roman wall; and then I produced one of the Gloucester maps, also traced from the 25-inch Ordnance. I said, ‘I have never yet tried the experiment, but my impression is that the Second Legion, in moving to their new quarters at Caerleon, copied the old camp so exactly, that if I lay this Gloucester map on the Caerleon one, it will nearly fit.’ I did; and they fitted within a very fine fraction!”

To a Correspondent.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 4-7-1895.

“Thou hast been so constantly present to my mind since I left thy house that I hope I may not go beyond what is right in venturing to say as much.

“If, in time of spiritual trial, it were within our own power to comfort and help one another, we should never be left face to face with the alone Source of all true help and comfort; for the mere action of our natural sympathy would prompt us to relieve the pain we cannot but share.

“This natural sympathy *is* a help, and a right one, when it comes in as part of the Divine ordering; but *not* when it seeks to make a short cut, and forestall the Divine ordering. How often, alas, do inexperienced Christians make this mistake, both on their own behalf, and on behalf of others. They are comparable to children in a sick room, who, impatient because the doctor has not come, take *his* work into their own hands and hunt about the medicine cupboard to find an anodyne that may have been given by the doctor himself to some other patient, or to the same patient when in a *different state*.

“But the patient, whether his pain be dulled or not, is thrown back by this unskilful dealing: and not less certainly are we thrown back, spiritually, when we deal to

ourselves or others comfort that is not *freshly* dispensed to us by the Great Physician. Everything depends on that word '*freshly*.' Ah! surely it is better to suffer pain, and doubt and uncertainty of every kind, than to snatch at relief from wrong sources!

“The natural mind in us—the flesh—that never comprehends the things of God, struggles to the last against *direct* dependence on Him, putting everything and anything in as a reason why we should depend on something short of Him. And so, when the hour of darkness overtakes us, it prompts us to kindle sparks of our own instead of patiently waiting for the arising of the true light. And sparks of our own are very specious: sometimes even to lean on the prayers of another, or of others, are such sparks, and not true fire.

“Let him ‘that walketh in darkness and hath no light’
* * * ‘trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God.’

“We seek light upon our path in the natural understanding—but it is often God’s purpose to leave the natural apprehension of things completely in darkness with us, in order that we may in deed and reality trust in the power—the secret, inwardly revealed power of the Lord: for nothing short of this is trusting in His name, and staying upon Him.

“And it is this denial of light to the natural mind that the prophet describes: ‘Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour!’ Yes, He hides Himself from the natural man, and by so doing draws us away from the old nature to the new. ‘I will bring the *blind* by a way that they knew not.’ ‘I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.’ I feel that thou hast indeed crooked things to get through, though I do not know the forms they take. This much is certain—that no human help can straighten them, or ought

to be permitted to straighten them—for otherwise God would not have the glory. Yet the end is sure. ‘These things will I do unto them and not forsake them.’

“I know of no other way, in these deeper depths, of trusting in the name of the Lord, and staying upon God, than sinking into silence and nothingness before Him. And this I am certain is what is meant in the words, ‘The name of the Lord is a strong tower : the righteous runneth into it, and is safe !’ So long as the enemy can keep us reasoning, he can buffet us to and fro ; but into the true solemn silence of the soul before God he cannot follow us. To leave all results and come to this silence is to enter the impregnable tower.”

To Emily Dobell, Painswick.*

GLOUCESTER, 5-9-1895.

“The point thou hast mentioned is the *vital* one: for Prayer is the very beginning and end of our true spiritual life: but not always prayer in words, or even in words shaped in thought, but unuttered. If we are bidden to ‘pray without ceasing,’ it is evident that this must cover wider ground than speech or active thought.

“There is an attitude of mind as in the presence of God which I believe corresponds to this prayer without ceasing, and which is described in the Psalms, etc., as ‘Waiting upon the Lord.’ I recollect that my father, who was fond of the study of Hebrew, pointed out to me that the word in the original in such passages was ‘To be *silent unto* the Lord.’ ‘They that are *silent unto* the Lord shall *renew their strength*,’ etc.

“I had mentioned this to Count Tolstoi, in reference to something that occurred in our conversation. He was much interested in it ; and fetching Young’s Concordance he asked me to give him a passage in point. We turned to the closing portion of the 40th Isaiah, and as the chapter-

* Mrs Sydney Dobell.

division there happens to come in the wrong place, cutting off a verse that really belongs to, and completes the passage itself, we read on to the end of the first verse in Chapter 41.

“Count T. turned to the Hebrew, and said quietly, ‘Yes; it is so: *They that are silent unto the Lord shall renew their strength*: they shall mount up with wings as eagles,’ etc. ‘*Keep silence before Me, O Islands, and let the people renew their strength.*’

“This is a deep matter; and I feel the danger of getting *beyond* my depth in touching on it; yet not to realize it is to lose the greatest help we can have in our spiritual course. To sink into the reverent silence of the will and of *self*, before the Almighty, is to ‘dwell in the secret place of the Most High,’ and to ‘abide under His shadow:’ that is, to be in the closest communion with God that is possible for a human soul. This is the essence and foundation of prayer, whether words are given to us in utterance of it, or whether they are withheld; for there are times when the very withholding is but the means of enabling us more immediately to perceive the Divine voice—perhaps a still, *small* voice.

“I cannot add much; but I am certain that no one who has once found the help and strength that are experienced in this, will ever again rest in any *lower* experience. It is a laying hold of the Power of the Almighty in times of trial, of storm, of temptation that threaten to destroy us; and it was this, surely, that Solomon meant when he said, ‘The *Name* of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, *and is safe.*’ ”

The following characteristic letter from Count Tolstoi was an acknowledgment of a sum of money which had reached him from John Bellows for the relief of one of Tolstoi's friends on the Continent. The style of the original has been retained.

[Postmark dated October 22, 1895]

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I received your letter and the draft for ninety-two roubles, and will send it to Tchertkoff, who will forward it to its destination. I am sorry that Tchertkoff addressed himself through you to the Society of Friends, and I will avow it to you, that it is very disagreeable to me that I have something to do with this matter. If I thought that it is good for a Christian to have money at his disposal and that good could be done by money, I would have kept my fortune and would help people by my money. But as I think that a Christian ought not to have any property and that it is impossible to do any good through money, I can never ask for money, not for me not for anybody else. If people find right as you do to give their money to other men and will do it through me, as they did in the time of the famine, I will do as they wish, but I would rather not have anything to do with money matters, which are always full of sin. And this is an example of it. You are not rich but nevertheless you gave a good sum of money with the best wishes, and this gift of yours has awakened in me very bad feelings: it seemed to me that you must reproach me of inconsistency or in want of delicacy, if not asking, letting others ask money for my friends from strangers when the members of my family are rich.

"Excuse me for saying all this, but I prefer to be sincere with you because I like and esteem you very much, and have retained from our intercourse the most kind remembrances.

"You have heard I think of the persecution of the Duchobori that is going on in the Caucasus. I have sent a correspondence about it to my friend Mr John Kenworthy (London) and it will, I hope, appear very soon in the English papers.

"With best love, your friend
LEO TOLSTOY"

To Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, 15-11-95.

"In Russia, a body of people [the Doukhobors] quite unconnected with Friends have lately refused to bear arms; but along with the belief that it is wrong for us to kill one another, they have adopted Count Tolstoi's teaching that *all* government is abhorrent to the spirit of Christianity! I had some little talk, when at Moscow, with Count T. on this point; but could find no common basis to argue from. He has an idea that civilization, which admits of so many existing evils, is itself the cause of evil, and so would do away with it. Of course he is inconsistent: just as a man would necessarily be who tried to do away with gravitation. Thus, he resorts to the press constantly, to spread his opinions; but how he could have typefounding and paper-making, etc. etc., without even a very advanced stage of civilization, passes my comprehension! So with money. He looks on it as inherently sinful, and so has as little to do with it as possible; though here again, of course, he cannot get away from the thing, though he may from the name. Andrew White visited him not long before he left Russia; and I fear lost patience with his unpractical ideas. Yet behind and underneath all this there is something really good in him; and a sympathetic power, which has a great reach over most of those who come in contact with him.

"It is very hard for an American or an Englishman to make sufficient allowance for a Russian nobleman who desires to lead a life in accordance with the will of God. He *begins* on a level far below ours; that is, he is about where men of the same class were in Europe—or at least in England—three or four centuries ago. We ought not, then, to judge a man by where he *is*, but by *the direction in which he is moving*. And by this standard Tolstoi deserves our deep respect. By the way, I recollect remarking to him, in course of a walk across Moscow, that there are two ways in which we may describe a stone

of ore. We may say 'This stone is of value, for *five per cent. of it is gold*.' or, 'There isn't much good in this stone. Why, *ninety-five per cent. of it is rubbish*! He said, 'You are right. We ought to look at the gold, and not at the rubbish!'

"By and by, as we were standing on the foot-plate of a tramcar, he turned suddenly upon me, and looking me full in the eyes, said, '*Why* did you say that to me about the stone and the gold?' I was forced to make a clean breast of it, and admit that what I had in my mind was, that it might do him good to come to England and see some other phases of society than those to which he had been accustomed in Russia; but that any benefit he might derive thus, would depend on his own state of mind. If he looked at the defects of our friends, he would find plenty to occupy him, for they are not perfect; but if he were disposed to look at the good side, it would help him. He assented to this.

"I don't know why I should run on with this gossip, but Tolstoi is so remarkable a man that I believe thou wilt excuse me for doing so. He is narrow-minded in some directions (as we *all* are, inherently!) and to see something outside of Russia would tend to broaden his views on the real effects of civilization as distinguished from some of its diseases!"

The visit of Khama, the Bechuana Chief, to this country in 1895, to plead for the exclusion of intoxicants from his country, roused the attention and sympathy of the Society of Friends, and Edmund Wright Brooks and John Bellows were appointed to seek an interview with the Colonial Secretary on the subject. This was granted, and an opportunity was also given for them to meet Khama and his two companions, Bathoen and Sebele.

To Colonel Carleton, Clevedon.

GLoucester, 2-12-95.

"A fortnight ago it was my lot to go with another Friend (Edmund Wright Brooks) as a deputation from

the Society, to the Colonial Secretary (Joseph Chamberlain) to hand him a memorial praying that Khama might be permitted to still keep alcoholic drink out of his territory. He has fought a hard battle to keep his people from this curse ; and it would be sad if the power of the Empire were used to force back such a work.

“ Joseph Chamberlain was fully in sympathy with the object, though he explained to us some of the difficulties of *entirely* excluding drink from the territory. Still he has done more than has ever been attempted before, for he not only will not permit any new licenses, but he is going to extinguish one in Bathoen's reserve, which Lord Ripon had granted. *No liquor will be allowed for sale on any terms ; and where desired for private consumption by white settlers, they must apply for and obtain a permit. If they abuse this, or give any of the liquor so obtained, to natives, the permit will be at once taken away.* * * *

“ The day after ~~we~~ we saw the chiefs they were received by the Queen, who expressed herself very strongly on the desire she has that the curse of drink shall not be permitted in Khama's territory. It is very gratifying that they have been so well received in England ; but in the opening-up of their country, notwithstanding the efforts of our government, *some* harm is sure to follow the advent of white settlers. Khama will have to face new trials ; but he is a man to bear them in the right spirit, and profit by them. ‘ Many shall be purified, and made white, and *tried*,’ is a word of great depth and meaning for all who seek to do *right*.”

To Professor Bonet-Maury, Paris.

GLOUCESTER, 25-12-1895.

“ Wilt thou accept my best thanks for the copy of ‘ Le Congrès des Religions à Chicago ’ which has reached me this morning ?

"The first part at which I open (after the kind inscription inside the cover) is page 104—(*Chine.*) This will be of special interest to me: for I have read the works of Lao Tse, Confucius, and Mencius, as far as they are accessible to us in English; Professor Legge, of Oxford, being the Sinologue to whom we are most in debt for this literature. I shall not soon forget a delightful half hour or more that I had at his house, when he gave me a description of a visit he paid, before leaving China, to Confucius' country. The Philosopher's descendants, who are a clan to themselves, number about thirty thousand; and the head of this clan is still, as *he* was, a duke. The Chinese had five orders of *noblesse*, very much like those in feudal Europe, and which are still existing here in England. About the second century of our era these ranks were abolished; but out of respect to the memory of Confucius, *his* descendant was made an exception, with the result that at this moment there is still a 'duke' descended in right line from the Philosopher—certainly the oldest family nobility in the world! Two thousand five hundred years!

"Professor Legge has a 'rubbing' of the tombstone of Confucius that he made when on the visit referred to. It may be about 70 or 80 cm. by 45 cm. At the head is the likeness of Confucius himself, and below, arranged in a *carré*, are his four principal disciples, Mencius and Tseng being the upper two. The latter was the ancestor of the Ambassador Tseng, well known in Paris and London a dozen years ago.

"Now, in the figures of these men there are square caps on their heads, exactly such as are now worn by students at Oxford. I asked Professor Legge whether this was really the fact, that such caps were worn as far back as the time of Confucius. He said, 'That cap has been worn in China for two thousand five hundred years as the sign of a *teacher*!'"

To Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, 13-1-96.

"Some weeks ago, I sent thee a volume entitled 'Southern Heroes.' It is a history of the conduct of members of the Society of Friends during the Civil War.

"If the day is ever to come when the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare and the nations learn war no more, *someone* must make the beginning? If it falls to the lot of 'Friends' to do this, even if they do not succeed in inducing any large number of their fellow-citizens to follow them, they may at least increase the employment of arbitration, and in so far lessen the number of times blood is shed in settlement of quarrels? I know it is an advanced position to take, and that it demands more from the spirit of love and sympathy we manifest, than from the force of argument we can bring to bear in support of it. The two should go hand in hand, however. I find it a harder task to overcome my own hasty temper than to advise my neighbour to curb his; yet I do not wish to slacken in the endeavour, or to forget that greater is he that overcometh himself than he that taketh a city!"

To Elizabeth Putnam, Boston, U.S.A.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 17-2-1896.

"A week or two ago we mailed to thy address a little book—of which we beg thy acceptance—on Carlyle's House, which, thanks to the exertions of Reginald Blunt, the writer of the book, has now been purchased by subscriptions and turned into a 'Carlyle Museum.'

"I have no doubt that many of our visitors from your side of the Atlantic will make this one of their pilgrimages; and I think it is worth sparing a few hours for. Chelsea is a very picturesque part of London, and very *memory-laden*: for there are other and far older houses than Carlyle's that will attract the notice of the visitor.

"Last summer it was the fortune of my wife and myself to be guests in a house that stands on Chelsea

Embankment, overlooking the Carlyle Monument. Turner the artist had lived not far away; and as we looked from our window at the sunrise over the broad shining Thames, it was easy to see where he had gained his idea of mist-effects; for it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful in landscape than the white dazzling cloud that linked *something* to *nothing*, and that gently turned the crimson and gold of the water and bridges and barges in the foreground into half tones, and then into haze and poetry (and *all* poetry depends upon that which is *indefinite* because it leaves play for the fancy!) in the distance.

“I can only hope that if thou shouldst again come and see us, and take Chelsea in thy round of English scenery, it may happen to be under the same atmospheric conditions; for in landscape the beauty is more dependent on the transient effects than on the permanent *material* that serves as their basis.

“I ought to mention that the German Emperor sent a liberal donation towards the purchase of the Carlyle House, in recognition of the author of the Life of Frederick the Great. * * * It could not but be a sad blow to much that we value, if England and Germany were to go to war—two Protestant Powers weakening each other; and how far more to be deplored would be any quarrel between your country and ours! I cannot describe what it would mean to most of us here—for all English men and women who have any knowledge of Americans feel a far stronger drawing to them than to any other people.

“It is in the Divine ordering of Nature that all wounds heal with time; and especially is this the case with feuds between nations. Look at Ireland for instance. The Roman Catholic priests never weary of reminding their people of Cromwell’s cruelties in conquering them. A very bitter historian who takes this line closes his chapter on Cromwell by remarking that he failed, after all, of his

purpose ; for, 40 years after his campaign in Ireland, the descendants of his soldiers *could not speak a word of English*, because the soldiers had married the daughters of the Irish peasants whom they conquered, and whose lands they stole ! Precisely so. But what does this mean ? It means that the very people who cry out so bitterly against Cromwell's soldiers are the *descendants of those soldiers* as well as of the despoiled peasants. And this is, in the end, the story of most national wrongs ! Here in Britain we are descended alike from the Roman taskmaster and the Celtic slave—from the Saxon serf and his Norman lord. The waves that beat on the Ocean of Time round off all the shingle on its shore ; and the sharp split stone becomes the smooth shining pebble."

To his daughter Katharine.

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE, LONDON, 27-5-96.

"I have read what Mother has just written thee : which exactly conveys my own thoughts of thee.

"Recollect that our Heavenly Father is most glorified by our using little light, and clinging close to a little faith. The smallness of it, *in seeming*, is as nothing. This is shown clearly by the parable of the grain of mustard seed —'the least of all seeds'—yet how mighty is its effect, finally !

"To feel little, and yet to desire earnestly *to be faithful to that little*, is indeed well-pleasing to God. Perhaps all that we can do is to *keep trying* to believe in His goodness and kindness. If it is, then this is all that is required of us. A thousand years in the sight of the Almighty are but as yesterday when it is past ; and He knows how swiftly the *now* that tries us becomes the past in which the trial is for ever passed away, but has left behind it the solid, quiet, everlasting fruit of righteousness. Every great trial helps this lasting gain ; and every tiny trial, rightly borne, helps it too."

To Chief Justice Holmes, Boston, U.S.A.*

GLoucester, 10-8-1896.

"It is a disappointment that we shall not be able to show thee some of our beautiful Cotteswold scenery before thy return; but I know how time steals upon one in so short a visit as thine is to England, and we can but hope that before long thou mayst again come over to the Old Country with a little more leisure!

"As it is, however, not possible for thee to come here now, I send with this one or two little things I had put by to hand to thee:

"1. An electrotyped copy of a medal struck by Pope Alexander VI., I believe in the year 1500, showing him at the head of a body of Bishops, opening the gate of Purgatory and letting the souls there escape!

"2. Copy of a medal (unfortunately much corroded) found in digging a few feet below the London Road, Gloucester, and struck as a 'Portrait medal' of Francis I. when a lad of ten years of age. The date would be four years later than the Borgia medal above mentioned, *i.e.*, 1504.

"3. Specimens of the common Roman coins of the Constantine period found in this neighbourhood.

"The 'Haresfield' find was a singular one. About 60 years ago the property belonged to a family named Niblett, one of whom, John N., was a good antiquary, whom I knew well some years after the date I mention. He told me that at that time, say about 1830-40, his brother came home from Oxford fired with a zeal for Roman antiquities, and said to him one morning, 'John, let us take a spade each and go and dig on the Camp to see what we can turn up.' 'Oh you may dig your life out and never find anything!' was the response. The brother had his way,

* A son of the late Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, and now a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

however; and in an hour or so they struck off (as it afterwards proved) the shoulder of a pot containing 3000 of the coins, of which these are *two*. The four lower ones are coins of the same era (Constantine's) found within the past twelvemonth at Bishopswood, near Ross: part of a lot of between 16,000 and 17,000: the largest, in one heap, ever found in the world, so far as I am aware.

"4. A few *tesserae* from Lydney Park. Close by this spot, where rabbits had thrown them out, are the remains of an important Temple overlooking the mile-wide Severn. Quite a museum is preserved in the mansion of Charles Bathurst, at Lydney Park, of these remains. Among the rest are some thin metal letters that had been fastened by pins to the stone façade of the temple — NODENS — probably the name of the god to whom it was erected. Noddyns would be, in Celtic, the Abyss, or Deep—*i.e.*, the God of the Deep.

"Such temples were also health resorts—and a more lovely spot for the site of such an establishment could hardly be imagined: wooded hills, green lawns and pastures, the lake-like river, and exquisite lines of blue mountain scenery beyond it, must have tempted many a wealthy Roman and Briton to Lydney.

"Suddenly all this was destroyed: *how* we know not; but the evidence is the burying of a quantity of silver coin in one of the Roman iron mines close by, under a large mass of rock. In 1854 they were making a tramway along the mine, which was being re-worked, when the rock impeded their progress. It was too heavy to move, so they blasted it—and underneath lay the *denarii* of Nerva, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and so on—one, of Hadrian's, the most beautiful face I have ever seen on any coin, ancient or modern!

"We have archæological evidence that after this sudden abandonment of Lydney Park Mine, the *Romans* never returned to it!"

CHAPTER XIV.

RELIEF-WORK IN BULGARIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE

THE letters in this chapter briefly describe the journey taken by John Bellows and his wife to Constantinople in November, 1896, for the relief of helpless survivors of the Armenian massacres. They travelled overland to Varna, accompanied by a Friend, James Adams, whose object was to start workshops in that town in order to give employment to refugee artisans. In these workshops articles for domestic use, in wood and metal, were manufactured ; and these, together with embroideries made by the women, were eventually sent to England, or elsewhere, for sale. After a fortnight spent in relief work at Varna, John Bellows and his wife continued their journey, by sea, to Constantinople.

*To the Clerk of the Friends' Armenian Relief Committee
(Dr Hingston Fox, London.)*

RUSTCHUCK, BULGARIA, 4-12-1896.

“Although we have travelled as fast as circumstances would allow, it has taken us till now to reach this point ; that is, from Fourth-day night, last week, from London, to Sixth-day here on the southern bank of the Danube. Thou art aware that we had to change our route in consequence of floods barring the line in Servia, and come to Bucharest instead of to Belgrade.

“Yesterday morning [at Bucharest] we took an Interpreter and called on an Armenian priest in the city, from whom we obtained an outline of the position of the refugees on this side of the Black Sea. In the afternoon

R

he came to us at the Hôtel Bristol, with another Armenian of good standing in Bucharest; and conversation with them gave us many further details. The Roumanian authorities have forbidden Armenian exiles from entering their territory; but a few have passed over the frontier, who have met with help and sympathy from their compatriots.

"One excellent man, *not* an Armenian, who keeps a large inn, has sheltered fifteen refugees, first and last; and our visitors took us to the house, to see a poor blind doctor from Constantinople, who escaped the massacre by the kind aid of a Christian Turk. The inn, we found, was one of those large Khans one often sees in the East, with two courtyards, beautiful old overhanging roofs, open corridors with wooden balustrades, and outside flights of steps. At the moment we got to the old doctor's room, which is given him gratuitously by the kind landlord, we found that he and his child were out; but we gathered some details of the rest of the family, left behind in Constantinople, which may possibly enable us to be of use to them. We could not wait the return of the poor doctor, for it was after five, and we had to go back to the hotel and start for the station, which is a long way from it, to come on to Giurgiu (or as the Bulgarians call it, Giurgevo) two hours' run from Bucharest, and the crossing-place for Rustchuck.

"This morning we were roused soon after six, to get breakfast over in time for the first steamer, which leaves at eight. The passage usually takes forty minutes from bank to bank of the Danube; but the hard Russian-like winter is setting in, and the boat had to break its way through a mile of two-inch ice before it got into the clear river: and it was nine o'clock before we landed. The stream may at any moment be stopped by ice now; and as soon as this occurs, all traffic will be by sledge.

"Things are rough—one cannot say rough and *ready*—in this corner of Europe; and we are stopped on the

landing plank to give up our passports, which we are told shall be returned to us during the day! Then comes the customs examination: not on the counter of a *Zollhaus*—for the *douane* here is the shingle and dried mud of the river strand, on which our baggage has to be unpacked. They were not very exacting however, and we were soon under a roof, and warm again after the bitter cold of the river passage.

“The Armenian visitors of whom I spoke at Bucharest, gave us an introduction to the committee in Rustchuck, and we were soon in communication with two of three of the members here. This committee is evidently composed of good business men, who have exercised great care and skill in dealing with the difficult problem of the large immigration of Armenians into this town. Already, they have been able to get a large number of refugees into employment, but as the need is still pressing in this direction, we got three of the Relief Committee to come with an interpreter to the hotel this afternoon, and go carefully through the statistics with us. After putting down every item needed to start the looms, the tailors, shoe makers, bakers, etc., on the most modest scale possible, we find £160 is needed: and making deductions for the amounts promised by the Duke of Westminster’s fund, the whole burden on the local committee will still be so serious, that we are satisfied that Friends in England would wish to contribute £160 towards the objects I have above outlined.

“Besides the numbers of refugees who are quartered in private lodgings, and in larger groups elsewhere, there is a theatre in the higher part of the town, which the committee have temporarily rented to shelter some fifty families. James Adams found out this place, this morning; and at middle day we all went there. It was a singular and a very touching sight. I hope there are not many Friends who are familiar with the inside of a theatre; but

one has an idea from pictures, that it is a luxuriously fitted-up building, with plenty of decoration and gilding. The English reader who would form a true idea of the theatre in which the Armenian refugees are living at Rustchuck, must make a clean sweep of all this, and imagine in place of it, a building of eighty or a hundred feet long, by perhaps fifty wide, with three tiers of boxes, or rather, two tiers of boxes with a gallery above, all of rough unpainted deal, and with no more ornament than a stack of packing cases.

“We pick our way over the ice that covers the rough ground, to the door, and go up the clumsy wooden stairs on our right. On the landing is the beginning of a long corridor leading to the back of the dress-circle, as I am told is the technical term for it. A matronly Armenian woman who lodges in the first box, courteously invites us to make use of it. In spite of the miserable surroundings, she has managed to make it really neat, with a rug on the floor ; and scarcely have we set foot in it before two chairs and a box are passed in behind us by as many men, on which we seat ourselves. On the floor below are motley groups of men, women, and children, eagerly but respectfully scanning the foreign visitors. Behind these groups are beds, on the floor. In one lies a woman, seemingly very ill. Above her head, along several of the boxes, level with the one in which we are, hang clothes lines, with the linen of three or four families drying in the heat of the iron stove-pipe that runs horizontally past them. Four families are quartered on the stage, and little mites of children are performing there, for their own benefit, oblivious of the sadness around them ; while some bigger boys have heaved up a hatch in front of the painted scene, and are in a hollow below, throwing up blocks of fire-wood for the stove. Several little charcoal fires are burning in different parts—for cooking.

"As we withdraw, we offer our hands to those who happen to be near, and they eagerly crowd round to shake them, in appreciation of the sympathy shown them. I got out quickly; but numbers of little children pressed round my wife, kissing her hand—then laying their foreheads on it—and kissing it again. A good many of these are orphans from Constantinople.

"The Bulgarian Government has shown great sympathy with these poor people: giving them bread, up to the end of the present month—and free passage on the railways, so as to get them distributed inland, instead of dangerously overcrowding the coast towns. It has turned out well, after all, that we could not get through to Varna to-day. The bitter winter is coming on, and every day makes a difference in preparing for it. Now we shall look forward to a goodly number of men being at work, even in a week, instead of going on weighting the relief funds that are so much needed by others.

"The only train in the day to Varna is at 7.30 a.m.—and we hope to go by it to-morrow, so as to be there on First-day."

To his Children.

LINE BETWEEN RUSTCHUCK AND VARNA,

5-12-1896.

"For a good many miles the country on which we emerged after leaving Rustchuck is a gently undulating plain—very bare; but later on it became decidedly *accidenté*, and forests were frequent, especially of young oak. Single trees stand in the open or cultivated land; and the Christ-thorn covers all waste spots more or less thickly, as it does in the Caucasus; but it does not usually attain such a size.

"Gradually we have more and more hills, and higher hills. We are now in a limestone country with frequent white scars or cliffs. The dips or basins we look down into, as the line keeps a good deal on high table-land, are

many of them *very* picturesque—houses rare ; but where villages do occur, they are either made up of long hayrick-looking habitations



I rather think the first is Bulgarian and the second Turkish. One can trace back the evolution of these two forms—for the Bulgars came from the Volga, (Bulgar = Volgar) and the house is like a Russian one. The Turk is an Asiatic—originally Mongol or Chinese—and this is more like the Chinese form than the haystack is.

PROVADYA.

“ The country has now changed much : many vineyards on the hillsides, as at Rüdeshheim, etc. Numbers of covered trucks on the line have been built for grain only. They are loaded from the top, and discharged through a small iron door sliding perpendicularly.

VARNA.

“ We arrived an hour late, after passing through miles and miles of marshy flat, between lines of limestone hills. Hundreds of acres of beautiful bulrushes ten or twelve feet high, like a jungle. In some places they were cut, for matting, thatching, and so on ; and in two spots they had been set on fire, making a grand effect in the fading evening light. At about half-past five we entered the terminus. James Adams jumped down to look for a porter, when a young Armenian, who had just come from England, stepped up to us and told us the committee at Rustchuck had telegraphed him to meet and see us to the hotel ; so all was made easy in a moment.”

To his daughter Katharine.

HOTEL IMPERIAL, VARNA, 10-12-1896.

“ The best streets here are nicely paved, but the back ones are like nothing we have in England—no two stones

level — and here and there pits and puddles and pools where all the big stones have been taken away. A crowd of people fill some corners: Armenians selling oranges and lemons and nuts: Turks with their turbans: Bulgarians, Greeks, Tartars: women with veils up to their noses, carrying water in tins like big biscuit tins, only twice as deep: lots of two-horse phaetons; horses not much bigger than ponies, and with red woollen ornaments on their foreheads: flocks of geese and turkeys being driven along the streets: boys carrying fowls by the feet: wagons of firewood drawn by oxen and buffaloes: coffee houses with little projecting balconies over the door, and Turks sitting in them drinking tiny cups of black coffee: good shops in the main street, something like our second-best ones, but such queer little places in some of the back ones! A man seems to get four or five big packing cases and knock out the boards, and then he drives some stakes into the ground and nails the whole into a big box, not higher than Dorothy could stand up in, with her head touching the top. He covers it all with some bits of black tarred canvas, or American cloth, and puts a window in one end, three times the size of this card,—and then he is ready to start with any small wares he wants to sell!

“Mother is going over to the other side of the bay to teach mat-making to some Armenians, so I must close.”

To his daughter Hannah.

HOTEL IMPERIAL, VARNA, 15-12-1896.

“We were both measured for boots this morning by an Armenian shoemaker refugee. He does beautiful work. We started him with leather and tools, and he made the first pair yesterday for James Adams. ‘Why don’t you smile?’ said J. A. as he spoke a few cheery words to him in launching the business. ‘I have no smiles left,’ was the reply. ‘I saw my brother torn to pieces in Constantinople by the Turks, when I made my escape, and I

cannot smile now.' * * * For five days we have struggled to buy some wool to set the women at work who have not sewing; but in vain. We first call on a firm of merchants to ask what is the best shop for wool. They are very kind and offer us coffee; but we only want this one indication. Then they tell us that '*demain*' they will '*nous envoyer un homme qui connaît le métier.*' *Demain* happens to be Seventh-day, and a message comes at six o'clock at night that the dealer who has the wool is a Jew; that it is his Sabbath, and he can sell nothing. But he sends us a sample and price—two napoleons a kilo! At the same time he tells us that there are but two kilos in Varna. On Second-day comes a further message—that the price was wrong; that it was *so* high that our messenger himself quoted us only half of what the Jew asked; and the last thing we have heard is that there is but a *kilo et demi*, and it is worth eight liras a kilo. A lira is 18s 6d!"

*To the Clerk of the Friends' Armenian Relief Committee
(Dr. Hingston Fox, London)*

VARNA, 15-12-1896.

"We have written to Alexandria, to make quite sure the opening there is sufficiently good to justify the men being sent, in case we get your assent to the proposal to emigrate them, and thus disburden the relief fund for the rest of the winter by so many *mouths*. A suggestion has come from Marseilles that some might be provided for with work, etc., at Tunis; but the Armenians all have a great clinging to their own land, and shrink from getting *very* far away from it: as they still hope the times may so far change as to enable them to go back to Anatolia.

"We have made an earnest endeavour to get employment for some of the women for whom there is no needlework; but the difficulties are all but incredible. I have myself been this afternoon from shop to shop for large knitting needles (used in knitting foundation of rugs,

etc., in coarse cotton.) After exhausting every chance of needles, in vain, we found some stout brass wire in the bazaar, and then took it to a stove-maker who beat it straight and filed the ends sufficiently to do the work.

"Great effort has been made, too, to get some bits of cloth, or waste cuttings, to work up into such mats; but the quantity obtained, after hours of endeavour, is too small to last beyond this evening. If an appeal were made in 'The Friend,' or other paper, for clean woollen cuttings (either of dress-pieces or cloth) it would bring some response: and 30 or 40 lbs. could be sent by Parcel Post, at, I suppose, a total cost of less than a sovereign? This would *start* a few hands with work that could be sold so as to recoup at least a good part of the outlay; while it would lessen the strain on the relief fund by the wages given.

"My wife and I expected to sail to-night for Constantinople, but the steamer, like everything else, is 'late.' We had to meet the train this evening in hope of getting some missing luggage. There is but one train a day: due at 4.30, but always 'late.' At a quarter before 5 some cabs (two-horse phaetons, etc.) drove leisurely up to be ready for it: some of the drivers settling off for, I suppose, half or three-quarters of an hour's nap to fill up the interval. By some unusual occurrence, the train arrived only thirty-five minutes late however: but the porters told us it was better to let the baggage be till daylight tomorrow. 'Daylight' they first fixed to mean ten o'clock—but afterwards they said—eleven!

"It is a very good place for disciplining impatience! I am bound to say coming to Varna has made me feel *smaller* than when I left home."

To Chief Justice Holmes, Boston, U.S.A.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 21-12-1896.

"If thy father had lived long enough to hear of the tragic events of the last twelve or fourteen months in this part of the world, few men would, I believe, have had

a more vigorous 'say' with regard to them, as the outcome of the keen interest he would have taken in the recrudescence of Mussulman persecution against the Christian population of the Ottoman Empire. And this not only as a man of unusual breadth of sympathy, but as an American citizen; for it is to the American missionaries in Anatolia, more than to any other force, that the Armenian people owe the shaping of their present culture, and *will* owe the power they must exercise over Western Asia in the future; and it is to the presence of American missionaries in Urfa, Diarbekir, Sivas, Van, and other centres, that vast numbers of them are indebted at this moment for the preservation of their lives.

"Early in this year several of these stations were visited by Rendel Harris, of Cambridge (Eng.) and his wife, and from the reports they sent to England of the suffering with which your countrymen and countrywomen were energetically endeavouring to cope, so much sympathy was aroused in the Society of Friends (of which R. H. is a member,) that a fund was at once raised for Armenian Relief, in addition to that already started by the Duke of Westminster, and another by a Ladies' Association in London. I was asked to become one of the executive committee of this Fund; and for several months the attendance on it has taken me to London every two or three weeks.

"Just about the time of thy leaving England, as thou wilt remember, the whole world was horror-stricken at the great massacre of Armenians by the lowest of the Mahometan population of this city of Constantinople. Consequent on this was a flight of many thousand Armenian refugees to all places within easy reach of Turkey, but outside the frontier: more especially to Varna, in Bulgaria, which lies within a couple of days' sail of Constantinople.

"Our Committee, however, felt the responsibility of its trust with such sums of money as came in; and it was

deemed necessary to send some capable man over, to arrange for the economical and prompt application of the funds granted for the relief work. On enquiry we were recommended to ask a Friend named Adams, from Harrogate, to undertake this task for Varna. He willingly assented to the call. At the same time there were other points that needed looking after, including Constantinople, and my wife and I have offered to come out at our own cost; for it is not permitted to use any fraction of the Friends' Fund for 'expenses:' these being contributed specially, separately.

"We started from London with our friend Adams three weeks ago, intending to travel together to Belgrade, when he would go on by Bucharest to Varna, while we took the rail to Philippopolis, Adrianople and Constantinople. But at Budapest we learned that floods had stopped the traffic near Sofia; so that we had all to go *viâ* Varna. Though we went on as quickly as circumstances would permit, the loss of our baggage compelled us to stay three days at Budapest, giving an opportunity for a rapid glance at what I am bound to regard as the most striking town in Europe. This is the more remarkable, as the Huns are a people of such distinctively Asiatic origin; yet here, within the last 18 or 20 years, they have almost rebuilt their city, at a cost of millions of pounds sterling: cutting new and splendid streets through primeval forests of 'slums'—with tramways above, and a beautiful electric railroad below; grand iron suspension-bridges over the Danube; a new Palais de Justice only opened six weeks before our visit, as handsome as any building in Paris; new Houses of Parliament opened while we were there; new Schools of Art; new Royal Palace: a new Cathedral—and more!

"The hotel we were fortunate enough to stay at was opened last spring, and by comparison, after some of the Eastern European ones reeking with smells that link one

to the middle ages, it seems like a palace of Aladdin! If any of thy friends in Boston are making a tour to Europe, send them for rest and comfort to Budapest, to the Hotel Royal! And if they are millionaires let them ask for the suite of apartments in which the Duke of Connaught stayed!

"We are not millionaires however, and travelled in more humble style through the beautiful Carpathian mountains, with the snow on the pines. A map does not always make clear the physical aspect of the countries it delineates, or one would realize at once that what we call the Carpathians and Balkans are really one serpentine chain both north and south of the Danube, and the celebrated 'Iron Gates' on this river are the cliffs where it cuts this chain. The whole is a broad S turned backward, beginning near Vienna.

"Bucharest is another town in the transition stage, with a very striking new Palais de Justice. Some of the hotels are still miserable. But one thing about the place is very interesting—the language. The Romans put a colony in Wallachia, which I suppose got pretty much cut off from the mother country by the time of Aurelian; yet it must have held its own, in isolation, for the people still speak an *Italian dialect*, and very charming it is in its rhythm. True, they make some of their s's into *sh*, so that they call their city *Bukaresht* to the ear; but it took one by surprise in this Eastern corner of Europe to see up at a street corner STRADA SEMILUNA, and to have to ask the servant at the hotel for 'apa calda' when we wanted hot water. Here on board the Austro-Italian steamer in whose cabin I am writing, I have to say '*acqua calda*'; but both here and at Bucharest, if I ask for '*luminare*,' they bring me candles!

"Trajan built a wall across from the Danube (where it makes its sudden bend to the north) to Kustendje, which is the Turkish alteration of *Constantia*; and I have no doubt

that it was having this wall, then just built, in his mind, that suggested the idea to Hadrian of making the one from Newcastle to Carlisle, of which we still have such remarkable remains. Both are about the same length—some 70 miles. And mention of Hadrian reminds me that last week at Varna, a gipsy was shown into our room (or came in without being shown)—a dark, mischievous-looking fellow, who, after bowing and scraping an introduction, pulled out a bag from his pocket and poured a lot of Roman coins on the table. Several were of later Emperors, but one was a good denarius of Hadrian. He watched my interested look, and demanded ten francs for it; but as this is much beyond its value, I offered him two. He said *three*, when I turned away; and at this moment our Roumanian chambermaid came in, and in Turkish ordered him out of the house. It was a sight to see his blood mount to his cheeks! I should not have been in the least surprised to see him draw his knife upon her: and the only word I knew that might tend to allay the storm was *Gavash!* (Gently; slowly. I had learnt it that morning, for using to moderate a Turk driving a carriage.) I think it helped a little, but the fellow was not calm as he left the house!

“But to return to the journey. Leaving Bucharest we got late in the evening to Giurgevo, on the Danube: crossing the river next morning in the stinging cold of a *Russian* winter, the steamer tearing its course through two-inch ice for part of the passage. At Rustchuck—a semi-Turkish town on the other bank—we found the first large gathering of refugees. They are quartered wherever shelter could be got, cheaply. Among other places the Relief Committee had rented a Theatre, and lodged fifty families in it. This was a strange sight. The building is a very rough one, of unpainted sawn timber inside; and the ‘boxes’ looked like so many packing cases. Each of these held a family. Others filled the floor, or pit;

others the gallery ; and a last group occupied the stage. In several parts tiny brasiers were doing the work of stoves for cooking ; and clothes lines, drying linen, varied the scene !

“ At Varna the climate was milder : and well it is for the refugees that it is so. Here again they are quartered all over the town ; a main place being a large hospital rented from the town corporation. Here Katherine Frazer, of the American Mission at Van, is the moving spirit. She has forced the chaos into order, and no one of the multitude who fled thither from the massacres is at this moment unclad or unfed. Our friend Adams has set to work also, hiring rooms, buying tools and materials, and getting some of the artisans into employment in their own trades.

“ Leaving Varna we came on here ; but, delayed by fog on the Black Sea, we reached Constantinople too late last night to be allowed by the police to land.”

To James Green, Worcester, Mass.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 2-1-1897.

“ The approach to Constantinople from the Black Sea, the way by which we came, is exceedingly romantic : sixteen miles of what looks like a broad winding river, on either bank of which are castles, towers, villas and gardens ; hills of forest and moorland ; and all that could be dreamed of to make the meeting-place of Europe and Asia grand and beautiful ! As we emerge from the Bosphorus on to the Sea of Marmora, an arm of the sea branches off on our right, into which we sail. This is the Golden Horn. On either side of it rise steep hills covered with strange and beautiful masses of building. The height on the right is Pera, and its lower slope Galata ; the hills on the left are covered by Eski Stamboul—the old Byzantium—the city Constantine the Great made his Eastern Capital. Between these a forest of masts, and dark throngs of

shipping from all parts of the world, with numbers of 'kayks' flitting and darting to and fro between the larger vessels. The sun was setting as our 'Austrian Lloyd' steamer dropped her anchor; and a red sky cast its lurid light on the city with weird effect. Here are the domes and the minarets one has heard of and dreamed of from childhood: and now all at once the dream has become the reality, and still a reality almost too beautiful to be true! Alas for the disillusion of to-morrow, when we shall tread the dark narrow dirty streets, and hear the story of the fearful cruelties that are not yet six months old! 'I saw eight men flung down from the windows four stories up,' said the mate of our ship. 'Eighteen men were dragged out from a hiding place above the ceiling in the Khan where I was living,' said a woman who was here a few days since, 'and all killed;' and so the story goes on as if it would never end!

"The widows and orphans left by the massacre are the principal care we have here in the administration of the funds raised for the Armenians. We had the privilege lately of attending the sittings of the local (Constantinople) committee of relief, and of the general committee for the Empire.

"Not much time remains on our hands for sight-seeing, rich as this city is in sights of interest. We have been into the great mosque of 'Aya Sofia,' as the Turks call it—and a marvellous scene it is! The night before last I happened to be passing it, too, after dark, and saw the lamps lighted on the minarets for some Moslem festival. Another night as my wife and I were going by, the sound came echoing down from the gloom above, of the Muezzin's weird Arabic call to prayer. As its last tones died away on the first minaret they were caught up by the man on the second; and he in turn was followed by the third, whose voice was sweet and musical; and then the fourth, farther off, ended the series, and the sky was silent again!"

To his Children.

ORIENT EXPRESS, NISCH, SERBIA, 8-1-97.

"The Station [at Constantinople] is rather a handsome building at Seraglio Point, and the line skirts the Sea of Marmora for some distance. It is worked by a German Company. I did feel thankful when the train began to move; for even on this very platform one of the engine-drivers—a brother of the man who was cook at Koum Kapou when we came—was cruelly murdered, his hands and feet being first chopped off.

"I say the man who *was* cook; for he was terribly afraid of staying, and we helped to pay his passage to Egypt. When he went for his passport they refused to let him go; but he returned at last from the Sublime Porte (as the Europeans call the government offices) in high spirits, having bribed the officials and got his pass. Ovannes—for that is his name—is a little man, with black hair and black eyes, very thin. I gave him my old great coat, which comes down to his heels. In it, and his red fez, he looks fairly like a European Jew. Anyhow, he is on board ship, and if I might venture a guess as to his present whereabouts, it is that he is now leaning over the gunwale of the steamer, shivering amid the isles of the Ægean Sea, in my great coat, sea-sick, and muttering in Armenian, 'Oh that I had died by the hand of the Turk, instead of coming to this!' But in a week he will land and get work, as he has a kinsman in Alexandria awaiting him.

"He is a very good cook—and when your mother one day admired some dough nuts and asked him for the recipe, he showed her how he had oiled his hand over, and squeezed the paste out of his fist in little balls, into boiling fat. A queer expression passed over her face as she realized the process, and though Ovannes went away delighted, and prepared to make enormous numbers of the nuts, I have not noticed your mother asking for any more."

To Colonel Carleton, Clevedon.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 24-1-1897

"We are back at home at last, tired, yet thankful to have taken the journey, notwithstanding that in its retrospect *pain* seems to overshadow all other feelings. * * *

"It [Philippolis] is a beautiful place, in a wide plain, through which the river Maritza runs. Far away on the north we see the range of the Balkans, with the Shipka Pass; and on the south the Rhodope mountains, where vast quantities of roses are grown, and otto is distilled for export. There are picturesque Roman remains in the city; but the recollection I shall always carry of it will be of the lodgings of the refugees—room after room with its fireless stove—and the cry of a poor woman who flung herself on her knees before us in despair, as she told how the relief inspector had struck her off the list for bread, with her three tiny children, because she had a bit of carpet on the floor, which I suppose she had snatched from her home in Constantinople at the moment of their flight from the massacre!

"It takes all the heart out of one to remember it!"



CHAPTER XV.

QUAKERISM—ANCIENT RIGHTS—PEACE—THE HAGUE CONFERENCE—
FOREST OF DEAN—SEEDS FROM BORNEO—TRANSVAAL WAR—
LETTER ON PEACE.

A MISSIONARY in Asia Minor, whom John Bellows had met at Constantinople, had asked him—through a mutual friend—for information on the distinguishing doctrines of Quakerism. The following was John Bellows' reply :

To Louisa Smith, Constantinople.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 7-5-1897.

“I have a vivid remembrance of Dr Christie's kindness, and it would be an added pleasure to the inherent one of helping, if it may be, to satisfy an enquirer into Friends' doctrines, if I could be of any service to *him*.

“*Au fond*, what is called Quakerism rests upon one doctrine only: namely, that Christ not only took our human form and nature, and suffered for us outwardly, but that, as God, He enlightens all men, inwardly, to lead them away from sin to a state of redemption; and that it is only as we receive this light by obeying its manifestations that we can be made partakers of the salvation He is the alone Author and Finisher of.

“In the sublime opening of the book of John, we are reminded first of the Everlasting Power of God, by which all things were created—and then we are shewn how this same Eternal and Divine Nature enlightens every man who comes into the world: that it is as a light shining in darkness, because it is manifested in the dark natural

mind that comprehends it not, that does not perceive its true character: while it is *yet sufficiently clear to be followed*. 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not'—'but as many as received Him, to them gave He *power to become the sons of God*.' that is, that those who receive the Light and walk in the Light, become the children of the Light, partakers of the Divine Nature. For if we walk in the Light, as He is in the Light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son *cleanseth us from all sin*. This is the consummation we have to aim at: the *so* partaking of the Divine nature that we escape 'the corruption that is in the world through lust'—which is the sum of all the Promises.

"I know it is 'high,' and am ready to say, 'I cannot attain unto it'—but I *must* attain unto it if I would dwell with God: seeing that it is only 'he that doeth the will of God' who 'abideth for ever.' Yes, it is high; but as Confucius reminded those who longed after righteousness, with far less outward or *intellectual* light than we have, 'The journey of a thousand li is begun by a single step.' The first step is to obey the Light, and every step after is to follow the Light, and to love it and walk in it, till it shines more and more upon us 'unto the *perfect day*.'

"Our Saviour warns us not to despise the day of small things, for in the spiritual as in the natural world the beginnings are indeed small. The Kingdom of Heaven, the way of salvation, begins almost imperceptibly: a gentle influence—a little Light—a grain of mustard seed, which is less than other seeds. 'No man can come to me,' says Christ, 'except the Father which hath sent me *draw* him'; and again He says, 'No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' We cannot fathom the Infinite; but we get a glimpse, which is enough for us, of a Power which is *One*, under whatever manifestation it is brought home to us, drawing us to forsake sin: giving us ability as

we yield to it—itself both the Way and the Means, the Beginning and the End.

“This is the foundation upon which ‘Quakerism’ (if I must use the name given by those who did not comprehend it) is built! For my own part I would press this home rather than dwell much on the points that grow out of it.

“If we walk in the Light, as God is in the Light, we shall become like Him: filled with a love that can work no ill to his neighbour, that cannot hurt or slay him for fear he may hurt or slay us: filled with the presence of Christ, in the real Holy Communion that needs no outward symbol of Passover to perfect or to heighten it: washed with the water of Regeneration that is the *thing* figured, by ‘putting away the filth of the flesh.’

“To talk of these experiences before we have ourselves attained to them is not satisfying, except as a call to *aim after their attainment*. I certainly have not attained to them; but I am certain that what Friends have held with respect to the way to reach them is the *very truth*; and I would that all men believed it.

“May I ask thee kindly to forward this letter to Dr Christie with my most kind remembrance.”

To Chief Justice Holmes, Boston, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 10-7-1897.

“I thank thee for the Address at the opening of the School of Law, which I have read to my wife with no little interest. The principle for which it contends seems to me remarkably clear; although in the nature of things the change from leaning too much on precedent, to a reliance on the fundamental reasons for the law, must be a very gradual one.

“I recollect some articles in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, many years ago, by a French lawyer who had been commissioned to introduce the *Code Napoléon* into Japan. He pointed out the inapplicability of it, *en bloc*, to

the utterly different conditions of society in a far eastern land which had been so long in a state of isolation from other countries. What the outcome was, of the attempt, I do not know; but one can guess! Many provisions of the *Code Napoléon* would be as useful to the Japanese as would the old Norsk law be to us, which provided that a man might follow 'Bisvarme sinum' (his Bee-swarm) into his neighbour's wood, and cut down a tree upon which the bees settled, on paying its bare value. In reading thy remarks on the slight value to be attached to the study of Roman Law, I could not but recall some of the points raised in Pliny's letters: cases as remote from your needs or ours, as that of the Bee-swarm.

"Here in England, where all our law has gone on 'broadening from precedent to precedent,' it will, I suspect, take longer to disentangle ourselves from old customs than it will you. In respect of land rights, commons, etc., we are strangely environed by the past. Take my own case, which is a good specimen. My dwelling-house is three-and-a-half miles out of the city, in the parish of 'Upton St. Leonards.' This parish has two or three large pieces of land over which certain rights of common extend, which differ in themselves.

"On one, known as Awe-field (from the same root as the German *Aue*, a meadow) no hedges or fences can be erected, because, in the autumn, after the crops are off, all the occupiers have a joint right of pasturage: practically worth about as much as this sheet of paper, but guarded with a jealousy hardly credible! Under 'The Commons Enclosures Act,' however, this will be ended in the coming autumn, and we shall see hedges spring up, and the 'open-field system' disappear.

"The second is a right which I have to send one horse, or two cows, or so many sheep, to pasture on Painswick hill, a common somewhat over a mile from my house. This right, I am assured, comes down from the time of the

Crusades: the privilege having been accorded to the families of those who were absent on that wild-goose chase in Palestine. I have never availed myself of it, however; because as there are no fences, I should have to keep a boy to hold my horse in tether on the grass. If he were to stray into the public road, he would be captured, and I should have to pay a fine for the trespass.

"So much for the rural district. Now for the city. Gloucester is one of the (perhaps) thirty places in England in which the custom of 'Borough English' overrides the common law of the land, in so far that if I were to die to-night intestate, my *youngest* son would inherit my business premises, while my eldest son would have Upton Knoll.

"I once went pretty fully into the subject with the late Justice Denman, and convinced him that the real reason for Borough English must have been the Roman law which made every son in a family liable to conscription, *except the youngest*, who was left to cultivate the farm, etc. It is evident that if the land were at once settled on the youngest, endless litigation would be avoided; and litigation under the disadvantage of the inability of the principal party ever to appear in court, seeing he would be far away on military service for the next 25 years.

"May I give two further points in proof of this contention? First: had the custom originated in the Feudal time, it would have borne a different designation: for Borough English (with the adjective *after* the noun) is a Norman form, implying something existing before the Norman time (else why '*English*'?) That the Normans gave the name is plain. Had Englishmen given it, they would have made it 'English Borough' with the adjective before the noun. Second. Had the custom been a Manorial one, it would apply only in rural districts, and would be absent in free cities, *i.e.*, cities not subject to lords of manors. But here is the exact reverse; for no such

thing as Borough English holds good outside Gloucester : *only inside* the city, as it was bounded originally.

“ A singular point of law arose on this head some years ago, and I was asked if I would come into court as a specialist witness upon it with respect to the Roman limits of the town. (This because I happened to be the discoverer of the lines of the Roman Vallation.) The case was this. A steam turnery was left by a man who died intestate. Two sons claimed it: the elder by the law of primogeniture, the younger by Borough English. But the premises stood just outside what I knew to have been the line of the Roman Wall. Did the custom hold any farther than this line? The answer was clear. The Romans always kept a clear zone outside the Wall, the *Pomerium*, for military reasons, which zone was essentially *part of the city*, subject to the authority of its governing body; and therefore the younger brother, according to the intent of the custom, ought to inherit the property.

“ The case was so clear that the elder brother was advised to withdraw his claim, which he did; and my cross-examination was not called for!

“ I note thy remark about ‘ Black-letter ’; but I feel sure thou wilt not refuse to accept the little volume I send by this mail, though it may not be new to thee.

“ A PROFITABLE BOOKE

BY MASTER JOHN PERKINS, OF THE INNER TEMPLE

TREATING OF THE LAWES OF ENGLAND

LONDON, 1609.”

It is in black-letter: in Norman-French: the text perfect: though one or two of the marginal notes have been sharply dealt with by a mouse—probably of the Inner Temple, temp. Geo. III.?”

To Colonel Carleton, Clevedon.

UPTON, GLOUCESTER, 26-7-1897.

“ I was saying to myself this morning, ‘ It seems a long time since I heard from Col. Carleton! I wish he would

write ! ’—and presently after, the postman brought me thy letter ! * * *

“ I forget whether I have at any time previously mentioned that the name, ‘ Meeting for Sufferings ’* was given in Charles II.’s time, when sometimes thousands of Friends were in prison at a time, for not attending ‘ Church ’—and this was the committee to see to their wants. What those sufferings were, few have any idea of. I alluded to one case when I was proposing the vote of thanks to A. J. Balfour in the Memorial Hall three years ago, to show that while the Irish *dis*loyalists make a pretext of the persecutions the Catholics underwent in the days of the Tudors, for their disaffection, the Friends had far more reason for complaint, yet are heartily loyal in spite of the persecutions they endured. Not many yards from where I was speaking, a delicate young girl of fifteen, brought up in a refined circle, was dragged away from the Friends’ Meeting House and cast among the mob of felons and murderers of Newgate. Her mother was not allowed to be with her ; but in a very few days the awful surroundings proved too much for her—the jail fever seized her ; she died in Newgate prison ; and the mother was notified that she could come to the gate and have her daughter’s dead body ! That was a fiery furnace if ever there was one ; and yet there was not a single Friend of all those thousands who would not have denounced any plotters against the King, because they knew it was their duty to be loyal to him in all matters that would not contravene their duty to God.

“ Yet many times since, in the 230 years that have passed away, the name ‘ Meeting for Sufferings ’ has justified itself ; and it is doing so at this very moment. I

* The Meeting for Sufferings is the Standing Committee of the Society of Friends. It is composed of representatives from each of the Quarterly Meetings in England and Wales, who meet, monthly, at the headquarters of the Society, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, London.

have just been made a member of it ; and have to go up to Devonshire House on the 30th to attend a sitting, at which one item of the business will be an endeavour to obtain some mitigation of the sufferings of the Russian 'Doukhobortsi'—four thousand of whom are being punished to the very extreme, for refusing to serve in the army."

To Gamaliel Milner, Mary-de-Crypt Rectory, Gloucester.

GLoucester, 17-10-1898.

"I thank thee much for thy letter, with nearly every word of which I am in personal agreement. I say personally, because I feel that my real conviction is short of the highest standard in this matter of war. That is, it is a matter rather of spiritual growth, or state, than of mere theory. If a man has so far submitted to the death of self as to be really partaker of the Divine nature, it would, I believe, be impossible for him to inflict such torment on others as is involved in fighting them. But there is an infinite variety of states, and many things are permitted, temporarily, as fitted to a less enlightened condition, which are afterwards shown to the conscience as wrong, and to be given up.

"Individually I feel I dare under no circumstances assist in any way in military matters, even if the refusal involved death. At the same time I am fully persuaded that numbers of excellent men are not shown this as *their* duty ; and for them war is not, *per se*, a sin.

"I think thou hast not seen the accompanying tracts, which illustrate the actual carrying out of the Friends' conviction under circumstances of extreme trial. Sellar's narrative is interesting archæologically, as showing what the Fleet was like in the time of the Stuarts.

"I have only very imperfectly outlined what I wished to say, which comes to this, if I must speak unreservedly, that I am 'hardly !' (A Friend told me yesterday that his

grandfather was once passing along a lane at Richmond with two others of the Society, when a messenger came up hurriedly, and desired them to stand aside, for the *King* was coming. This was George III., and the period was just that at which his reason was clouding over. The three Friends drew up close to the hedge, in line. Two were dressed rigidly in the old Quaker style—and as the King passed, giving them a scrutinizing glance, he said—‘Quite, quite.’ Coming to [the third] who had just been married, and who wore a nankeen waistcoat, he paused, and said ‘*Hardly*, HARDLY!’)

“I can smile at the scene, but the tears come into my eyes as I take home the application of it.”

The following is a reply from John Bellows to a letter he had received from Major Knox, the Governor of Wandsworth Prison, and formerly the Governor of the Gaol at Gloucester. A prisoner had asked Major Knox for the gift of a ‘composing stick,’ that he might have another chance of earning an honest living at his own trade, that of a compositor, when his term of imprisonment was ended. Major Knox thought that the tool in question would probably be provided by the employer, and accordingly wrote to ask John Bellows.

To Major Knox, Wandsworth Prison.

GLOUCESTER, 6-3-1899.

“For this man’s immediate use I beg thou wilt accept the composing stick I send with this. It is the size, 6-inch, generally used for bookwork and news, and carried by compositors, who are by custom always expected to provide the stick themselves, together with a ‘bodkin’ for correcting (which I also send)—unless he happens to be, what I am *not*, a man who never makes mistakes.

“When I think of poor fellows like he is, leaving the prison, my heart aches with sympathy for them, and I often wish I could be near them to say a word of cheer and encouragement to them.

“As I look across from my house on the Cotteswold Hills to Birdlip and the dividing line of the watershed, I am struck with the thought that in a shower of rain the faintest whiff of the breeze on a falling drop turns it east to find its way into the Thames and away into the North Sea—perhaps finally to be frozen for ages at the North Pole ; or, west, to the Severn, and Kingroad, and the Atlantic Ocean, to bear its myriad-millionth part in carrying the commerce of the world to and from America.

“And so it is with us. I am sure as I look back on my own past life I see escapes, not one, but many, narrow enough to make me tremble in the remembrance of how nearly I had slipped into courses that would have led me into a worse fate than ever befel thy poor compositor, Wandsworth Gaol included ! But no simile, as the Latins used to say, ever runs on all fours ; and there is this difference between the Cotteswold rain-drop and the destiny of a man, that while the one is entirely passive, the man has *some power* of choice : enough certainly to decide, at every given moment of his life, what his next turning point shall be. Two forces are close to him, but the power is put into his hands to fix which shall affect him most.

“We have no other power, to speak of, than this. It is as if I stand by a lever which opens the steam valve of a ten thousand horse-power engine on an Atlantic liner. I could no more move the ship than I could Kinchinjunga—but the tiny sweep of the iron bar that *is* within my power, *to* or *fro*, puts her in motion for New York or for the Manacles ! And so with our souls. Effort is required of us, for God will not condone laziness in us, or release us from this right and reasonable condition—effort ; not to do impossibilities in our own strength, but to take hold of the Powers of the world to come, and overcome the inertia of our own nature till we force even it into an element of help in our progress towards that state for the attainment

of which we have been sent into this world of time. (How should the steamer move but for the resistance of the water to the screw?)

“Do carry this thought home to the dear fellows who are under thy care at Wandsworth, and tell them that *it doesn't matter an atom what their past has been*. The moment a man feels he has gone wrong, and longs to do right, God is on his side as fully and as earnestly (if I may so put it) as if he were an angel that had never sinned; for if *any* man (aye! the biggest rogue in England) if *any* man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to *all* men liberally *and upbraideth not*, and it shall be given him. I suppose it does need wisdom to know how to begin again and keep straight, after leaving Wandsworth Gaol—but that is the very wisdom that will be given to every one that seeks it: and God, who can do all things, can make even Wandsworth Gaol a stepping stone to an honourable life and a blessed eternity.”

To William Holland, Norquay, Manitoba.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 12-6-1899.

“Dr Johnson once laid it down that a gentleman ought never to apologize for what he cannot help! As I wish certainly to be (what he was not!) of the class indicated, I will not apologize for letting weeks elapse since receiving thy last letter before replying to it; because every hour of my time has been occupied to a degree I have never before known.

“As for correspondence, since my friend Tchertkoff writes me that he has by him ninety-five unanswered letters up till this day week, I take comfort on the principle of our Jack, who, when a little boy, came home aglow with excitement from school to tell his mother that ‘there’s a prize at our school for the best boy!’ ‘And who has got it?’ asked my wife, with evident hope in her eye. ‘Oh *nobody* hasn’t got it, because there is no best boy. We are all one as bad as each other — only I’m not the *worst*!’

“I have had to be three times in London during two weeks, chiefly on account of the ‘Yearly Meeting’ of Friends there. On the 24th ult. they decided to send an address to the President of the Peace Conference at the Hague. The draft of this document was adopted on the forenoon of the 25th, and six persons chosen to take it over to Holland, of whom I was one. They engross such things for presentation to public men on vellum; and this took a clerk some hours. It was finished and signed by the Clerk of the Meeting and handed to us at 6.30 p.m. At 8.30 we were in the train for Harwich and the Hook of Holland; and at seven next morning we were at the Hague. It took us some hours to make good copies of our document for presentation (both in English and French) to several other envoys, etc.; and as we had begged of Baron de Staal the special favour of his allowing us to wait on him soon, we received a note at five the same evening to say he would see us at six.

“The Envoys of Great Britain, France, and Germany are lodged in the magnificent Hôtel des Indes; while those of the United States, Spain, Persia, Siam, Italy, Russia, and four other nations, are at the Old Doelen. This is a place 400 or 500 years old, that used to belong in the middle ages to an archery guild. When Motley was writing his history of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands, he lived in it. His apartments were shown to my wife and me some two-and-a-half years ago, when we stayed there a couple of days on our way back from Constantinople.

“A little before six our party walked quietly to the Doelen, to our appointment. The city is exceedingly bright, and beautifully planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and here and there one comes upon sheets of ornamental water. Passing one of these, we came to the square in which the Doelen stands—roofed everywhere over with the foliage, of light spring green, of the avenues

of lime and elm, and fresh from yesterday's showers that made the sunlight sparkle wherever the blue sky shewed through the leaves. The feeling was difficult to convey. To my own mind it seemed all so new and so perfect, and with the sweet mysterious silence that reigned—for there was no person visible but ourselves—that I could have imagined the unfallen Paradise to be no great distance off, and this the pathway to it from Earth.

“ In a few moments we were shown into the President's room. A very gentle old man, with silver hair and a sweet sorrowful smile that won one's heart, received us with a warm shake of the hand : a few preliminary words ; and then we asked if we might be permitted to read the address to him. Assenting, he listened with his head inclined towards us ; and when we had done (I was asked to read it) he said in French ‘ I perfectly understand your language, but you will pardon me if I reply to you in French, as I speak it more fluently. I note that you take for your address the religious base : I am glad to receive it, for I know it is sincere.’ Three of us had travelled in Russia, and we took the opportunity to express our grateful feeling for the unvarying kindness we had received from his countrymen of every class : a few more words—and we withdrew. (Baron de Staal has since sent the Friends a very warm letter of thanks for their address.)

“ We left the Hague that night at 10, after running down to Scheveningen, the pretty seaside place, three miles off, and having tea with the British Consul [Amsterdam], whose sister was one of us six delegates. His house was in the wood that covers the intervening space ; and I shall never forget the brilliance of the Spring green overhead : the wood in some places floored with lilies of the valley and Solomon's seal, and resounding with the loud song of nightingales all the afternoon ! Next morning we were in London, having been absent two clear

days, and on the 30th we gave in our report, and were assured of the satisfaction of Friends at its execution."

To William Holland, Manitoba, Canada.

GLOUCESTER, 26-8-1899.

"A number of unforeseen things have thrown my work into arrear: the last being a somewhat sudden visit of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who is now for the sixth time in England. He wanted to see some of the older oak trees in the Forest of Dean; and before I was aware of it, he had engaged a carriage and pair and driven over from Malvern to beg me to accompany him. So the following morning we drove to Lydney, calling on Sir James Campbell [the late Deputy-Surveyor of the Forest] from whom we obtained much curious information about oak planting. The chief practical point in it was that oaks are better for being carefully moved, while they are young trees: though Loudon says they ought never to be touched after springing from the acorn!

"From Lydney we drove to Whitemead Park, where Philip Baylis [the Deputy-Surveyor] lives: saw the very large oak about a mile from his house, in Churchill enclosure, 21 ft. 7 ins. circumference 6 ft. up, and then drove on in the moonlight to Speech House.* It is, as I daresay thou wilt recollect, an ideal spot to stay a night at. I greatly enjoyed the cool air from the Forest below, through my wide-open bedroom window, wafting in the far away sounds from the owls.

"Next day we drove to Newland. The Newland oak we measured, 46 ft. 4 in. round the trunk, which is about twelve feet up to the branches. It has been pollarded at some remote time, and the shoots sent out from the trunk after this are respectable trees themselves. I should hardly think it is less than a thousand years old; but

* The Government Court House and Hotel in the middle of the Forest of Dean.

it is not possible to be certain, because an oak reaches maturity in two hundred years; and after that its existence seems indefinitely prolonged. One often hears that such and such a tree is mentioned in Domesday Book; but on searching, no such mention is found!

“At Bigswear I was able to point out to Senator Hoar the place where Wordsworth stood when he wrote, now a hundred years ago or thereabouts, his Lines on revisiting the Wye above Tintern Abbey. One point in the poem is:

‘These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild’

and this one sees still: hedges ten or twelve feet wide!

“The whole round was one of strange interest to an American of such culture as Senator Hoar; and I do not think he will ever forget it! He is a man of immense reading and of tenacious memory; and, as thou wilt imagine, his conversation is full of interest. He was familiar with Wendell Holmes, Russell Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, etc., etc.! He was Thoreau’s school-fellow; and Emerson’s younger brother Charles was engaged to George Hoar’s eldest sister: but he died prematurely—a man of the very highest promise. One thing he told of Emerson was pathetic—that his memory failed for names while he still clearly recalled persons. He even lectured in Boston *on Memory* after this! His daughter stood by his side to hand him the slips in the order in which they were to be read; and he did it well!”

The following refers to a contribution by John Bellows, on ‘The Forest of Dean,’ read before the American Anti-quarian Society in 1899. The essay was the outcome of the visit to the Forest referred to in the previous letter.

From Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, MASS., NOV. 24, 1899.

“DEAR MR BELLOWS,

“I send you the proof of your paper. As you will see, I have not stricken out the sentence about the first of

May, thinking it better to leave it to you to make the correction in your own way. You can of course substitute anything else for it that you choose. If anything further occur to you to be added to the paper, pray feel at liberty to extend it or change it as you like. The whole paper gave great pleasure to the Society. Your account of the working of that mighty machine, a Roman army, was specially interesting. Waldo Emerson once said of William Ellery Channing that he could read into a hymn a sense that nobody else who read it could ever find there. You have certainly put into Statius a vigor and lofty stroke of poetry which it is a little difficult to find there.

"I have just been led to look over with renewed delight Canon Rawnsley's little volume entitled, 'Sonnets at the English Lakes.' I wonder if you are familiar with it. The one on Wordsworth's seat at Rydal and that on Water-lilies seem to me exquisite. He was over here this Autumn and I had a brief talk with him. I have also this morning read Wordsworth's three sonnets,—that on the thoughts of a high-minded Spaniard, and that on the greatness of a country manifested by keeping within her own bounds and not by conquering other people, and the description of the Spanish guerilla. They are wonderfully suited to our time and to my own country. They show—what has always much impressed me—Wordsworth's wonderful political wisdom and insight. * * *

"Faithfully yours,
GEORGE F. HOAR."

To Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

AVIARY COTTAGE, REDRUTH, CORNWALL, 26-9-99.

"The story of the introduction of plants in the last century, in the earth from Borneo, is this:

"I must premise that I have not seen it in print, but only received it verbally from a friend many years ago, who also had had it himself orally. It must therefore be taken subject to correction in any detail.

T

“ Dr Fothergill was a Friend and a leading physician in London in the latter half of last century. He took great interest in botany ; and paid the expenses of John Bartram, one of the well-known John Bartrams of Philadelphia, in exploring some of the forests in Florida, etc., for new plants : an undertaking which so interested the King (George III.) that he desired Dr Fothergill to allow him to contribute half the payment to Bartram for this service ; and this arrangement was made accordingly.

“ A ship arrived in the port of London, the captain of which was reported suffering from yellow fever ; but the disease was so dreaded that the medical men of the city shrank from the risk of attending such a patient, and he could get no doctor. At this juncture Dr Fothergill heard of the case, and he at once went on board the vessel to see what could be done for the captain. As he had no family at his own house, he decided to have him removed thither from the ship, so that he could watch the case more closely, and give the seaman more attention.

“ Eventually the captain recovered from the fever. On his leaving Dr Fothergill, he offered to pay him, but the Doctor declined to receive anything, saying that he was sufficiently recompensed for any service he had been able to render the captain, by the opportunity the latter had afforded him of diagnosing a complaint with which he had had no previous acquaintance. The Captain begged him to give him some opportunity of showing that he was at least grateful for all the kindness he had received at the Doctor's hands ; and telling him that he was going to China on his next voyage, he asked if there was anything he could bring him back from there.

“ On reflection, Dr Fothergill asked the Captain whether his course would take him past the Island of Borneo. The Captain said, Yes : he was going to sail past Borneo. ‘ Then,’ the Doctor said, ‘ if when thou art off the coast thou wouldst let some of thy men go ashore, and bring me

two casks full of earth, from as many points as they can get it without going out of their way, or without much trouble, I should be much obliged to thee.'

"No intimation was however added, as to the use to which the Bornean earth was to be put; and as the captain could not even guess the object of it, he could not summon courage to give his men what seemed such a foolish order. He sailed past Borneo to China, finished his voyage out, and came back again through the Straits. Again he shrank from making a fool of himself; and the ship had left Borneo behind, on her way home, when he began to realize that the only reason he could give Dr Fothergill for not bringing what he had asked for, was that the request was so simple! He felt that if the Doctor had asked for some great thing he would only have been too glad to do it, to prove his gratitude for all that had been done for him as a stranger in a strange place. He put the ship back, gave the order for the casks to be taken ashore and filled with earth, and then sailed for London. On his arrival in port, he sent word to Dr Fothergill that the barrels of earth were on board, awaiting his orders.

"The Doctor had a great area of greenhouses: more glass in fact than any other private person in England; and he at once had a quantity of earth burned, so as to destroy the seeds lying in it, and spread out in the greenhouses. On this he laid in a thin stratum the contents of the two barrels from Borneo; and in due time his foresight was justified by the springing up of a large number of what are now common ornamental plants of Europe and America."

In the summer of 1900, John Bellows published a pamphlet entitled 'The Truth about the Transvaal War,' in which he defended the British Government from what he considered unjust attacks upon its policy in South Africa. During a journey to Russia in the previous winter he had noticed the ignorance of his friends there on the

past history of the Transvaal question ; and this led him to enquire into the whole subject more closely. He spent much time and care in the compilation of his pamphlet, and in it he showed that the British Government was justified in its contention that the war had been forced upon it. His testimony against war, as the second part of his work would show, was not abandoned ; for his conviction was that 'war is wrong : but not alike wrong to all.' The position he took upon the question led him into considerable controversy at the time. The pamphlet had a large issue, and was subsequently translated into French and German, and circulated on the Continent.

To Professor Church, Kew.

GLOUCESTER, 4-11-1899.

"I lately had a book lent to me by Julia Sterling, (the daughter of Carlyle's friend, John Sterling) 'The Spiritual Order,' by T. Erskine. The volume had belonged to her uncle, Frederick Denison Maurice, who valued it highly.

"It is out of the ordinary run of theological books : a closely and clearly reasoned argument for the gradual evolution of every soul into harmony with the Divine Will : *i.e.*, of the entire human race, without exception.

"I would send thee a copy if I were sure it would interest thee, but I know how entirely the use of a book depends on the *state* of the reader, and that what is helpful to one may not be so to another.

"What led to my mention of Erskine was the thought of war and its incompatibility with pure Christianity : therefore its final cessation when the point is reached in the evolution of the race, at which pure Christianity shall prevail.

"Men can be *Christians* far short of this—real and true Christians, I mean ; for it is not by any ideal *outward* standard that God judges the heart, but simply and solely by faithfulness to the degree of light one has at a given time. But when a young man who had lived a remarkably

faithful life came to Christ, he was 'loved' by him on this account, and yet he was told that *if* he would be *perfect* he must take a further step. And so in this matter of war: if we would be *perfect*, we must cease to inflict suffering and death on others.

"This thought does not keep me from keen pain at the anxieties of my friends who have near kinsmen in Natal. * * * But while I dare not kill, I am an Englishman!"

To Thomas Hodgkin, Barmoor Castle.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 16-11-1899.

"Surely if there is any reality in Quakerism it lies in its clear teaching on the different degrees of light which go with different *states*. We know that the vast majority of really Christian men and women do not regard *all* war as wrong, and that to those who look upon it as inevitable under some circumstances, it is as lawful as it was to the Jews under the former dispensation; while those who closely follow the Light are led beyond this to the ground Friends are called to take—that of a larger degree of faith in God, and of the love of God, in which it is no longer possible to hurt or destroy men. * * *

"We shall never bring any thoughtful person to the true principle of peace by casting aspersions on our own Government in reference to the Transvaal War, or, in other words, by unjust statements as to the origin of the war. On the other hand, while admitting the difficulty of the position—the impossibility of evading the final resort to armed force by any honourable men *who believed in using the sword*, we in no way lower our standard that for him who would be perfect *all* war is forbidden. At least this is the only ground that to me seems tenable. It is a ground that those who differ from us respect, and from which they are therefore amenable to influence:

though our influence can never be effective beyond the degree to which we are ourselves individually in touch with the Spirit of love and peace in our own hearts."

In January, 1900, John Bellows had as fellow-travellers from Swindon to Gloucester two men with whom he soon got into conversation. They were soldiers from Aldershot on their way home to say good-bye to their wives and families, as their regiments were ordered to leave for South Africa the following week. The two men separated at Gloucester, and were to meet there on the following evening. In the case of one of them a walk of seven miles each way was involved: in the case of the other the journey was less laborious: but with both, the hours at home would be considerably reduced on account of the distance they had to go. The men did not complain, but looked on these inconveniences as inevitable, and were grateful when John Bellows gave them such help as made their journeys easier. He heard from them from South Africa more than once; and it gave him acute suffering when he read of the death of one of them from enteric fever there. John Bellows' interest in this poor man did not end here, for he did all that lay in his power to raise up friends for the widow and her family.

*To Private George Roberts, and Private Joseph
Goodall, South Wales Borderers.*

GLoucester, 9-1-1900

"MY DEAR MEN,

"I hope you got home all right after I left you at Gloucester station, for I assure you I have been thinking a good deal about you and the rest of your mates who are sailing to-morrow for Africa, and wishing it were in my power to help you in some way. It is not much that one person can do in this way: but I got a few books together yesterday, and sent them off by Midland Railway to your address on the 'Bavarian' thinking they would do to read on the voyage, as three or four weeks will hang heavy on your hands if you have nothing to do. Besides this I put in some paper and envelopes and pens and pencils which

you can divide among the men who would like to write home while they are on board, ready to post when you get ashore.

“None of us know what lies ahead of us. I hope you may all be spared to come back to your homes again, even if you have to rough it ; but in case you should be laid up in hospital or anything like that, and you would like me or my wife to go over to Winchcomb or to Cinderford and see your people for any reason, let us know and we will do it ; or if any of your mates want any messages got to relatives in England, that we could be of any use in getting done for them, we should be glad to try our best to help them. I know myself what it is to be hundreds of miles away from home in a foreign land, when I have been glad of ever such a little kindness from a stranger, but I have had no one to ask help of but God. Only a few weeks ago I was half as far off from here as you will be at the Cape : but in the north of Russia. It was dreadfully cold, and I got a chill one evening that made me feverish, and so bad in a few hours that I was suddenly brought face to face with the chances of death. It looked black enough to have to pass away without a word of farewell to wife or child, and lie under the snow yonder ; and so I know exactly what many a soldier has to feel, besides his bodily pain, when he comes to die on the field of battle. It may be that one of you may have this to pass through—though with all my heart I hope you will not. But *if* you should, get this thought fixed firm in your hearts beforehand, and you will find it will hold you up even in death—that God who made you is as near to you as your own breath is, and that His Spirit keeps in touch with your spirits : so close in touch that He does not even need a cry from the lips to reach Him—only a look of the heart itself, so to say, and a determination to trust in His goodness and mercy, no matter a bit how you don’t deserve it, and how, if He will save you, it will be by forgiving all you have

done against Him ; or to put it into Bible words, He is able to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto Him : and in His own words, ' Him that cometh unto Me I will in *no wise* cast out.'

" You will have many a quiet moment on the voyage, leaning over the taffrail or lying silent in your berths in the darkness of the night, when you can turn your hearts to Him, knowing that He is everywhere and always present, everywhere and always ready and longing to help every soul that He ever created. No form of prayer is needed ; nothing whatever but the feeling of need itself, and the feeling certain that He who made the heart, reads every thought in it, and *will* help, no matter what the need is, or how short the time is. Time is nothing to *Him*.

" And now I will say no more, for I don't want to talk a word more than I feel—that would be only *cant* : but it isn't cant to say what one really does feel.

" If you can send me a line from the Cape, do : and if you come back to Gloucester after the war is over, I shall be very glad to shake hands with you once more, and so

" I am your friend, .

JOHN BELLOWES

" I put in a few stamps in case any of your men are short of one for sending a letter home from the ship."

To Colonel Carleton, Norwood.

KESWICK, 22-8-1900.

" It is easy, but wrong, to get angry with people for being dull of apprehension, or even petulant ; and I am reminded of a scene I witnessed nearly fifty years ago in Gloucester. A young Irish clergyman asked me to help him with a class in an evening school for boys and young men, to which came a half-witted fellow named Joe Hewlett, who was turned over to me for spelling lessons. It took me a whole fortnight to get him to spell *ox*. He was at last thoroughly grounded in it, and could read it without a hitch, though he could read nothing else.

"At the next class after his mastering the word, there was a new comer—a little lad of twelve, who had never been to school. Seating him between Joe and myself, I took up the book, and touching the now well-thumbed word, I told him that the first letter was O, which he repeated,—and then that the second was X. 'What does O X spell?' I asked. Timidly the little fellow replied—'I *don't know!*' Whereupon, quick as lightning, Joe Hewlett snatched away the spelling-book, shut it, and brought it down on the boy's head with a crash, exclaiming very angrily, 'You FOOL! How don't you know what O X spells?'

"How many of us have got beyond Joe Hewlett? I fear not thy friend John Bellows, though he is striving to!"

To his daughter Hannah.

GLOUCESTER, 18-1-1901.

"Thy little note is especially a pleasure to me on reaching this seventieth year of my life: an age I should have looked upon as dismaying, from a distance, but not in the least so on closer sight of it.

"I think of the closing words of the 23rd Psalm, and make them retrospective as well; for surely goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life; and one evidence of them is the increase of hope and of cheerfulness as life goes on, instead of its diminution. And this not on my own account only, but for all of us: for 'all men everywhere.' In this, as in all things, we shall certainly have to say, 'As for God, His way is perfect!'"

To the Friends at the Meeting on Peace, held at Westminster Meeting House, London, 2 mo. 8, 1901.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER.

"Dear Friends,

"As I understand some of your committee kindly invited me to this meeting, I wish to say I should have looked to being present with you but for the distance of my home from London.

“ May I, however, write a few lines expressive of the hope that the Divine Presence may be so sought in it that a blessing may rest on the gathering for such an object ; for it is not by argument alone, or even principally by argument, that the kingdom of Christ is advanced in the hearts of men, but by the love of God overflowing in those imbued with it, and felt in and through the arguments they may use in support of the truth.

“ In exact proportion to our personal experience of the love of God, is the power of our entering into sympathy with those whom we seek to enlighten ; and this love and sympathy will make us very patient with those who do not see what to us is clear ; for the giving of sight to the blind, spiritually, is often a very gradual process, as it is in the natural life.

“ I feel it thus, because I have so often missed my way for want of this patience and forbearance, and I feel that others may also miss it for the same reason. When our Saviour anointed the blind man (in John, chap. ix.) He did not at once give him sight, but sent him first to the pool of Siloam to wash ; and it was not until this second exercise of his faith and obedience that the blind received his sight. So again in the case of the blind man at Bethsaida (in Mark, chap. viii.) the process was one of degrees : for first he saw men as trees walking : and after that Jesus put his hands upon his eyes and made him look up ; and then, but not till then, he saw clearly.

“ While, then, we hold fast that we have, that no man take our crown, in this testimony that war without exception, and under every circumstance, is contrary to the pure law of Christ, we must be extremely careful not to condemn by line and rule those who, while sincere in obedience to other parts of His law, have not yet received their sight upon this point in it. To blame or to be angry with such as those for disobedience to the letter of the New Testament in the matter of war, would be comparable to

our blaming or being vexed with the man who described men as moving trees, because of his imperfect sight; or being impatient with him who is groping his way to the Pool of Siloam, instead of gently helping to guide him thither that he may be healed.

“To keep up the simile, this is exactly what the earliest Friends did, from whom we received this testimony against war. They did not so much deal with the separate diseases of men, as send them all to the Pool of Siloam, where each would be healed of whatsoever disease he had. That is, they referred every one to the power and Spirit of the Son of God manifested directly to his own soul, and that power and Spirit brought each individual to a state in which fighting was no longer possible to him.

“My belief is that exactly in proportion as we do this, our testimony for Peace will again become a power in the world. If we do not do it, disguise the matter as we may from ourselves, we shall drag it down to the level of *a fad*; and we shall become hopelessly narrow, instead of broad and deep and able to help others.

“We were raised up, and *are* raised up as a body, not *primarily* to advocate separate truths, but to testify by our lives and our lips and our pens to the one foundation truth of obedience to the Spirit of God which leads into *all* truth. Bringing this home to other men, we shall be careful never to upbraid or blame them except in the Spirit and under its direct leading—else we repel them; for as I lately saw it remarked in an old book: ‘He who finds fault with another without praying for him, is a mere mischief-maker.’ I believe a sentence from the Confessions of Augustine (Book III. Chap. IX.) will help us to realize what the attitude of mind should be of Friends towards those who do not see with them on war in its relation to Christianity. Augustine says:—

‘Amidst these offences of foulness and violence and so many iniquities, are *sins of men who are making*

progress, which by those who judge rightly, according to the law of perfection are condemned, yet the persons considered in hope of future fruit, as the green blade has promise of corn.'

"As our own hearts are brought to peace and kept in peace we shall powerfully help others to reach the same experience, and in this they and we shall realize that none can hurt or destroy in all the Lord's Holy Mountain.

"I am your friend,

"JOHN BELLOWES."

In March, 1901, a number of delegates, including John Bellows, were appointed by the Society of Friends to convey an Address to King Edward VII. on the occasion of his accession. The following extract from a letter describes the scene at St. James's Palace :—

To his son Philip, Philadelphia.

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, 12-3-1901.

"* * * A buzz of conversation behind us gets a little too loud for etiquette, and an officer in front gives a gentle '*sh*' / This is not for the Friends, however : but for *Lord Roberts* and a little knot of officers just behind us, who are waiting their turn for some other deputation. Then the door opens, and we all move forward between the lines of life guards, to the front of the throne. The King, seated on it, is dressed in scarlet ; the Duke of Cornwall and York, on his left, standing, is dressed in black with many stars and insignia on ; and a gentleman I cannot identify stands on the right of the throne. On either hand of these stand officers and life guards. Caleb Kemp steps slightly in advance, and reads—'May it please the King,' and so on. The King stoops forward—and is evidently listening earnestly. He is touched—as I felt certain he would be. Caleb Kemp, in closing, explains that there are also some Friends from Ireland among us, who, though they had no share in the address,

wish to identify themselves with its assurance of loyalty to himself and the throne, and with our desires for his welfare and that of his people. He rolls up the address and hands it to the King, who takes it and bows, and then passes it to an officer. The gentleman on his right then steps forward and places before him his written reply (for the King has previously read the address and prepared his answer,) which he reads clearly and in a deep voice. It is beautiful—and expresses a hope that the principles Friends have striven for may spread during his reign, while he asks our prayers for his faithful fulfilment of the duties that fall to his lot as Sovereign.

“Caleb Kemp then takes two steps forward and bends to kiss the King’s right hand; then introduces Bevan Braithwaite, who does the same; and then we all slowly move backward towards the door. I am on the outside edge, and I keep myself right by alignment with the life guards as we draw back. Downstairs—get our coats, etc.—and then into the air again, and the sunshine—for it is a nice spring day; past more grenadiers, squadrons of horse guards, and so to the Park, and then here to Chelsea to lunch.

“I have given thee the outside state of things. To me it simply brought home the lesson, ‘The fashion of this world passeth away,’ and the feeling of how great and earnest the duty is of our sinking into exercise of soul that the King may be kept faithful to that renewed visitation of the Divine love which has, I am certain, been granted him in this time of sorrow at his mother’s death, and in the realization of the responsibilities that rest on him. As we do this we help him *to build for eternity!*”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOUKHOBORS—SECOND JOURNEY TO RUSSIA.

DURING his journey with Joseph Neave in the south of Russia, John Bellows—as his letters have shown—had occasionally come into contact with communities of a sect known as the Doukhobors, peasant farmers for the most part, who were then living in peace and comfort in their villages in the Trans-Caucasus. The history of this sect having been fully dealt with elsewhere,* it is only necessary to tell here as much of it as concerned the work of John Bellows and his colleagues. During the year 1895, rumours reached him from some of his Russian friends that the Doukhobors were suffering extreme persecution for their refusal to bear arms, owing to a return to their foundation principle that all war is wrong. As this belief is shared by Friends, their sympathy and interest were soon roused on behalf of these suffering people.

The knowledge of the persecution was not limited however to the Society of Friends, or to Russian sympathizers with the Doukhobors, for in the autumn of the same year, 1895, a letter from Count Tolstoi appeared in the 'Times,' calling public attention to it.

Little could be done for them until 1898, when, in the spring of that year, they obtained permission from the Tsar to leave Russia, on the condition that they were never to return. Steps were then taken, as quickly as was practicable, for their emigration; the Society of Friends making itself more immediately responsible for a group

* See, especially, "The Doukhobors," by Joseph Elkinton, and "Christian Martyrdom in Russia," by Vladimir Tchertkoff.

of eleven hundred of the poorest. These, however, in spite of their poverty, had saved a sum of money, in the hope of some time being allowed to leave the country; and Cyprus being now chosen as the only suitable place which their means would enable them to reach, a vessel was chartered to take them to that island. In Cyprus they came under the devoted care of Wilson Sturge (of Birmingham); but the climate proving unsuitable for them, further funds were raised by the Friends' Committee, of which John Bellows was the 'clerk,' to remove them to Canada. By the generous co-operation of the Dominion Government, of Russian sympathisers, and of Friends in England and America, the whole Doukhobor community, numbering more than seven thousand, was eventually settled in the North-West Territories, where it has since attained considerable prosperity.

John Bellows and his fellow-workers were always anxious that, as soon as possible, schools should be opened for the Doukhobor children in Canada. He lived to see only a very small beginning made in this direction; but his daughter Hannah, during the last year of his life, volunteered, with his full approval, to go out to them as a teacher; and two other lady Friends have also joined in the work, living, like herself, among the Russian settlers.

To Joseph Neave, Sydney, Australia.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 24-11-1895.

"For some weeks past it has been on my mind to send thee a few lines: though I cannot clearly remember at what point of Russian news my last left off? In any case the matter of the Duchobortzi has occurred since: that is, the publication by Count Tolstoi, in the 'Times,' of nearly a whole page of details of their refusal to bear arms, and the sufferings they had been made to endure in consequence. This is really a coming back to the original doctrine held by their body, that war is unlawful: for at

the time of our visit they had let this lapse. In fact, someone told us—I think it was Fast—that at the time of the Russian and Turkish war, in 1878, the Russians were very largely indebted to the Duchobortzi for the supply of horses they needed for their operations against Kars, etc. There was one error in the account written by Tolstoi's friend. The sect does *not* owe its foundation to 'a Quaker missionary of the last century,' as he states in the article I posted to thee, in the 'Times.' There are some MSS. at Devonshire House [Bishopsgate,] most of them dating from about 1815, which give an account of these people : and I noticed in one of them a statement by an Archbishop of the Greek church, in which he says 'my acquaintance with this sect goes back to 1768.' It is evident from other allusions that they were even then long established. Another of the documents says that they began with three Cossacks of the Don, who obtained a copy of the Scriptures, which they closely studied : with the result that they found all war to be incompatible with obedience to the Spirit of Christ. They *did* own civil government however : in which point the present body of their followers is not like them. They were placed in the Crimea : and in the time of Nicholas I. were re-exiled to the Transcaucasus, but colonized on grants of land."

*To Thomas Hodgkin, Barmoor Castle, Northumberland**

GLOUCESTER, 23-4-1898.

"As the Emperor of Russia has now granted permission for the Doukhobortsi to emigrate, in response to their own petition and that of our Meeting for Sufferings, it will be needful to make an appeal to Friends to help these poor people to a new settlement ; and I have thought it would enable some Friends the better to grasp the whole position and to realize the claim the Doukhobortsi have on

* The words in square brackets in this letter are Vladimir Tchertkoff's own corrections.

their sympathy, if I were to describe, in a very simple way, what I have accidentally come to know of two or three Russians who have been their principal helpers. I say 'accidentally,' because it has been my lot to be thrown more in contact with them from having become acquainted, in Russia, with Count Tolstoi and others with whom they have been acting in aid of those who are persecuted.

"Vladimir Tchertkoff was a nobleman who underwent a great change, and gave up the bulk of his property and lived much as a Russian peasant would. His mother, who is an exceedingly nice woman, is one of the ladies of the court of the Empress Dowager. The course her son had taken was a bitter trial to her; and it was just after hearing her speak of this, and realizing the suffering so inflicted on her, that I met with one of Vladimir Tchertkoff's friends, to whom I said something expressive of doubt as to the wisdom or the right of his doing as he has done. His friend replied, '*I* said the same to him, but he answered me very meekly and simply: '*I* don't pretend to lay down a rule for others, but I *do* know that the call came to *me*, as it did to the young man in the Gospel, to go and sell all that I had, and give to the poor, and to follow Christ; and I obeyed it.' I felt I had no right to judge him; and now that, five years after, I have come to know him personally, and see his noble and sweet and childlike simplicity of character, I can only admire and love him as deserving of far other than the foolish and superficial judgment I had passed upon him.

"When Vladimir Tchertkoff got to know of the terrible sufferings of the Doukhobortsi—for their refusal to inflict suffering on others—he took up their cause with all his power [appealing to Russians of all ranks and positions, and also] writing to the English press to ask the sympathy of thoughtful people on their behalf. For this he was ordered into banishment from the Empire. He

U

came to England, and is now living at Purleigh, in a small farm-house, which has been a refuge to several others who have been driven from their homes since his arrival.

“One of these is a young Hungarian army surgeon, named Skarvan. He was within three weeks of the expiration of his military service, when the light became clear to him that to kill men is entirely incompatible with the teaching of Christ. His friends begged him to keep on as he was for the brief interval in which he must serve; but he could not do so without doing violence to the love of God in his heart, and the love of all men which springs from it, and he voluntarily faced the unknown sufferings of a long imprisonment, followed by incarceration in a lunatic asylum, rather than fail in his testimony to the truth. At last he was set free, and he went [to live with Tchertkoff's family in Russia and accompanied them to England.]

“When I met him first he could speak no English, but it was impossible not to feel the sweetness of his spirit, even when no words were spoken. A delicate-looking, singularly interesting young man, everybody about him was drawn towards him. He occupied his time working on the farm: I suspect beyond his strength. The last time I was at Purleigh he was lying ill, and the doctor said he must soon die. It was very touching to sit by his bedside and to see him at the end of his great sufferings, with the Divine presence shining on his countenance as visibly, it seemed to me, as it shone on the face of Stephen! I have never before seen so remarkable a degree of it, anywhere, as in that little room. A week or two before, a young Georgian Prince had come there: drawn, I suspect, more by curiosity than anything else to see *who* and *what* these Russians were who form the little group of refugees. Be this as it may, finding Skarvan ill, he volunteered to sit up with him at nights;

and the effect of being in his company has been very powerful upon him. It has evidently shown him the realities of a Power to which he had been much a stranger, and will leave a mark upon him that will not pass away.

“The latest comer to the little group, except this Georgian, is X., from Moscow. For some time he had been [a friend of] Tolstoi, and through Tolstoi he became interested in behalf of the Stundists and the Doukhobortsi, sending them monetary help, and in a variety of ways showing them sympathy in their trials. Last year a party of thirty-two of the young men who had refused the conscription were on their way to punishment in far Eastern Siberia. One of them fell ill in ——— and X. was watchful over his comfort till he died. He passed away in great peace, impressing all those about him by the patience and tenderness of his spirit. The rest of the gang were sent on to Yakoutsck, and they, too, won the regard of officers and soldiers in charge by their gentleness, and the more than willingness to perform their daily tasks as convicts—such as cleaning their prison cells—and the like.

“And here I must remark that none of the people of whom I am writing (*i.e.*, the Doukhobortsi) are very enlightened as to doctrines. Measured by this standard they would have to be classed as ignorant—some of them in the extreme of ignorance—for they have not had teaching; but measured by their faithfulness to the one point that has been shown them—*the duty of loving all men*—they have attained a high degree of perfection. I say this because we are all apt to judge those who differ from us in important doctrines. We are narrower than the Father of all, and need broadening, to be just to those whom He has accepted, but who have not had our training.

“X. was summoned to Petersburg, and told that for helping Tolstoi, and for aiding and abetting the Stundists

and Doukhobortsi, of which the police had long been cognisant, he must at once quit Russia !

“ To most men, so sudden a plunge from influence and comparative wealth, to poverty, with a wife and five little children, in a land whose language he could not speak, would mean very great despondency, if not blank despair ! Not so to X. Instantly setting to work to master English, he already, in less than six months, speaks and writes it intelligibly, though not grammatically ; and at the same time he has been learning type composing [in order to manage a Russian printing undertaking his friend Tchertkoff has planned, and for which he receives] £5 or £6 a month to maintain his family. When I found this, I invited him down to Gloucester, to be shown some of the technical details he would need ; and he came for a few days—not liking to leave his wife, who cannot speak our language, for a longer time. I can only say we have all been deeply impressed by his quiet courage and sweet spirit. No one would for a moment suspect the tremendous trial through which he is passing. So far from hinting a complaint, or a murmur, he is as cheerful and ‘ all there ’ as if everything were sunshine about him.

* * * * *

“ This is a long letter, but I have felt bound to put enough of the story of these men before Friends to show who and what they are who have been raised up to help the Doukhobortsi, and who now have to give place to us to carry on that help, while they have to share the suffering in their own persons that they have hitherto been relieving ; and I feel confident that the Society of Friends will do its part in this emergency, and gladly do it. The emigration cannot fail to bring the testimony against war before the world in a new form. Comparatively few even of those who are Christians can really sympathise with it ; but all can understand and may be influenced in measure by the object lesson summed up in the words— ‘ How these Christians love one another. ’ ”

During their settlement in the island, the 'Cyprus' group of Doukhobors were located principally upon two farms, Pergamo and Athalassa, where they were practically dependent on the generosity of their friends, for their own means were by this time exhausted. The scene described in the following letter was the removal of a large party of them from Larnaka, the port of landing, to Athalassa.

To William Holland, Norquay, Manitoba

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 14-9-1898

"A telegram has just come from Wilson Sturge to say he has bought a farm called Pergamo for £380, and that all the Duchobors have now moved from Larnaka. That is, I take it, all the 1126 are now settled on some land. Pergamo is about ten miles on the road from Larnaka to Famagusta.

"Birukoff, who is with Wilson Sturge, was a writer of articles in some of the Russian papers : a friend of Tolstoi's. He has a very capital power of description. Here is his account of the march to Athalassa. His delight at being able to command a policeman instead of being dogged by one is amusing !

'I am again at Larnaka, having returned from a journey to Nicosia and Athalassa, where I have established 272 Duchobors. The transport was accomplished quite successfully. We marched the whole night with a caravan of wagons stretching several versts. It was a splendid moonlight night : warm : quiet. I rode up and down the caravan accompanied by a mounted policeman whom the Governor gave me, and kept things in order. The journey was quite a fairy dream. Amid the wild barren scenery of Cyprus in a moonlight night are advancing wagons harnessed with bullocks and mules, laden with the Duchobors' baggage, women and children. The men and strong women are advancing in small groups between the wagons ; some

‘singing hymns. We meet on the way caravans of
‘camels with bells, and Arabs swaying on the top.
‘And lo! I am riding about as a kind of commander of
‘this our caravan, and with a policeman attached to my
‘person, whom I send to and fro; and he saying ‘Yes
‘Sir!’ gallops away at full speed either to one end or
‘the other of the caravan to stop or hurry on the pro-
‘cession. This policeman is not attached to me to
‘dodge my steps or to catch either me or a Duchobor,
‘but on the contrary to afford us every kind of help in
‘our relations with the local inhabitants, chiefly by the
‘language, which he chatters in, while he understands
‘a little English.

‘So we march on one hour—another—and a third.
‘Midway we make a halt of three hours, and the bullocks
‘are fed. Notwithstanding it is night the inhabitants
‘of the locality turn out to gaze at the unusual sight.
‘Then we gradually crawl on further. I ride on with
‘the *safti* (policeman) to meet the Duchobors at their
‘destination. We get to a turning off the high road,—
‘go along it, and see in the moonlight in the distance an
‘oasis—the tops of palms and shining white walls of
‘buildings. This is Athalassa. The nearer we approach,
‘the thicker and more varied becomes the vegetation:
‘we see cotton plantations, groups of olive trees,
‘bulrushes, etc., and the palms become grander and
‘finer. I perceive bunches of dates upon them which I
‘long to eat: but they are not yet ripe: and they are too
‘high. At last we ride up to the house itself: we ascend
‘a little hillock and hear the trickling of a stream. The
‘wagons drive up one at a time; and by nine in the
‘morning on the banks of the stream were already
‘pitched twenty-five tents, and the people actively
‘moving about among them.

‘The place is beautiful, and I hope the Duchobors
‘will settle in it permanently.’”

To Joseph Neave, Sydney, Australia.

GLoucester, 27-10-1898.

"Again and again I have been hoping for time to write thee—but the crowd of correspondence that comes on me as clerk of the Doukhoborts Committee keeps putting off the leisure! * * *

"The Canadian Government, on behalf of the Doukhoborts, promise a very large grant of land, with advance of seed and implements, and several other privileges. The cost, even with all this help, for a large number will be of course very great, and with eleven hundred people to feed and find land for in Cyprus, it will be impossible for our committee to undertake more, as we have only some £4,000 in hand at this moment, after the expenses thus far incurred.

"Count Tolstoi is very earnest to go on with the emigration nevertheless, and he has undertaken to write some tales and sell the copyright for the benefit of the Doukhoborts, though he has never done such a thing before. He sent his son Sergius over here three weeks ago to see our committee about the scheme. Sergius Tolstoi gave us the figures of funds on which they could reckon—first from some of the Doukhobors selling their land, etc. (*not* the very poor ones we have been helping, but some not so stripped of *all*)—about £5,000. Count Tolstoi himself could add £3,000, and his friend V. Tchertkoff about £700. Roundly speaking they expected the cost of transit from Batoum to Quebec, and then on by rail, to be about £11,000; and we decided to make them a grant in aid of the balance.

"It now appears that the cost will be *short* of £11,000; but no provision is made for feeding two thousand people during winter in Canada. How this will be managed I do not yet know. An extremely capable Russian is seeing to the steamer, etc., and securing the needful arrangements for health on board; but, at the moment

♦

I write, the matter is not completed. Prince Hilkoﬀ is now away in the far-west of the Dominion looking out for land, a first large tract which was agreed upon by the Government, not being found suitable for some reason.

“I have much more to write, but time makes it impossible as the Committee work presses.”

To Joseph J. Neave, Sydney, Australia.

GLOUCESTER, 11-1-1899.

“With regard to the Doukhobors, at the time I write a company of them are on the Atlantic—perhaps half-way across to Halifax—*en route* for a tract of land granted them by the Canadian Government at a point that lies at the apex of an obtuse triangle, the base of which would be Regina on the west and Winnipeg on the east. Another ship, the ‘Lake Superior,’ is nearing Gibraltar on her way after the first, which is called the ‘Lake Huron.’ The two together convey over four thousand souls.

“We now find it will be needful to re-emigrate the Cyprus company at an early date. It is a weighty undertaking to look forward to ; but the way will doubtless be made plain when the right time for it comes. Meanwhile we have sent two Russian nurses to Cyprus to take care of the sick, though the sickness is lessened. Wilson Sturge reports that the seeds he has had sown all seem likely to produce good crops, which will tend to help matters somewhat. The growth of many things at this season when the rain has come, is exceedingly rapid. A lady who lives in Cyprus mentions in a book that peas can be eaten four weeks after they are sown ! Wilson Sturge confirms this, saying that he himself has had some that had been sown a month previously.

“I was in London the night before last at the request of the Friends’ Quarterly Meeting lecture committee, to give them a paper on the Roman origin of many of our homely old houses ; for our pillared market-houses and

such old inns as the 'Green Dragon' used to be, in Bishopsgate Street, with galleries all round a court or courts, are Roman in their origin, although they have been several times rebuilt since the fifth century, when the Romans left.

"In an enquiry of this sort, where one looks into little things as a *clue* to larger matters, one often comes upon interesting items whose very lack of importance, as people generally count importance, has caused them to be overlooked. Thus, we find our very old gates—such as the 'Traitor's Gate' in the Tower of London, the Market House Gate at Ross, etc.—*trellis-work* to let in light. In old times, before glass was used, trellis filled the windows; and in stormy weather it was screened by cloths or by shutters. And when glass began to be used, it was cut to the shape that people had always been accustomed to in the 'lattice' (lath-work.) Hence the diamond window panes of our cottages, as well as in ecclesiastical buildings.

"But even the angle to which these were cut was the result of experience and of *rule*—for I got two photo slides made from pictures of Greek Temples in which such lattice was used, and threw them on the screen; and then I put on the shadowed lines a tracing of one of the old window panes in the Crypt of Gloucester Cathedral (which also happens to correspond accurately with many cottage window panes, such as that of Ann Hathaway's cottage near Stratford-on-Avon) when the lines *exactly* fitted, showing the very pattern itself, and the precise angle, to have come down to us from thousands of years ago!

"I have to go again to London the day after to-morrow to join a number of Friends at the Foreign Office in a deputation to St John Brodrick, the new Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to urge upon the Government the need of putting an end quickly to the slavery in Pemba and Zanzibar, which lingers on, notwithstanding the Queen's decree against it."

To Joseph Elkinton, Philadelphia.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, 19-8-1899.

"It is a great matter to get the information our son is able to give us about the Doukhobor settlement; for our work as a committee is, I think, by no means near its end yet. We have difficult matters to arrange in Cyprus about the land and buildings, getting the crop sold, etc.—and then in Canada there is the claim of over \$5000 for the quarantine of the last arrivals from Kars, etc.

"These last Doukhobors are a mixed company—by no means of so high a standard, on the whole, as the previous immigrants. Some of them are persons who forced themselves on the party leaving Russia, although they had not borne the testimony against war themselves: their motive being merely that of getting better farms.

"Still, this mixture, while it tries our patience, ought certainly not to exhaust it. We must keep steadily on, doing our best under the circumstances, and the end will be right."

In December, 1899, the case of one hundred and ten leading Doukhobors, who had been exiled to Siberia before permission was granted to the main body to leave Russia, was brought to the notice of the Society of Friends. It received their warm sympathy, and two delegates, Edmund Wright Brooks and John Bellows, were appointed to convey a petition to the Tsar, praying that these exiles might be permitted to join their brethren in Canada. The errand, however, was unsuccessful. John Bellows, when on this journey, writes from his old quarters in St. Petersburg.

To his Wife and Children.

PETERSBURG, FIRST-DAY, 10-12-1899.

"After breakfast we came up to our drawing-room and sat down by the open English fire for our meeting. We had a long and solemn and sweet silence, our Heavenly Father's near presence enabling us to look onward with no misgiving whatever to the weighty matter before us.

* * * I cannot describe the sense of the Divine

presence that dwelt with us, both in the silence and in the utterance : and the earnest desire that rested with me that the pure will of God may be done in the carrying out our endeavour to help the poor people we seek to befriend ; and it may be to help another or others besides, in this land. I felt it an unspeakable favor to be *tendered* and *made small* ; and instead of fretting because we are *not* Stephen Grellets, or Daniel Wheelers, just to resign ourselves into the hands of the Almighty, who can do with us and with all men whatever He wills : for *that is enough*.

“Many times as I looked from the windows of our Nordexpress at the driving snow and the darkness of the wilderness through which we were being borne, I realized the words ‘stormy wind fulfilling His word’ ; and felt assured that it is so both inwardly and outwardly, and that all the storms we pass through in life will swiftly be past, to give place to the great and never-ending eternity of rest in the love of God !

“It is this love which has placed us in one group together as a family, that we may be helpful to one another ‘in the way everlasting.’”

To Francis Michell, Redruth.

PETERSBURG, 17-12-99.

“The railways here to distant points are not like ours ; they are very gingerly affairs. That to Archangel from Moscow, not long opened, has lost a big piece lately from floods washing it away in the swamps it crosses. The speed of the train there was never above ten versts an hour ! The Trans-Siberian line is so enormously long and badly built, that a merchant (the foremost of the English firms here) told me it was never possible to trace lost goods from a train upsetting away in Central Asia. Long before it can be traced, the nomad Tartars, etc., have carried off bag and baggage to the four winds. The cost is £5 for freight for £4 worth of grain (*i.e.*, £4 at Irkutsk.)”

To his daughter Lucy.

PETERSBURG, 18-12-1899

"In the afternoon we took a walk for exercise, past the Palace-quay as it is called, where the Winter Palace and the Embassies and other grand houses face the river Neva. A crowd, mostly of the peasant class, were standing by the guard-wall of the River, looking up at the Palace; and there in the first floor window sat a group of members of the Imperial family, I suppose: a gentleman with stars and ribbons, and a lady and children beautifully dressed, forming a little semi-circle, looking out on the frozen river and the beautiful sky behind the part of the city on its other bank. In the street were numbers of carriages and pairs, with the most lovely horses: elegant sledges with gorgeous coachmen and footmen, and so on for a mile: ladies of the court, officials of rank, and lovely children flashing past in carriage and sledge to the reception. * * * I find that we *did* see the Emperor and Empress and the three pretty little princesses in the window of the Winter Palace just now.

"A couple of days ago a gentleman in uniform, with a large grey beard, dined at the next table to ours in the small dining room of the hotel. This was Admiral Makharoff, the designer of the great Ice-breaker we see in the Neva. It is a three-funnel steamer of 8,000 tons, and just rides on to the ice, and bears it down by sheer weight! It smashes eight feet thick of it."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 23-12-1899.

"We have done our very best; but it seems that success must *not* follow our efforts at present. It may come later; but the future is hid from us. It is a sharp trial of faith; but all I can do is to endeavour not to cast it away utterly. Looking back on each step we have taken, I cannot see that we could have done anything else.

I could not have *refused* to come, without a distinct feeling of resisting or overriding a true call : and yet here we are, unsuccessful in the accomplishing of our aim."

To his Wife.

PETERSBURG, 25-12-99.

"We had an interesting brief call this evening from a lady of the landed class whose memory goes back fifty or sixty years, when the usual run from here to Moscow took three-and-a-half days, travelling day and night by sledge!! At the time she was married, when her husband had large numbers of serfs on his estates in the South, there used to be a regular day in each week for flogging both men and women who had offended the manager or overseer. The sight and hearing of such torture so affected our hostess that she was continually crying ; and her husband on this account had the flogging day done away with !"

To his daughter Dorothy.

PETERSBURG, 28-12-1899.

"I wish you could all see Moscow. There is no other city of a million people at all like it. It covers miles on miles of hills, not very high, but some of them steep : the largest in the centre being the one on which the Kremlin, or fortress, is built. It is a town in itself, with walls and gates separating it. Below it runs the wide River Moskwa, from which the city is named. It was only partly frozen over when we were there on First-day ; and a score of men were standing on the ice, *fishing* through holes they had cut in it, and down through which they let their lines.

"Fancy all the space from Gloucester to Cheltenham filled with hill and dell covered with houses of all sorts and sizes, most of them white with snow : and a dazzling sun shining in a very pale blue sky above : and among the houses, gilded spires and domes, and domes of blue and green and crimson and all colours of the rainbow, flashing and shining like jewellery : a stinging bitter cold making

one muffle into one's fur ; but a freshness and light feeling in the air like we get in England on a mountain top, enough to make one sing or dance with delight. But the singing is all done for us by the bells booming and tinkling and chiming amid the *sh—sh—sh* of hundreds of sledges flying past one, and the clang, clang of tram-bells and the shouts of '*Hi ! Verrighee !*' (Hi there, Look out!)—and that is Moscow."

To Joseph Elkinton, Philadelphia.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 8-1-1900.

"As Count Tolstoi has all along been so deeply interested in this migration of the Doukhobortsi, and feels so earnestly for the Siberian exiles, we arranged to go over to Moscow and see him. It is a journey by night, of thirteen hours. We were met at the station by a lady whose acquaintance Edmund Brooks had made during the famine : a friend of the Tolstois, who introduced us to some of her relatives, people of liberal views, who were sympathetic with our effort.

"We dined and spent the evening with Count Tolstoi and his family, and with one or two of their friends, including the mother of the lady just mentioned. Our welcome was warm by every one of the family, who, like all those who saw Joseph James Neave and myself seven years ago, enquired very lovingly after him, and were not a little interested to hear of his being in America now.

"I have been unable to approve of some of Tolstoi's views, or of things he has written ; and yet in sitting down by his side I felt the same deep and precious unity of spirit with him which I experienced at our last visit. Grasping both my hands, he said with emotion, '*I have great love for you*'; and he afterwards adverted to that broadness of mind which enables us to recognise the love of the truth in those who may not be of the same mould of thought as ourselves. Count Tolstoi was earnest that we should leave no possible stone unturned on this errand."

After his return from Russia with his companion, John Bellows continued to give earnest practical help to the Doukhobors in Canada ; and, with his colleagues, kept in close touch with everything that affected their welfare.

To Joseph J. Neave, Sydney, Australia.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 11-9-1900.

"Thou wilt, I dare say, have followed with interest the account of the visit of Jonathan Rhoads and Joseph S. Elkinton to the Doukhobor colonies. One item in it was especially cheering—that a letter has arrived from one of the exiles in Siberia, to his mother in the Prince Albert settlement, in which he says that the officials have informed them that *twelve* of their number will be at once freed. * *

"Last week, or just before, Edmund W. Brooks met with some Russians from the Caucasus, who told him that ten thousand Stundists there were making enquiry with a view to emigrating to Canada. I think the number must be wrong, for when thou and I were there, and saw most of the exiles, there were nothing approaching this figure ; and I do not think any *vast* movement of persecution has taken place since. Indeed, for the last year or two, we hear the Emperor has stopped the further transportation of Stundists to the Caucasus.

"Thou wilt, I am sure, recollect our visit to Kutaïs to see B., the cheerful but visionary man who had been banished to that spot. Thou mayst also remember his socialistic talk with Hermann Fast about the evil of money, *per se*, and the harm done to the human race by civilization !

"‘I thought you said the visit of these friends had been a comfort to you?’ was Fast’s adroit remark.

"‘So it has been.’

"‘But you forget—How could they have come here without money?’

"‘Very well ! They could have *walked*.’

"‘What ! Could Mr Neave have *walked* from *Australia* ?’

“ This upset his calculations ; but in a few moments he said, ‘ No ; but he could have begged a passage ! ’

“ I lost patience with this, and asked Fast to tell him that if civilization was in itself such a wicked thing, we were bound to get rid of it and its effects ; and that as a printed Bible was certainly a product of civilization, he must begin by burning his Bible. (I knew he rightly held it in high esteem.) He winced at this—and then said, ‘ We can’t be consistent all at once ! ’ ‘ No,’ I said ; ‘ but we are bound not to preach any further than we *are* consistent ! ’ After which we got on to more congenial lines.”

Soon after their settlement in Canada, the Doukhobors added to the responsibilities of those who were seeking to aid them, by their refusal to register their births, marriages and deaths, and to comply with the Government regulations in the matter of the registration of their lands. At the present date (1904) these difficulties have practically disappeared.

To Joseph Elkinton, Philadelphia.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, 21-9-1900.

“ I know it will cheer Friends to read an extract from a letter just received from one of the members of the Government in Canada, bearing out, as it does, what I wrote to thy father a few days ago about the spirit in which all the officials with whom we have been in correspondence, act towards the Doukhobors. Referring to the objection raised by some of the latter to comply with the laws about registration of land, births, marriages and deaths, the writer goes on to say :—

‘ While of course the Doukhobors added to some extent to our responsibilities in undertaking to adjust their difficulties, yet as far as I am concerned, I am only pleased to be able, even though the road may not be smooth, to look for a satisfactory termination of the matter, and I am inclined to think that these people will become very creditable settlers in the country.

‘It will only require a little leading to show them that
‘the Government has no desire except the public
‘welfare in any request that may be made to them, and
‘that so far from doing anything that might prove
‘injurious to settlers, the object of the Department is to
‘further their interests in every possible way.’

“I am closely pressed for time or would write more ;
but I will add that I feel no fear that the difficulty about
registration will disappear with a little timely explanation
which our Committee is now preparing to offer the
immigrants.”



CHAPTER XVII.

VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES—PHILADELPHIA—WORCESTER—
BOSTON—PLYMOUTH—CONCORD—HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

IN THE summer of 1901, John Bellows and his wife were able to carry out a long-cherished wish to visit their friends in the United States : where, moreover, their third son, Philip, had recently settled as an engineer. To the Friends in Philadelphia John Bellows was bound by ties of the closest religious unity : and, in addition to this, there was the bond of a joint interest in the Doukhobor settlement in Canada, to which these Friends had so largely contributed ; whilst in New England, also, there were many whose friendship was very dear to him.

On their arrival in Philadelphia they were privileged to be the guests of Joseph S. and Malinda Elkinton, whose house became a real home for them during their stay, and a centre from which to visit their other friends in and around the city.

The summer of 1901 was an exceptionally hot one even for America, and John Bellows' health was much tried by it. He soon began to suffer from a difficulty in breathing which considerably troubled him : and in order to obtain for him a little rest and relief from the excessive heat, a few days were now spent in the cooler air of Niagara. From Niagara he and his wife proceeded to Worcester, Massachusetts, where, for a fortnight, they were the guests of Senator and Mrs Hoar : and in the congenial society of his host, John Bellows visited places whose names with us in Old England are household words.

During this interesting visit, John Bellows was much gratified by receiving the honorary M.A. degree of Harvard University, which was conferred on him for his French Dictionary, and for his essays on Roman antiquities in Britain.

At Harvard he and his wife had the pleasure of meeting members of the American branch of the Bellows family, which is descended from one John Bellows, who as a boy of twelve, sailed from London in April, 1635. In the sixties, Dr Henry Whitney Bellows, a distinguished Unitarian minister of New York, on a visit to England, being attracted by the name of John Bellows, had sought him out at Gloucester: and it was, therefore, a great satisfaction to the latter to meet a son of his remote kinsman.

'In family Bibles, in town, provincial and state records, and on gravestones scattered through rural burying grounds' the history of the American family had been stored; and from these sources it has been gathered into an interesting volume by Thomas Bellows Peck, of Walpole, New Hampshire, another of the descendants of the boy emigrant.

A second visit to Philadelphia, and one to the Whittier home at Amesbury, brought this memorable journey to the United States to a close.

From John Bellows to his Children.

PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, 18-5-1901.

"It was an interesting run [from New York to Philadelphia,] some of the scenery very much reminding one of Belgium. Arriving at Broad Street exactly on time (as the Americans say) our luggage was taken care of by a colored man, to whom Joseph S. Elkinton gave the checks, and we 'trolled' to Pine Street. The streets for the most part strike me as narrow: even Broadway in New York looking more like the narrow street of some German city than one that is really 'broad.' But a pretty

feature of the Quaker City is the number of trees everywhere planted along the side walks: plane and poplar and sycamore predominating.

"325 Pine Street is not many doors from the last tram line we used: an old English-looking brick house with white painted doors and window frames, with three steps up to the front door. On the opposite side of the street is a beautiful old burial ground of one of the oldest city 'churches,' where, by the way, Washington had a pew. It is thickly planted with trees, now brilliant in their first spring green, and between the foliage of which a lofty brick tower rises, carrying an octagonal spire. The ampelopsis climbs to the very battlements of the square part, and the whole makes a most beautiful picture. They tell us that on moonlight nights the effect is still more charming; [and] there is an old-world beauty about it that carries one back to the days of William Penn, who laid down the street with the others in the original plan of the city.

"I need hardly say how warm a welcome we had from the household. Invitations begin to pour in on us. Joshua L. Bailey has called and arranged for us to be at his house on Fifth-day next; and we go this afternoon to William Evans's, at Moorestown, to stay over to-morrow. Yesterday afternoon we went to a meeting at the Friends' Girls' School, to hear something of Ramabai's work in India—a Hindoo girl speaking very artlessly on behalf of it. From there Thomas Elkinton came in a barouche to take us a drive through Fairmount Park—a most beautiful time we had; and in the evening George Vaux came to engage us for Third-day night at his house in the country."

To Colonel Carleton, Norwood.

325 PINE ST., PHILADELPHIA, 18-5-1901.

"Moorestown is the residence of a large number of Friends, the avenue in which we were staying being

almost entirely peopled by them. We have nothing similar to it. A broad drive, with avenues of trees in the first brilliance of spring green; smooth lawns on either hand, running on either side, continuously, with no fences or walls; and villas, some of wood, some of brick or stone, standing back each in its ornamental garden, and partly hidden by the forest of greenery that covers everything. The interiors of the houses are furnished with a neatness and comfort that could not be surpassed; and behind them again come lawns and gardens merging one into another, seemingly without end.

"In the evening, our host and hostess, who had been in England, had invited quite a number of young people to meet us, some of whom had travelled widely, both in our own island and on the continent of Europe, as well as in Syria and Egypt. In our own family circle we usually have a chapter or two of the Bible read on 'First-day' evening, each taking two verses in turn; and it was home-like to us, as well as interesting, to find the same custom here; and the whole company dropped into it naturally, reading from I Peter ii. on to the end. That the elder people should do this was less noteworthy; but the reverent earnestness of the young fathers and mothers, and of the bright and chatty younger men and maidens brought home to one's mind the conviction that here was in very truth a community with whom the seeking after God and purity of heart was the main aim of their lives."

Extracts from Letters from Niagara.

NIAGARA, 7-6-1901.

"We got in here between twelve and one at night, and were taken to the Cataract Hotel. The journey had been a long one: part of it—a large part—through the beautiful scenery Willie advised us not to miss. Two points especially struck us. Glen Summit, 2,000 feet above the sea, in the midst of wooded hills stretching away to an immense distance; the town of Wilkes-Barre, below and four miles

off, we had to run downhill seventeen miles to reach, at a workable gradient ! After this we ran for miles along by the northern branch of the Susquehanna River. We had previously kept along the course of the Lehigh River, which gives its name to the railway—'The Lehigh Valley' line.

"The second very beautiful feature was the Seneca Lake by sunset. It is thirty-seven miles long—say as far as from Bristol to Gloucester—and about as wide as Windermere. Here and there lovely gorges and woods run down to it ; and much of the land on the side on which the rail runs is cultivated for fruit—peaches, grapes, etc. In one part we ran through a vineyard two hundred acres in extent. It was half-past ten, nearly, when we reached Buffalo city, where we waited an hour or more for the train to Niagara Falls.

"The Falls themselves are not to be described by any words, nor shown in any painting or photograph. To get below them, on the little steamer, is the best way to form an idea of their scale. We are all furnished with tarpaulin dresses and hoods, and stand on the deck in a storm of mist and hammering spray. To look up one hundred and sixty feet and see the mighty roll-over of the mass of emerald green water against the sky-line of blue, a thousand feet wide, and watch it always plunging down into the vast sea of cloud that hides the river where it strikes, and have all the hearing filled with the hiss and boom and thunder of it, nearly stuns the imagination. This is the smaller portion alone of it—the American Fall. Half-a-mile of wooded cliff parts it from the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall, which is a curve of half-a-mile in outline. One looks on for hours—the scale never lessening but growing on one."

To his Children.

AT SENATOR HOAR'S, WORCESTER, MASS., 14-6-1901.

"Everything here is so full of interest that it is hard to keep pace with the new thoughts suggested by each place

and each person with which and with whom we come in contact.

"Yesterday we had a delightful excursion to the neighbouring towns of Clinton and Lancaster, going to the first on a trolley car,* some half-dozen miles through a delightful country of hills and woods, past the new lake that is being made for the larger supply of Boston with water. * * * Lancaster, a few miles on from Clinton, is a lovely town among trees—all the place buried in greenery and flowers. We drove past it to see a vast American Elm: a splendid tree, the trunk of which, at its smallest circumference below the bifurcation is twenty-six feet. The American Elm is much more open in its growth than ours, in fact very nearly like our 'Wych Elm' (Wych = wyke, to bend—*i.e.*, the bending elm.)

"Passing a sweet old burial ground on our way back we stayed to read the epitaph on a descendant of the Pretender, who, after years of wandering over the world, attracted by the quiet beauty of Lancaster, settled here and found in it his last resting place.

"This morning Senator Hoar took me to Boston: your mother coming on later with our hostess to join us at the Union Club. * * *

"Entering a carriage we were soon on Boston Common, where two hundred and thirty odd years ago the four Friends were put to death. It is not a 'common,' but a beautiful park, with tall timber trees and grand banks of rhododendrons, dominated by the State House where the Assembly and the Senate pass the State laws, etc. We drove to a burial ground where many of the great men of the Revolution lie buried, and where, too, is the tomb of Franklin's father and mother. Then to the old King's Chapel with further grand memories; to the old South Chapel, now a museum of the most interesting relics of the colonial and revolution times; to Faneuil Hall, where

* Electric tram-car.

a canny Scotsman was glad to hear me speak a little of his own dialect; and then to the State House, where we went up in the elevator to the magnificent corridor leading to the apartments of the Secretary of State, to whom I was introduced, and in whose office we were to wait till joined by Ruth Hoar and your mother. The Secretary of State gave us some interesting details of the procedure of the Parliament, which was to be prorogued that evening, they hoped."

To his Children.

WORCESTER, MASS., 16-6-1901.

"The day at Boston was one never to be forgotten. We are now far enough away from the time of the Revolution for all its sharp lines to be softened down; and the events which a hundred years ago were the subjects of controversy, have now passed into the domain of history, as full of interest to Englishmen as they are to Americans. It was not without a feeling of wonder and surprise that I came suddenly on the old court house of the 'Colonial' days, with the royal arms of England in their full glory of painting and gilding, on the summit.

"There is an antique beauty in the tall many-storied houses and curving narrow streets of Boston—well in keeping with the romance of its history; the whole effect of its color against the cloudless blue of the sky, and of the musical roar of its thronging population, presses upon one's spirit like the embodiment of a poem too vast and too vivid to be expressed in words. I have never seen anything more magnificent than Washington Street, combining in its sweep such a sense of the ethereal and the material in one: the halo of its history resting on its stately buildings, gilding them as the sunset gilds the commonplace dwellings of men and transforms them to that which is unearthly and indescribable. I believe it used to be called 'King Street': to me it was King Street still, and it always will be.

"After a brief call on the Governor of Massachusetts, and a visit to the library of the State House, in which we examined the precious Bradford MS. that Senator Hoar brought back from England, where it had been ever since the Revolution,—and a look at the Bunker Hill monument from the windows of the State House, we left for lunch at the Union Club.

"We lunched with Chief Justice Holmes, Samuel Hoar (nephew of Senator H.), Arthur Lord of Plymouth, Charles F. Adams (son of the U.S. Minister to London, grandson of President John Quincy Adams, and great-grandson of John Adams, who signed the Declaration of Independence,) and Dr Samuel Green, the librarian of the Historical Society of Massachusetts.

"After lunch we joined the ladies, and then Chief Justice Holmes took your mother and me to his father's old house on the River Charles. As mother will describe this visit to Kitty, I will not give the details of it. Armstrong Howitt's carving of the city arms of Gloucester—taken from the Tolsey at the time of its being 'torn down'—is built into the mantel-piece of Oliver W. Holmes's room overlooking the water. I ought to have said that we had passed the house of Prescott the historian, before, *i.e.*, during our drive from the electric station. It is now divided into two—a very English ('Colonial' they call it here) house in its appearance, with beautiful greenery adding to its effect. * * *

"Yesterday, 6 mo. 16, we were all to go to 'Redemption Rock,' about fifty miles journey from Worcester, to be present at the handing over of the Rock by Senator Hoar to his grand-nephew, John Hoar. The 225th anniversary of [his ancestor] John Hoar's redeeming poor Mary Rowlandson from the Indians at this spot, was on the 25th of Fifth month, 1901; but the family or rather the *clan* gathering could not be arranged for at that moment, and it took place yesterday. It is remarkable that this

delay enabled your mother and me to be present at the ceremony, to the great delight of Senator Hoar, inasmuch as we come from the very place where John Hoar was born (Gloucester, about A.D. 1600.)

“We were taken to Ayer by rail, where we changed for Fitchburg, a very busy manufacturing town, but very prettily planted. Near it we passed Leominster—a little town situate so exactly like its venerable namesake, that the position, backed by hills as in Herefordshire, must have suggested the name. At both Ayer and Fitchburg our party was increased by other kinsfolk of our host. At Fitchburg a special electric car had been engaged to take us to Lake Wachusett—some seven miles—along a lovely wooded country road. We were now thirty-six in number; and the thirty-horse-power motor swung us along over hill and dale, and round curves no English engineer would venture to make. The car is speeded for thirty miles an hour. It won't be long before the whole country is networked everywhere with these most excellent carriages.

“At Wachusett Lake we changed to two four-horse brakes: and in two or three miles run along a sandy road through the forest, we arrived at the Rock. It stands just inside a field, on the lower slope of Wachusett Mountain (2000 feet above the sea, at the summit.) The name means Place of mountains, and Massa (= great)-chusetts means Place of the great mountains.

“The Redemption Rock is a mass of granite, nearly flat, about forty feet by twenty-five, and some twelve feet high, or more, with trees round part of it, and an open field at back. All clambering on to the top, we stood in a group while Senator Hoar graphically told us the story of the capture, and redemption of Mary Rowlandson by his Gloucester ancestor; and at the conclusion of his speech a camera-case was brought to serve as a table, and Senator Hoar and his wife signed the deed, all the rest of us following on it with our names, as witnesses. George

F. Hoar now called his grand-nephew forward and made him a present of the property, which he had purchased to preserve it in the family. John Hoar is a bright boy of nine. Taking the deed of gift from the Senator, he said in a clear voice, 'Uncle Frisbie, I will keep this precious deed in memory of John Hoar and of you.'

"Again taking our seats in the 'barges,' as four-horse brakes are here called, we were taken a mile or two up the side of Lake Wachusett to lunch at an hotel from which there is a splendid view over a plain like that of old Worcester from Malvern. At some points on the way we had a fine sight of Monadnock, the 3000-foot mountain of which Emerson writes. It was a beautiful steel-blue in colour—perhaps twenty or thirty miles to our north. * * *

"A grand drive down the mountain, another flying run in the electric car to Fitchburg, and the journey by railroad back to Worcester, and this most interesting day was ended. We had journeyed about a hundred miles in course of it."

To his Children.

WORCESTER, MASS., 20-6-1901.

"On Second-day last Senator Hoar took us to Plymouth: about an hour's run from Boston, which is an hour from Worcester.

"As we approach the spot where the Pilgrims landed in New England, it is interesting to note how many names we meet with that recall the Devon and Cornwall and Dorset homes from which some of them came. Thus, before we get into Plymouth, we have Plympton for one of the stations; while, a few miles away, we have Falmouth and Truro and Wareham and Weymouth, etc., etc.—and in the little town itself one of the family names that we see is 'Cornish'!

"We were met at the station by Arthur Lord, the Secretary of the Pilgrim Society, whose members make

it their business to preserve and record all that exists connected with the Immigration. A. L. drove us first up to the great National Monument, which stands on a hill at the back of Plymouth, corresponding to the 'Hoe' in the English town. It was a lovely day, and the sapphire blue sea sparkling in the sun, with the blue sky above it, might have been the Mediterranean for beauty. White sails dotted it here and there ; and the fresh breeze gave a life to it all wonderfully in keeping with the poetry of the place. Across the bay, on the left, is a low sandy hill with an obelisk on it to Miles Standish, after whose place in Old Lancashire, this spot, his New-World home, was named Duxbury. It was this rough old soldier, I suspect, who had the lead in the old-dispensation way in which the Pilgrim Fathers treated the Indians ; for, as a wit has put it, 'they first fell on their knees,' when they landed, 'and then they fell on the *Aborigines* !'

"We were next driven to the 'church' that has lately been built on the site of the one the Pilgrims first built in America. Your mother will tell you the details of this interesting part of our visit ; and I will pass on to the further drive down to the shore and the 'rock' on which the landing was made, and the thanksgiving offered for their safely effecting the transit of the great ocean. Plymouth is a little town of some 7000 people ; and like all the American country towns we have yet seen, it is beautifully shaded by trees : most of its streets being leafy avenues, through which at different points glint bits of the blue sea.

"A most hospitable meal at Arthur Lord's, and a sight of the 'grandfather clock,' which is such a feature in the American homes we have visited, gave us an hour's rest before completing our round of the place ; though I ought not to pass over the Indian stone implements and other curiosities which A. L. has collected : for he is an ardent antiquary.

"After lunch we went to the Pilgrim Hall—a museum of documents and objects collected by the Society for their historic interest. I was allowed to hold Miles Standish's sword (taken from its glass case for the purpose) as well as to examine many other articles that came over in the Mayflower. Time would fail for their enumeration, however; and I must pass on to the further drive we had up the hill at the back of the town: this time to the burial ground where Governor Bradford and others of the little band of the forerunners lie in their last resting-place. It is a site of touching beauty; and as we stood on the edge of its steep escarpment looking over the great bay, we could just discern the broken outline of Cape Cod on the horizon thirty miles away. It seemed hard to tear ourselves away from the spot; for, as I ventured to tell the little group of people near the 'church,' no American could feel more deeply the emotion stirred by its associations. We agreed that we should like to live in Plymouth, if we were to stay in this country: but we have said the same of Moorestown, and of Boston, and I believe we have since come to the conclusion that we should choose Cambridge!"

To his Children.

NARRAGANSETT HOTEL, PROVIDENCE, R. I., 27-6-1901.

"Such a pressure of events has been about us for several days that I hardly know where I dropped the last thread of narrative. On Sixth-day we were taken over to Concord—one of the most beautiful of the New England towns: perhaps *the* most beautiful we have yet seen. Hill and river and woodland make it exceedingly romantic; while its associations with R. W. Emerson, Thoreau, and other literary people, besides its history in the War of Independence, add a charm to all this that it is difficult to realize.

"We were met at the station by Samuel Hoar, a nephew of Senator H. He drove us to the scene of the

battle of Concord, and then to the lovely burial ground of 'Sleepy Hollow,' where Emerson, the Thoreaus, Hawthorne, the Alcott family, and many of Senator Hoar's family lie interred. Emerson's grave is marked by a great piece of quartz rock in lieu of a tombstone, the whole ground being wooded hills. Thence we were driven to Walden, the forest and lake which were the scene of Thoreau's hermit life. A young engineer has since lived in the same spot, in the like fashion : not from sentiment, but because he was in consumption. The open-air life in Walden woods cured him, however.

"Steep hills, covered with primeval forest, running round a deep lake of half-a-mile or more in width, are the chief features of Walden. Thoreau's hut has gone, its site being marked by a cairn of stones put there by visitors, and to which we added our share. A large area of the adjoining woods, though not Thoreau's part, belongs to Samuel Hoar. We lunched at his house, and had the pleasure of the company of Dr Edward Emerson and his sister Ellen : son and daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and very charming people. A beautiful garden at the back of the house runs down to the Concord river—a stream very much like the Thames in some of its reaches.

"On Seventh-day Senator Hoar drove me to Holden and Rutland—small towns to the north of Worcester, and on higher ground. At the first-named we made a brief halt to examine the beautiful little town library, and it was wonderful to find a building that had cost \$50,000 devoted to such a use in a place the size of Painswick. Massachusetts is, in the matter of libraries, at the head of the entire world—for at this moment every one but *two* of its between two and three hundred towns has a substantial public library. I ran through the catalogue of the Holden one, and found it remarkably well chosen as a whole.

"Rutland lies 1260 feet above the sea, and commands a vast landscape. About a mile below it stands the house once occupied by General Rufus Putnam,* which, with its hundred and fifty acres of land, has just been bought by subscription, to turn it into a national monument. Senator Hoar has bought at Worcester, and other places in England, many old articles of furniture to place in the rooms: all of the period of the Revolution or somewhat earlier, so as to present a correct picture of what a New England house was like in the earlier days."

To William Holland, Norquay, Manitoba.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 28-6-1901.

"* * * Before leaving England I had a letter from Senator Hoar saying that he hoped I could plan to be present at this function [Harvard Commencement] and adding that he thought they might give me a degree! I at once wrote that I did not want to put myself in a false position, that I was not of a calibre to take part in such a festival, and must therefore decline it. Writing the same day to Andrew White (the U. S. Ambassador at Berlin, whom I had known at Petersburg and at the Hague, and who was giving me some introductions for this journey) I told him what I had said about Harvard; but he at once urged me to go there. * * *

"Just before the procession formed up in the morning, to march to the theater where the degrees were to be conferred, Senator Hoar came to me and said I had to walk with him (he is the President of the Alumni) at the head of it. Of course there was nothing for it but to comply, and so we set out, followed by the Governor of Massachusetts and the German Ambassador, and then the Vice-President † of the United States—President McKinley not being able to be present, on account of his wife's illness. Just before starting, the Chief Marshal told me

* One of the heroes of the Revolution. † Theodore Roosevelt.

that when my name was mentioned by President Eliot, I must stand up in my place, but not speak. We went through a double rank of some thousands of graduates, to the 'Theater,' and on to the platform. A very large number of the ordinary student degrees were conferred, representative batches of the young men coming up as they were in turn summoned to take the sheaves of diplomas for distribution in their several classes.

"When the honors came, two or three others and myself were recommended by the Board of Overseers as worthy to have conferred on us the degree of Master of Arts; and so, *nolens volens*, I found myself an 'M.A.' of Harvard for my French Dictionary and Roman remains essays! I had no idea that what Senator Hoar hinted at was more than a thought of his own, for the secret was kept from me absolutely. I find my wife knew it—but she gave me not even a suspicion of it!"

The Whittier Association at Amesbury had invited Senator Hoar to visit them during this summer of 1901, and it had been planned that John Bellows and his wife should accompany him. Illness prevented the Senator's visit, and John Bellows and his wife went alone, being the guests of the Lady President of the Association, in Whittier's old home.

From Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, MASS, JULY 11, 1901.

"MY DEAR MR BELLOWS,

"I am sorry that things seem to go wrong a little as to the visit to Amesbury. I have been in bed since Sunday night. I am, I think, getting better; but it is not now likely that I can make the journey to Amesbury in person for at least two or three weeks to come. I was very much affected by the heat at Harvard Commencement. But I felt better next day, and on my return home took up some very perplexing work which had given me a great deal of anxiety, and kept along somehow until last Sunday,

when I went to bed, and I have employed an intelligent young doctor, whose principal prescription is that I shall mind my wife, which I am doing with a meekness and docility which would certainly commend me to Mrs Bellows, and might insure my admission into the Quakers' fold.

"But Mrs Rowell, and the other Amesbury people, will, I am sure, be delighted to see you and your wife, if you will go there. She knows all about you already. You will have the fullest opportunity to see Whittier's dwelling-place and to worship with his friends in the old meeting-house, and to see the green where it is proposed to have his statue, of which he once said jestingly, 'I suppose they will put a graven image here.'

"I need not say that I am very sorry indeed that this thing has happened. It would have been a delight to me to have made the visit under almost any circumstances. But it would have been a special delight to have made it in Mrs Bellows' company and yours. Be good enough to let me know whether you will still like to go, that I may give the Amesbury people notice.

"I think I am enjoying myself during this little sickness more than I should if I were about my ordinary occupations. I am getting a complete rest. The ladies of the family, while they affirm a feminine authority, yet do it in a certain tender and deferential way which is exceedingly delightful. We have lovely cool weather. So I lie in bed and croon over to myself the old hymn :

'Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born.'

"Mrs Hoar has gone out while I am dictating this letter, or she would join with me in love to yourself and your wife. I am faithfully yours, GEORGE F. HOAR."

To his son Max and his Wife.

AMESBURY, MASS., 21-7-1901.

"I think you will like to have a line from Whittier's house, where we are spending our last First-day in

W

America—a quiet and sweet spot in the avened street of a country town. The rooms are just those of a good Friend's cottage, plain but comfortable. Ours is the guest chamber, next to the poet's own bedroom. I can touch the ceiling with my hand. Two windows look out on the street, under the elms; another into the garden. The little parlor downstairs, in which Whittier sat and wrote, looks out into this; and he always called it 'the garden-room.' Outside the two windows is a bushy rose-acacia. * * * There are many trees—shade being what is most wanted here—and a pergola covered with a vine.

"This morning we went to Amesbury meeting—a nice little gathering of perhaps forty Friends. Mother sat in Whittier's seat."

To his son John Earnshaw.

R.M.S. "OCEANIC."

"Here we are safe on board this gigantic ship, which is really a palace! I could not by mere description convey a full idea of what she is.

"We have splendid weather, and every prospect of a beautiful passage.

"I feel that in what are relatively small things the care of our Heavenly Father is over us. It seems to brighten everything like the sunshine that is now above us!

Extracts.

"The Friends in and around Philadelphia are a sweet and a dear people, whom I was going to say it would be impossible not to love; but I don't know about that, for I never tried not to! The meetings we were privileged to attend were favored gatherings; and I was again and again impressed with regret that such real Friends should be separated from Friends in England who have the same aim and the same spirit!"

"I am greatly interested in finding the Pennsylvanians using Cornish words and Cornish intonation of voice.

They say, for instance, a house is *torn* down (which is *not* English!) They have told me when I have once or twice spoken in their meetings they have been struck with my tone being much nearer their own than that of English Friends generally is!"

"I must not forget to mention the wonderful electric car system of Boston. I know of nothing like it. We descend a subway in the Common (Boston Common, like the commons of other American towns, is a *Park*) to a large station, from which the electric trams run to all parts of the city and suburbs. The rapidity with which these vehicles rush in, load, and fly off in all directions is bewildering. We were assured that it would be far more crowded if we were there at five o'clock, when the business men are bound homeward. We waited perhaps ten minutes to get the Cambridge or Harvard car. In that interval the cars came and left at the rate of 514 per hour!"

To George F. Hoar and his Wife, Worcester, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 3-8-1901.

"Here we are, back at home again, after our nearly three months' delightful journey in your land, laden like bees, with the pollen of practical information about many matters in it, and with the honey of the friendships we have made, and deepened!

"Our son, with a friend, ran up from Philadelphia to see us off from New York, which we left with almost the punctuality of a train, to dream our way across the Atlantic on our floating Island, the 'Oceanic': an Island flowing with milk and honey, and producing all the fruits and grains of the temperate zone and the tropics, from Quaker oats to oranges growing ready peeled on forks, coming into our cabin in the morning to entice us out to breakfast.

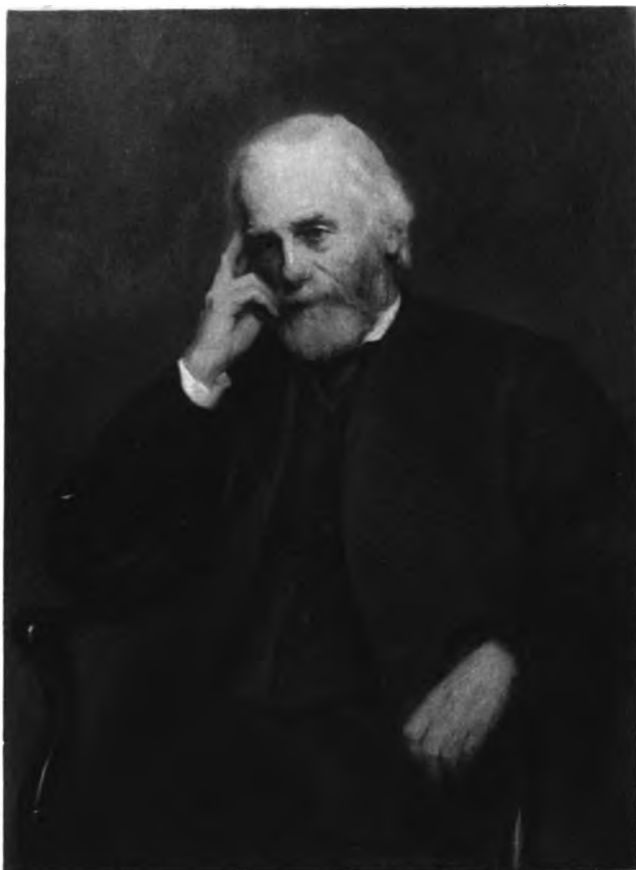
"On that voyage, I had planned a round of work suitable to the leisure it affords—letters to friends;

essays; dictionary work, and more than I can now even recall. But if, on land, the way to ruin is paved with good intentions, at sea these take the form of clouds that disappear day by day and leave not a wreck behind !

* * * * *

“ At home we found all the children well and ready to give us an enthusiastic welcome back.”





Portrait painted by Henry Jackson 1897

Mr. Bellows

1831 - 1902



CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIALS OF FAITH—TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION"—LAKE DISTRICT—
CORRESPONDENCE WITH SENATOR HOAR—THE DIVINITY OF
CHRIST.

THE return voyage from America at the end of July, 1901, was a favourable one, and John Bellows' health appeared to benefit by it; but the improvement, alas! was not permanent. After his return home his books and his correspondence with his friends were still a continual source of pleasure to him; but his energies in other directions had gradually to be much curtailed.

To Colonel Carleton, Norwood.

GLOUCESTER, 23-8-1901.

"Two of my sons are gone to the Tyrol for a walking tour among the mountains—good healthful work if the weather keeps fine. As I was seeing them off at the station yesterday, a large number of little East-end children came from the Hereford train to go back to London after a fortnight in the country. It was interesting and amusing to see the rush and excitement among them. All carried bags or packets—some of carrots, potatoes, wild flowers, grass, corn—an 'omnium gatherum' of the most heterogeneous description. About nine hundred go through here per fortnight. These all looked in the most vigorous health, bronzed and full of colour in their faces.

"Some weeks ago one of my nieces wrote to her cousin Marian to get some buns and milk for fourteen of these East-end children who would be at Gloucester station *en route* for Raglan. Marian, unable to come in that

morning, asked our old artillery sergeant to do it for her. He found he had twenty-seven to feed, but did the best he could. In course of a few days it transpired that he had missed the Raglan contingent and fed the wrong children!

"A clergyman's daughter at Newport, Essex, tells us that the *only* complaint that such little visitors make is that country eggs are not right. '*They have not the London flavour.*'"

To William Holland, Norquay, Manitoba.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 28-9-1901.

"I entirely agree with what thou sayest about our making the most of our health and of our influence of all sorts, including that which may come to us with money. As to the latter, a natural indolence keeps making me wish I had enough to escape anxiety that often weights me; but *it is a short-sighted wish*. The truth is that, shift the burden as we may, there is a continual need of our exercising faith in the *present* care and goodness of God, and in His *present* willingness to help us. No day dawns on us in which the need of His help does not exist; and it is well that need should come home to us practically. A living dog is better than a dead lion; and a trust in a power that can help me through a worry or a dilemma in my day's work is infinitely more to me than knowing or believing something about the help Abraham or Moses had at some remote time, and in other far different circumstances. It is the *now* that tries the faith that is the gift of God to every human soul; and the *now* that is the time of the victory that overcomes the world.

"My trial, at the moment I write, is not to give way to fretting because I am laid on the shelf by my illness, for I am writing this letter in bed. I often smile as I recall the visit of a young fellow who was once in my employ, named Latimer. He came over to see me at home, at

Churcham, and introduced his errand by saying, 'The Apostle Paul says, sir, that we must always do the best we can for ourselves ; so I have come over to see if you can't give me a rise of wages?' I rather think that the Apostle Paul had no right to interfere between Latimer and me in this particular ; but notwithstanding the oddity of the way it was put, there is a solid truth at the bottom of it—for to 'do the best we can for ourselves' is the whole duty of man.

"Latimer left me some time after ; and when I again saw him I asked, 'Where art thou working now?' With a cheery smile he answered, 'Oh, for the *Army*!' He was on General Booth's paper in London, and I suppose a step nearer to the Apostle Paul than when he was at Gloucester. By no means a bad sort of fellow."

To Stephen Salisbury, Worcester, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 25-10-1901.

"Our visit to Worcester opened up a new world to me, that is seldom out of my remembrance for many hours at a time, and it always feels to me as if I received more from it than I can possibly repay ; so that it is a real pleasure to find that friends like thyself are so willing to accept what I write ! * * *

"I remember Professor C. telling me, some twenty years ago, that a quantity of wine was laid down in the cellars of Charles II. in the year of the Great Fire of London, from which each succeeding monarch had drunk a glass once a year on the anniversary of that event. This went on till a little before the time Professor C. mentioned it to me : Queen Victoria duly taking her glass of the wine, until she found it so unpleasant that a bottle of it was sent to Professor C. to be analysed and reported on. He found it to be *pure vinegar*—all the alcohol having disappeared ; and thereafter the time-honored custom of the sovereign's tasting it was discontinued.

"I suspect, as I write the story, that had it fallen to Thoreau's lot to do so, he would have added a reflection that there are things which happen to us in life of which this would serve as an emblem: that which has been real wine losing its life and energy by lapse of time and becoming mere acid! * * *

"I seldom find much worth listening to in formal sermons, or prayers, or graces before meat; but I am bound to say that a word spoken by the Chaplain at Harvard Commencement did strike me as very real and sterling. He prayed—"Lord give us *simplicity*!"

In December, 1901, John Bellows attended the Doukhobor committee in London for the last time, his failing strength making it necessary for him to resign his position on it as 'clerk.' At the same time there was a further and painful matter which he was anxious for the committee to settle while he still held the post.

Some time before this, Count Tolstoi had published his novel, "Resurrection," in order to help the Doukhobors by the sale of the copyright. The production of the book, in English, had been jointly undertaken by two well-wishers of the Doukhobors, who offered £150 from the proceeds to the Friends' Fund: and this sum was accepted. At that time no member of the committee had read the book, except John Bellows—and he only in part—a portion of the translation having been submitted to him for technical assistance. He quickly perceived that it was a work that he could in no way encourage, on account of its giving "too much detail of scenes that ought not to be reported"; and he afterwards blamed himself that, knowing this, he had not objected to the receipt of the money at the time. To clear the Society of Friends, however, of any complicity in countenancing the book, he had meanwhile refunded the £150 to the donors, out of his own pocket.

By this time the majority of his colleagues had read the special parts objected to, and now at this last committee they unanimously agreed that the money must be refunded to John Bellows, in order that the refusal to accept it should be the *joint* action of the committee. This was accordingly done.

To William Holland, Norquay, Manitoba.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 10-12-1901.

"* * * Press of time will not permit of my enlarging, as I should like to, for I *could* find much to talk of; but I may say briefly that one thing I had to get through at our last Committee was the question of the novel Tolstoi wrote to help the Doukobor migration expenses—'Resurrection.' Our people received £150 of the proceeds; but the work is an objectionable one in its giving far too full details of 'smutty' things; and my wife and I felt we had better sacrifice this sum ourselves rather than let the Society of Friends be in complicity with its publication. So I paid the sum back out of my own pocket, and then wrote Tolstoi a long and earnest letter on the subject, to which he has as yet not sent a reply; but his friend who helped the translation, etc., came to the Committee to defend it against my charges. The Committee, however, took my view, and unanimously condemned the work as unfit for our homes; and ordered the £150 to be refunded to me."

Count Tolstoi's reply to the letter referred to above was delayed through illness. It was as follows:—

7TH OF DECEMBER, 1901.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I received your letter and meant to answer it; but the last two months I have been so weak that I could not do it, so you must excuse me my long silence.

"I read your letter twice and considered the matter as well as I could, and could not arrive at a definite solution of the question. You may be right, but I think not for every person which will read the book. It can have a bad influence over persons who will read not the whole book and not take in the sense of it. It might also have quite the opposite influence so as it was intended to. All that I can say in my defence is, that when I read a book, the chief interest for me is the *Weltanschauung des Autors*;

what he likes and what he hates. And I hope that the reader which will read my book with the same view will find out what the author likes or dislikes and will be influenced with the sentiments of the author, and I can say that when I wrote the book I abhorred with all my heart the lust, and to express this abhorrence was one of the chief aims of the book.

“If I have failed in it I am very sorry, and I am pleading guilty if I was so inconsiderate in the scene of which you write that I could have produced such a bad impression on your mind.

“I think that we will be judged by our conscience and by God, not for the results of our deeds which we cannot know, but for our intentions, and I hope that my intentions were not bad.

Yours truly,

LEO TOLSTOY”

To Chief Justice Holmes, Boston, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 25-1-1902.

“I have just met with a book, which though not absolutely a new one, has been published so recently that it may not have found its way to Beverly Farms; for ‘of making many books there is no end,’ and some of these may have got in front of it. At least this is my hope, as I want Canon Rawnsley’s ‘Literary Associations of the English Lakes’ to come upon thy wife and thyself as a pleasant surprise, and I venture on the chance of its doing so, to send a copy by this mail for your acceptance. Had thy father been still living, it is, I think, just such reading as he would have enjoyed, for Canon Rawnsley unites to an excellent knowledge of his subject, a sympathy with the several literary men with whose story he deals, and a style that is refined and unaffected, while he has certainly enough of the poetic power to make him a worthy interpreter of the golden age of the Lake District. In conversation he is equally charming.

"I had a climb with him two summers ago, to a height, above Keswick, on which a camp commanded the Derwent valley on the one side, and that leading to Thirlmere and Ambleside on the other. 'There were giants in those days,' wrote the old Hebrew historian, appealing to the Eastern imagination to fill in their heights! Similarly we might say of our Camp, 'There were giants in that place': for nowhere in the world is such a variety of mountain forms, so inwrought with poetic legend, brought into a single landscape. Skiddaw and Blencathra and the Western Cumberland hills on the north, the Borrowdale heights on the south, and the range of Helvellyn to the east, magnificent in themselves, were all linked in association with Wordsworth and his compeers: an association mellowed and heightened by the lapse of what will soon be a hundred years of time.

"To me there is no more pathetic proof of the power of poetry over the human heart than the vast crowd of tourists on a summer evening at Wythburn, with six or seven four-horse coaches all standing near the country inn, some bound for Keswick and some for Grasmere and Rydal and Ambleside. Pedestrian and cyclist and coach-passenger and carriage-occupant—they have come from the far ends of the earth—from the Western States of America—from the African sands—from the plains of Australia—from the forests of India—from the rivers of New Zealand—from wherever the English language is spoken—to renew, if it be possible, the spell of magical delight evoked in them from childhood by the lines of Wordsworth or of Walter Scott: to re-awaken, as far as in them lies, the poetry that was aroused by those stirring words, by climbing, for themselves, from this spot—

'The dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn'
that looms above, and seeing with their own eyes
'Lakes and mountains beneath them gleam misty and wide.'
As we look into the faces of those who have just descended

from the summit we cannot help noting that some have succeeded in this, and many have failed. I like to get into touch and sympathy with them, whether they belong to the happy or the disappointed ones. For sympathy we owe, in varying degree, to every created being: even to the dog that bites our shins unprovoked. He must be punished, for our protection in future and for his own good, but not mercilessly. * * *

"Now for many weeks past I have been laid up with cardiac asthma, which I had made a beginning of in the summer. It has been almost a struggle for existence, and it means the end of my active or business life, though at seventy-one years of age it is fitting that this should come. I write in my bedroom now. Few invalids, however, are so favoured in their surroundings; for from this bay window I have one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, as Senator Hoar will tell thee. Even without rising from my pillow I can see the whole beautiful range of the Malvern Hills, from eighteen miles away at the nearer end to twenty-eight at the farther point. The cities of Gloucester and Worcester, and the Wyndcliff below Tintern Abbey are all within view, with hundreds of square miles of field and woodland and park and river that will some day summon into existence a poetry of the Cotteswold Hills that shall be a pendant to that of the English Lakes."

To Senator Hoar, Worcester, Mass.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 25-1-1902.

"Yes, I quite hope we may keep up our correspondence, which has been one of the privileges of my life. If I seem long in replying now and then, to thy letters, I know thou wilt bear with me, when I explain that I have been laid by for many weeks with a severe attack of cardiac asthma that entirely debars me from going into Gloucester, and that confines me for a large part of the day to my bedroom. I dare say thou canst enter into the experience of

a man accustomed to a busy life being thus set aside from it suddenly? It is as if one had been sailing along day after day over a blue sea, and were all at once stranded on a sandbank, to watch the tide recede and feel the uncertainty of ever floating again: though sunny days and unstormy moonlight nights give one *hope*!

“The doctors come with their stethoscopes, and after taking soundings declare that there is nothing organically wrong: that it is all due to nervous exhaustion: and that time and rest may set all right again. Perhaps they may. Behind and below all, comes the need of clinging to the hope in God which is the final refuge of every created being, and for which no dogma or creed is a substitute of any value.

“One feature of asthma is the inability to breathe sufficiently while lying down. And after hours of sitting up and leaning forward, in bed, I devised one day a board, on two little stands about fifteen inches high, on which one can lean the forehead (on a small pillow) with a semi-circular gap cut out for the mouth. It is about three feet six inches long, and with it I have had excellent nights of rest!

“Now a curious thought has struck me that I must put before Dr Hall to find if there is any likelihood of ground for it. In some of the pre-historic burial mounds we find all the skeletons sitting on their haunches—not lying down. Is it possible that this was the posture *of rest* to these people? If for any reason their lungs were imperfectly developed, this may have been their position in sleeping. To the Turks and Syrians the squatting thus on the haunches, with the sole of the foot raised behind, so as to throw all the weight on the fore part of it, is the position that answers to *our* sitting. In pictures, Turks are shown cross-legged. I have never seen one in actual life do this; nor do I believe that it is ever done!

“I recollect an old Friend from Maine, who spent a winter at Brumana (in Lebanon) with an English friend of

ours, at a school for Syrian children. They (the American and the Englishman) were much exercised at the degradation of the little things squatting thus on the floor, and they had some forms made for them to sit on. Next morning they went, light-hearted, to see this step towards civilization ; but the little Syrians were perched in rows, squatting *on the forms instead of on the ground !*

(“ Query : Is *lying* a result of civilization ? ”)

From Senator Hoar, Washington.

WASHINGTON, D.C., JANUARY 16, 1902.

“ DEAR MR BELLOWS,

“ I wonder if you can tell me anything about a wonderful fragment on Mummies, which I thought to be by Sir Thomas Browne, and which is published, without any question of its genuineness, in the four volume edition of his works printed more than forty years ago, which I possess. It begins something like this :

‘ Of their living habitations they made little account, ‘conceiving them but as hospitia, or inns, while they ‘adorned the sepulchres of the dead, and planting ‘thereon lasting bases, defied the crumbling touches of ‘time, and the misty vaporousness of oblivion.’

“ I have seen an article in some newspaper lately saying that this passage, which I think nearly the most sublime piece of prose in English literature, is not by Sir Thomas Browne at all, but is a clever hoax. Perhaps you have among your circle of friends some scholar who would know all about it. Sir Thomas, as you know very well, was of Norwich. I dare say there is some learned man there who could answer the question at once. The newspaper which made the statement, stated that Emerson had somewhere spoken with great admiration of this passage. I do not remember that myself.

“ I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR.”

To Senator Hoar, Washington.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 1-2-1902.

“Immediately on receipt of thy letter, I was able to put the enquiry about the passage on mummies into the right hands: those of Leslie Stephen, whose reply, enclosed, is interesting and conclusive. No doubt the Dictionary of National Biography is in your libraries at Washington and at Worcester, and thou wilt be able to verify Leslie Stephen’s statement that James Crossley, of Manchester, made up the passage in question, and palmed it off upon Sir Thomas Browne’s editor as one he had chanced upon, but of which he had not taken note of the reference!

“We have been much concerned to learn of thy wife’s failure of health at Washington; but hope from thy letter that she has really passed the worst. As I write in my room upstairs, I have been wishing she could have such invalid quarters as mine, with all this wide reach of landscape to look out on, and with the sound of the breeze coming through the open window, I was going to say in music: but it is something more than music. It comes sweeping through the trees, gathering up tones that are different from different species. The sound in the leafless beeches is sweet, but it is not the same sound as in the foliage of the fir-trees, and so on. A being of larger faculties than ours would therefore comprehend *more*, in listening to the wind, than we do; he would *see* a tune played on all the trees and shrubs over which it swept, as on a multitudinously-stringed instrument. I can *apprehend*, though I cannot *comprehend*, such an effect, from watching the play of the sunlight on the towers in different parts of the landscape. They shine white, and fade and disappear in response to the play of the clouds, and come again, like the notes of music in some vast concert, that are varied by the composer so as never to recur in the same order, and yet never to fail of rhythmic beauty.

“Such a larger-powered being as I have hinted at would take in more than the differences of *sort* in the tree-sounds ; he would discern their individual specialties, just as I see differences in towers and spires that are many miles away. Thus, there is a lovely Lombardy poplar not far from my window—one that I planted some years ago. At sunrise all the leafless twigs are golden in color, but near the top there is one branch that stands away from the rest, of course giving a variant note to the wind that sweeps over it. No doubt when the tree was younger, some starling or homeward-bound rook rested on the twig that was not then strong enough to bear his weight, and so he gave the plant this set for all time. I used to think it would be well to cut off this branch, for the sake of uniformity ; but I could not reach it. Now I would rather have it as it is. And is it not so in life? We are too fearful of divergences.”

From Senator Hoar, Washington.

WASHINGTON, D.C., FEBRUARY 24, 1902.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I have just got your letter dated February 1st. I got back from Worcester last night where I had been to attend a hearing in court and to straighten out, if I could, the affairs of Clark University of which you will remember our friend President Hall is the head. The founder left a very obscure will. But we hope it will be interpreted so as to be the source of great good.

“I am very sorry indeed to be assured that the famous fragment on Mummies is forged. It is inserted in the four-volume edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works which I own. I have always deemed that passage one of the very few best passages in English prose ; and in spite of what you tell me of its origin I do not change my mind. Indeed it is hard to believe that a man capable of rising to that height of lofty sublimity did not do something else to make himself famous.

"Your discovery of the difference in the musical sound of the wind as it sweeps through different species of trees and shrubs is quite new to me, and manifests marvellous discernment which a man must be a naturalist and poet to possess. I should like to look out with you upon that wonderful landscape again. I believe I contemplate leaving this world with all proper equanimity. But there is a great deal in it that I long to see, and a great deal I want to know and want to do before I go. I do not get much time for reading, beside what is needed for my public duties, which have been quite engrossing this winter. But I hope to have more leisure in time to come.

"I hope I shall get better news of you than your two last letters have brought, and shall hear that you are restored to your usual activities. I hope your ill health is not due to working too hard in the United States, but on the contrary that your physician will prescribe another visit to this side of the water as a cure. If you will come again, you shall see things leisurely and quietly. I trust you will be before long fully restored to your former health and strength. At the same time, however, I envy you the quiet of the sick chamber, from which you can shut out all the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches and give yourself up to pleasant thoughts and fancies like those you tell me of in your letter. My year had in it little vacation. The only real vacation I have had since I came back from England in 1899 was that I enjoyed so much with you and your wife last summer.

"I feel more hopeful and more cheerful as I grow old, and yet just now there is not much to be of satisfaction for me in the political conditions here. I sometimes think that in this vulgar dream of empire our people are forgetting all their old ideals, and that in clutching out after greatness they are abandoning everything that has made them great. I am faithfully and affectionately yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR."

To Joannin Ardouin, Paris.

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 19-2-1902.

"Though I still am ill, and write this *au lit*, I am not without hope that the summer may enable me to get out again. It would be a real pleasure to see thy wife and thyself here. * * * * It was rather singular that the same mail that brought me thy letter, mentioning Harvard, also brought one from the President of that University asking me to cable reply whether I could go to Manchester and represent Harvard at the fiftieth anniversary of Owen's College. Of course I have to cable 'impossible.'

"The Tolstoi letter in *Le Temps* is very good: he puts each of his points, I think, unanswerably. I remember in 1893 he said to me that he thought it hard that so many of his friends should have suffered for adhesion to his teaching, while he himself was allowed to escape: but I begged him not to *try* to be a martyr. * * *

"The last time I was with him was at the end of 1900, when Edmund Brooks, a friend with whom I went to Petersburg, went with me to Moscow to dine with the Tolstois. There were fifteen of the family at table, besides ourselves as guests. I know Count Tolstoi does not believe in the Divinity of Christ: in fact, when I was speaking of him to the Countess T. at Petersburg, she wanted us to give him her *amitiés*, etc., and I chanced to say '*Dans l'essentiel il est Chrétien*'—but she stopped me—'*C'est un très bon garçon si vous voulez, mais il n'est pas Chrétien !*' Many people in such matters do not go deeper than a creed or belief: but to me, as God is *en rapport* with all that He creates, He is manifested, in varying degree certainly, but still manifested, to every human heart, showing every man what is good and what is evil. And perfectly irrespective of whether one is a Christian, or a Mahometan, or a Jew, or a heathen, every man who forsakes evil and does *right*, draws near to God, and is approved of Him. Take Confucius as an instance.

No one can read his life without being convinced that he was in deed and truth a good man—and what is more, an *extraordinarily* good man: that his goodness was a *growth*, being much more marked later in life than it was at first. I recollect that he had on some occasion given advice to one of the petty Chinese Kings, who was offended at it, and who disgraced him, reducing him to poverty for a while. His own remark on this is very striking: to this effect:—‘My food is the coarsest unhusked rice, and my drink is water; but these things cannot take from me *the joy of righteousness.*’

“I feel certain that the Maker of all things is good, and just—and if He is good and just, He cannot create any being with whom He is not in sympathy. He could not create Chinamen with less chance of sharing His sympathy than Europeans, because that would be *unjust* and unfair. In the old Bible language this truth is expressed in the words ‘The tender mercies of the Lord are over *all* His works.’ Tender mercies include, above all, salvation: that is, He puts the power of being everlastingly purified and united to Himself, within the reach of every soul that ever was, or is, or will be created.

“This Tolstoi believes: and while I believe, and he does not, that Jesus Christ was a manifestation of God in human form, this forms no barrier between us. A mystery which numbers of men *cannot* fathom or grasp, [and] *cannot* believe, cannot be essential to salvation. Or, to put it another way. God would have *all* men be saved. But that which is to save *all* men must be extremely simple. Therefore anything which is not simple enough for all, cannot be essential for all.

“He who is the Source of goodness must have more goodness than any other being. The Source of love must be more full of love than anything that emanates from that Source. Take a mother’s love: something so great—so deep, as to be scarcely fathomable by man—something we

rather *apprehend* than *comprehend*. What then must be the heart that shaped and builded all the mothers' hearts that ever were from the foundation of the world till now? Nay, we may go down below, to the very animals, and see millions innumerable of hearts of mothers among them filled with a love for their little ones such as we can by no possibility measure or grasp the *portée* of! Would such a Being as this create man in conditions of trial and suffering and temptation and struggle such as we have to pass through, though for a brief and little moment—a mere flash of time as compared with the boundless eternity we are to enter on next;—would, I say, a Being so overflowing in love and tenderness and sympathy unspeakable, unfathomable, incomprehensible, send us into such a world of time to *chance* our way through it by ourselves? *No—never!*

“Too infinitely loving—too infinitely full of the *noblesse oblige* that must be present to such a mind, for any such thing, such a God *could not* create Man without at the same time determining to put Himself on the same low level—to share to the last and lowest atom the suffering which in His wisdom and love He saw to be needful for the final perfecting of His creatures! For this reason it is clear to *me* that the coming of a Divine Being, say a manifestation of God Himself in human form, was as inevitable as the creation of the sun or the stars.

“If sometime I send thee a volume by Barclay—read what he says on ‘Universal and Saving Light.’ Count Tolstoi stood over the page with tears in his eyes, saying, ‘Why haven’t you taken more pains to spread this doctrine—because *it is the truth!*’”

*To the Sergeant in charge of the Ordnance Survey
at Gloucester.*

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 27-2-1902.

“I am always glad to be of any help in Roman matters, but illness prevented my replying by return to thy letter of the 25th, *re* VIA JULIA.

“The real main road that must have borne this name is the one running from Gloucester through Lydney and Chepstow to Caerleon and South Wales.

“First of all, in the year 43 A.D., when the Romans conquered Britain, they secured Gloucester [GLEVUM] as the key of the Severn, to hold the Silures or South Welsh borderers; but in the course of a half century after, they were so harassed by incursions of the South Welsh that they moved the head-quarters of the II. Legion west, to Caerleon on Usk, where it was stationed all the rest of the time of its stay in Britain—or nearly all.

“This conquest of the Silures was made by *Julius Frontinus*, a very able general under Domitian, and, as he made the road, it was no doubt named after him. He was a very skilled engineer, and after his return to Rome he was put in charge of the aqueducts and water supply of the city, upon which he wrote a treatise.

“The Silures were the most dangerous of all the native races the Romans had to deal with in this part of the Island: several times they attacked the garrisons, once cutting off a foraging party, and so on.

“To keep them in check a very perfect system was adopted. I have examined the several points to which the signalling was arranged, and I find that within an hour of the alarm being given at Caerleon, it would be passed over the Severn from Caerwent, over the Wye at Chepstow, etc. etc., to five-and-twenty places for reinforcements, some smaller, some larger. From Cirencester and Gloucester troops of horse could be sent through the Forest of Dean—for cavalry were stationed at each of these cities—and pensioners of infantry besides.

“Then from Bath, Sea Mills, and Bristol side, troops could cross at ‘New Passage’—coming further up the Sea Bank or the eastern side—so as to drop down with the stream if the tide was not right, and landing at that camp near the Great Western tunnel under the Severn. This

camp stands on the cliff alongside of a low part of the shore where the boats could ground. The banks are 19 feet 3 inches high. I remember seeing them measured by the G.W.R. surveyors = 20 Roman feet.

"This enabled men to form up into marching order for Caerwent and Caerleon under protection.

"In *returning* from these places to Sea Mills, etc., the boats would make a long diagonal run to 'Chittening Street'—further south—thus partly using the rapid stream of the Severn. Chittening is a Saxon alteration, or corruption, of *Cae Tenewen*, the British, *i.e.*, Welsh for Bank Side, a great sea wall still existing there. It is very likely that Julius Frontinus made this bank and the road to Bath, etc.; but it would be safer simply to mark it 'ROMAN ROAD.'

"A noteworthy thing is that on the old one-inch map the old road from Bristol to Gloucester is lettered as '*Cribb's Causeway*,' up to the point where the branch strikes west to cross the Severn: and above that point it is marked '*Ridgeway*.' This arises from a partial translation of the Welsh, or original name, in the first instance, and a full rendering of it in the second case.

"Thus the original name must have been *Sarn y Crib* = Paved way of the Ridge. No doubt some Saxon asked what *Sarn* meant, and when he learned it was *Causeway*, he jumped to the conclusion that *Crib* was a man's name; but it means a *Ridge*.

"So, again, *Patchway* is a translation of *Sarn y Clwt*—or some similar word. *Clwt* means *hurdle*, as well as *patch*. It meant a hurdle or wattled road over the marsh. We have it in the English *clout*—'Old shoes and *clouted*,' 'clout nails,' and so on."

CHAPTER XIX.

TRAITS AND CHARACTERISTICS — CONCLUSION.

THE following lines, written by his father when John Bellows was only six years old, give evidence of a degree of thoughtfulness very striking for one so young : “ John said to me one evening when we were alone, ‘ Father, I’ve been thinking that if people are too poor to buy a Bible, our Heavenly Father can put the words of the Bible into their minds for them to think about,’ and added, ‘ When I am in school, writing my figures, if I feel that I ought to pray, I can pray without opening my lips.’ ” Surely these sayings of the child were an earnest of that remarkable independence of conviction which was always such a feature in his character.

Whilst faithfully adhering to his own conception of religious truth, as the years went by his outlook gradually widened with regard to the standpoint of others ; and this was particularly noticeable after his return from Russia in 1893—a result due, no doubt, to the fact that he had been brought into the closest intimacy with many individuals whose spiritual aspirations he found to be the same as his own, but whose creed was quite different. A remark, to which he assented, was made to him on this journey, that “ there is not much difference between a real Christian and a good Jew.” He once wrote : “ In going through life, no two of us have precisely the same path to tread. Yet we cannot contemplate the steps by which another soul has overcome the world, without being helped in our own, though different, path to the same end. If we are in a right state of mind, we shall be in sympathy

with such a man, notwithstanding that the truths which were the principal ones he was called to contend for, may not, at present, even be shown to us at all. Unity of spirit does not lie in holding the same views of things, or learning the same outward lessons ; but in our loving and cherishing the truth in whatever direction it is made manifest to us."

With one or two quite trifling exceptions, John Bellows was a teetotaller all his life. He felt so strongly on the subject of drink, that he declined, in his business, all work that was in any way connected with it. The following extract from a letter will show how courteously this could be done.

GLOUCESTER, 2-1-1899.

"Being impressed with the misery and suffering of all kinds involved in the drinking customs of the country, I felt when I began business, some forty years ago, that I ought to decline all printing, etc., connected with them, so far as I was able to draw a line for the purpose. Thy kindness (which I fully appreciate) led to the placing of a former order here, which was executed without coming under my own notice, or I would have offered the explanation I am now making, then. I know how stupid it must seem, looked at from thy standpoint, for me to make such a rule, and it is no light pain for me to be thought stupid and narrow."

He carried this objection to printing what his conscience did not approve even further than this, for he also declined to do certain other kinds of work ; but these refusals were always expressed in such a manner that no one appears ever to have been seriously offended by them.

About the year 1890, he was so horrified by a newspaper article narrating the cruelties often inflicted on live cattle during their transit across the Atlantic, that he declared he would no longer be a party to such things, and would never again eat meat—a vow which he rigidly kept. For

two or three years he did not feel debarred from eating fish: but there came a time at last when he gave that up also.

During his visit to St. Petersburg in 1892 he was dining one evening with a gentleman, who enquired of him if he had been at a certain ball on the previous evening, and if he had seen such and such a play. To these enquiries John Bellows had to reply in the negative ; and, further, that he had never been to a ball or to a theatre in his life. This statement was so astounding to his host that he laid down his knife and fork, looked fixedly at him, and exclaimed : " You never go to balls, you don't go to the theatre, you drink no wine, and you eat no meat : then do tell me if your life is worth living at all ! " But it was not on such things as these that John Bellows depended for his happiness ; and yet it would have been hard to find anyone who got more keen enjoyment out of life than he did : certainly no one was more interested in every phase of it, from the spiritual welfare of a nation to the passing amusement of a little child.

Amongst his fellow-craftsmen his reputation for perfection of workmanship stood very high, and his office became an excellent school for printers.

His relations with his employees were of the happiest, and it was a source of the deepest satisfaction to him that several of them had been with him for so long. The first he ever employed, who came to him as a boy, gave him faithful service for forty-three years, and is now in the employment of John Bellows' sons. Several others, also, were his trusted servants for periods ranging up to forty years. There was no limit, as far as his means permitted, to his practical generosity to his workpeople, and his sympathy with them in their trials was deep and sincere. To further their welfare, especially that of those who had served him the longest, he started a system of bonuses on their savings, which in time bore fruit in their greater comfort.

It was to him a cheering sign of the moral improvement of the age, that in many cases the sympathy of the rich with the poor was greater in his lifetime than it had ever been before. It required no effort on his part to show them kindness—his inclinations all lying in that direction. When driving to and from business, it was so much his custom to stop and pick up a solitary wayfarer, that his horse acquired the habit of pulling up of its own accord, when it saw one upon the road—sometimes to the confusion of its owner. A certain working-man has told of being picked up in this way—"in my dirty clothes, just as I was coming from work, when I was fair 'shamed to sit by 'un; but he didn't seem to mind, bless 'ee!" No opportunity was ever missed by him of getting into sympathy with those whom he casually met on his journeys. He would, if possible, sit near the driver of the omnibus he happened to be riding on in London, joining in conversation with him, and entering into the trials that were frequently confided to him.

His wife was once visiting some friends near Epping Forest, and he was to join her the day before her return, to accompany her home. A picnic in the Forest had been planned, if he would consent to stay a day longer for it. No one would have enjoyed it more keenly than he; but he said it was impossible. He was reluctant to state the reason why, but at last it transpired that he had had a good deal of talk with the boy who had carried his bag for him in London, and had promised him that he should carry it again if he would meet a certain train on the following day. He had no means of communicating with the boy, and rather than break his word to him, he would forego his own pleasure.

John Bellows' life was such a full one that he was unfortunately never able to take the hint contained in the following letter from his old friend Dr Hübner. All that he had evolved from the archæology of his city, and from

the Roman history of Britain, was scattered through the pages of the Proceedings of Societies at whose meetings he had given addresses.

From Dr Hübner, Berlin

BERLIN, 16-3-1899

"DEAR FRIEND,

"It is more than a year I did not hear from thee, but hope thou and thy family continue in their usual health and prosperity.

"I was occupied, these days, to write a short notice about *Glevum* for our new great Encyclopædia of Antiquity—Pauly-Wissowa, 'Realencyklopädie,' two volumes and a half published since 1894. I dare say thou hast seen it; it is not badly printed.

"Well, in writing this note, it struck me that there is no monograph existing about Gloucester. Thou hast sent me from many years ago short notes about finds in and near Gloucester, foundations of buildings, etc., squeezes of inscriptions and marks on tiles, etc., many interesting photographs, etc., a plan of the city in which the lines of walls and streets are marked. But is there nobody in thy city, who could put all that together and form a handy volume of short relations, photos, plans, etc., only matter of fact, no dreary discussion, printed in thy excellent types, and giving to the citizen and to the stranger by it a full idea of what Gloucester once has been? Also Mediæval Gloucester does not lose interest. It would be worth while, as it seems to me, to do such a work. Is not there a clergyman or a learned schoolmaster at hand, who would help thee in such an undertaking? All those curious tiles, with RPG and PR·G, evident texts of the public works of the colony—*r(atio) p(ublica) G(levensis)*, or *pr(aetorium? praedium?) G(levense)*—as I venture to read them and explain them—should be represented in careful photographs. Doesn't it seem to thee also a worthy service done to thy native town, to leave it such a monument of

its beginnings? A flourishing community, the wealth of which is increasing, ought not to spare the necessary means to give publicity to such a book. Certainly, by and by, new finds will come and make the book the more interesting. * * *

“I remain, truly as ever, thy friend

E. HÜBNER”

John Bellows' vivid imagination, and the power he had of bringing the past into the present, and of throwing fresh light on that past, made his narratives instinct with life and animation. He was full of originality, so that it was impossible for him ever to be dull, and his remarkable memory enabled him to place his illustrations just where they produced the most telling effect. The many Associations which visited Gloucester always found in him a willing guide to its antiquities, and his intimate knowledge of Roman *Glevum* was always at their service.

He possessed the gift of *charm* in a striking degree. Men and women were drawn to him instinctively; and his own character was on so high a level that, quite naturally and without effort on his part, the best elements in the characters of those with whom he came in contact were brought out. Even the unworthy whom he endeavoured to raise were, for the time, lifted by association with him, to something higher than they had known before.

John Bellows did not differ from his fellow-men in a liability to make mistakes; but he was always ready to own them when convinced that he had made them. In a leaflet which he issued in 1900 on another subject, he writes, “Nearly forty years ago I made two serious mistakes—one in attacking John Bright, and the other in imagining that the Southern States of America were struggling for their proper rights. I have long since been sorry for these mistakes, and have said so.”

He always took the deepest interest in the Protestant Reformation in England, and in the course of some years

he entered on several controversies on the subject, in the local press. He was very jealous for the honour of the men who carried out that great movement, and felt it to be his duty to defend them whenever their memory was assailed.

In his later years, John Bellows not infrequently spoke in the meetings for worship of his Society: his brief and living messages always being given with weight and power. He was for some years an elder of his Meeting.

During the past few years the French Government has adopted an excellent system by which certain students who have passed with exceptional credit through its schools are maintained for one, and in some cases for two, years in a foreign country. In several instances situations have been found for these *boursiers* in business houses in England, where they have not only been able to improve their knowledge of our language, but have received an insight into our business methods. John Bellows was quick to recognise the advantages of the system, and in recent years a succession of these young men came under his care at Gloucester. To mark their appreciation of his help, the French Government sent John Bellows a handsome copy of La Fontaine's Fables. In acknowledging the gift, he wrote to his friend Professor Bonet-Maury, of Paris, who was a member of the Committee having charge of the young men:—

UPTON KNOLL, GLOUCESTER, 21-5-89.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I attach very great importance to the success and spread of the system of placing *boursiers à l'étranger*, not only as a well-deserved reward to the young men themselves, but especially as a means of making two neighbour-nations better acquainted with each other, and thus helping to bind them in a concord that may never be broken. I have no hesitation then, in believing that if it were possible very largely to extend this excellent system among the

nations of Europe, of letting the young men of one country dwell for awhile among the people of another land, it would be a powerful means of lessening those misconceptions and mistaken ideas about one another, which lead on to war. Even individually, if we experience dislike towards a person, such a feeling lessens as we come to know him more closely, and enter into his trials and sorrows: for it is impossible to hate even a wicked man if we know *all* about him.

“The day will come when this will be the experience of the nations too—and with it will come the beating of swords into plough-shares, and the learning of war no more. But even that supreme hour will have had, like all great things, its small and distant preparations which were developed slowly, and by little changes. When I say that these two beautiful volumes of La Fontaine, in reminding me of the quiet yet potentially great work on which the *Comité* is engaged, will always carry my thoughts on to that better future it is helping to accomplish, thou wilt believe how greatly I shall value them.

“I am, with sincere respect, thy friend,

JOHN BELLOWS.”

Although it was too evident that his strength was gradually failing, the winter of 1901-2 was passed by John Bellows in a fair degree of comfort. He was able to take an occasional drive: and in his correspondence with his friends kept up his interest with the outer world. It soon became necessary, however, for him to arrange for the transfer of his business to his sons Max and William, who had previously assisted in the management of it. In February, 1902, he had the grief of losing his only brother, Forster, who died at Cardiff, after a short illness.

With the return of Spring, the heart-weakness from which John Bellows suffered became more acute, and his son Philip, the only absent member of his family, was

summoned home from America. John Bellows now had the great satisfaction of having all his nine children around him. As his bodily strength declined, it was an unspeakable comfort to those about him that his faith in the unseen became stronger and stronger. It was like living in the atmosphere of Heaven itself to be with him during his last days on earth: and for *him* Heaven had already begun. From this experience there was no variation; and early on the morning of May 5th, 1902, "he was not, for God took him."

He had himself chosen for his last resting place the beautiful burying ground on the open hill-side at Painswick, not far from his own home, and here on the 9th of May the funeral took place, with the simple ceremony of the Society of Friends.



APPENDIX

A LIST OF JOHN BELLOWS' WRITINGS

- Outline Dictionary, for the Use of Missionaries,
Explorers and Students of Language. With an
introduction by Professor Max Müller. Title:
pp. v-xxxi, and 2-368. Size $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4$ inches ... 1867
- Ditto ditto. With introductory notes by Professor
Summers, on writing Chinese with Roman letters.
Title: pp. iii-vi, and 2-368. Size $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4$ inches 1868
- The Bona-fide Pocket Dictionary of the French and
English Languages on an entirely new system.
Revised and corrected by Auguste Beljame,
B.A., Alexandre Beljame, M.A., and John
Sibree, M.A. First edition, 6000 copies. Refer-
ences, titles and dedication: pp. i-xvi, and 1-548.
Size $4\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{5}{8}$ inches 1872
- Ditto ditto. Second edition, now in its 80th thousand.
Revised by Alexandre Beljame, Docteur-ès-
lettres. Proof sheets read by John Sibree, M.A.
and Auguste Marrot, B.A. References, title and
dedication: pp. i-viii and 1-605: maps. Size
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches 1876

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

- Remarks on certain Anonymous Articles designed
to render Queen Victoria unpopular 1864
- Two Days' Excursion to Llanthony Abbey and the
Black Mountains 1868
- Ritualism or Quakerism? 1870
- Who sent thee to baptise? ? 1870
- The Track of the War around Metz 1871
- On the Ancient Wall of Gloucester, and some
Roman Remains found in proximity to it in 1873.
(Proceedings, Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club) 1875

Notes on Offa's Dyke : the Black Rock at New Passage : Caldicot Castle. (Proceedings C.N.F.C.)	1875
The Roman Wall of Gloucester. (Transactions, Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society)	1876
On some Archæological Remains in Gloucester relating to the burning of Bishop Hooper. (Proceedings, C.N.F.C.)	1878
On some Bronze and other Articles found near Birdlip. (Transactions, B. & G. A. S.)	"
A Week's Holiday in the Forest of Dean. By Col. Holland and John Bellows. This has been frequently re-issued, with slight variations from the first edition	1881
Remarks on some Skeletons found at Gloucester in 1881. (Transactions, B. & G. A. S.)	1882
Chapters of Irish History	1886
Roman Wareham and the Claudian Invasion. (Proceedings, Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club)	1892
William Lucy and his friends of the Cotteswold Club five-and-thirty years ago. (Proceedings, C. N. F. C.)	1894
On the Past in the Present in Asia. (Proceedings, American Antiquarian Society)	"
Chisel-drafted Stones at Jerusalem. (Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement, July, 1896)	1896
Evolution in the Monastic Orders : Roman Work at Chepstow : Roman Remains at Bath. (Proceedings, C. N. F. C.)	1898
Survivals of Roman Architecture in Britain. (Proceedings, C. N. F. C.)	"
The Browns of Bartonbury. (Friends' Quarterly Examiner)	1899
The Forest of Dean. (Proceedings, American Antiquarian Society)	"
The Romans in Gloucestershire. (Lecture to the Cheltenham Natural Science Society)	1900

The Truth about the Transvaal War and the Truth about War. (Translations also in French and German)	1900
The England of the time of the War of Independence. (Proceedings, American Antiquarian Society)	1901
Etc., Etc.	

LETTERS AND ARTICLES IN NEWSPAPERS, ETC.
AFTERWARDS PRINTED AS LEAFLETS.

- Why I ought not to keep 'Christmas.'
- What is £1,000,000?: The Union of Hearts: Pauperism in Ireland: and others.
- Education, Emigration, and Colonization: a unified System.
- Overstrained 'Free' Trade (1887.)
- Prince Lucien Bonaparte.
- Daniel Wheeler's Farm at Shushari (Russia.)
- A Russian Railway Journey in Winter.
- The Georgian Road through the Caucasian Mountains.
- The Mediation of the Virgin.
- Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- Alexander III.
- Oxford Extension Lectures on the Reformation.
- John Soper.
- Peculiarities in Speech.
- Prayer.
- Letter to Senator Hoar on the Transvaal War ('New York Tribune.') Also issued in French.
- Letter to the Students of the Penn Charter School, Philadelphia.
- African Concentration Camps ('New York Tribune.')

John Bellows was the inventor of a cylindrical calculator for the rapid and accurate reckoning of workmen's wages. He also compiled a series of concentric calculators for converting the metric system into English equivalents, and *vice versa*.

INDEX

ADAMS, Charles F., 345
 Adams, James, 273, 275, 279, 283, 286
 Agdam, 203, 204
 Akara, River, 189
 Alexander III, Emperor, 254, 255
 Alexis, Monk, 111, 112
 Ali Akber, 198, 201
 Ali Bek, 156, 183
 Ali Hassan, 197
 Ambrose, 258
 America, visit to, 338-356
 American Antiquarian Society, 247-248, 304
 American friends, 40, 338
 American missionaries, 282
 Amesbury, Whittier's home at, 339, 352, 353
 Ardèche scenery, 42-44, 47
 Ardouin, Joannin, letter to, 370
 Armenian Massacres, 273, 282, 287, 289
 Refugees, 274-277, 279-281, 285, 286, 287,
 BAILEY, Joshua L., 340
 Balaklava, 229
 Balfour, Arthur J. 296
 Baptism, 52, 125
 Barclay's 'Apology,' 6, 372
 Barda, 179, 204
 Bashketchet, 212, 216
 Batoum, 227, 228
 Bechuana Chiefs, 265, 266
 Beljame, Professor Alexandre, 23
 Beljame, Professor Auguste, 23
 Bellows, Dorothy, 228, 235, 249, 279
 , letter to, 333
 Bellows, Ebenezer Forster, 2, 9, 382
 Bellows, Emily, death of, 48
 Bellows family, American branch of, 339
 Bellows, Hannah, 319
 , letters to, 279, 313
 Bellows, Hannah, (*nee* Stickland)
 1, 2, 8, 36
 Bellows, Dr Henry W., 21, 339

BELLOWS, JOHN:
 Parentage, 1; childhood, 2; at Lisburn School, 2; removal to Camborne, 2; apprenticeship, 3; remarkable memory, 3; early essays, 3; goes to London, 4; back at Camborne, 4; removes to Gloucester, 4; punctuality, 4; life at Gloucester, 5; becomes convinced Quaker, 6; gives up smoking, 7; studies, 7; goes into business, 8; parents move to Gloucester, 8; journey to Norway, 9; *French Dictionary* begun, 9; marriage, 10; Churcham, 10; Professor Max Müller, 10; birth of eldest child, 10; publication of *Outline Dictionary*, 14; Franco-German War, 15; *Track of the War around Metz*, 17; Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, 21; removal to Eastgate, 22; completion of *French Dictionary*, 23-25; discovery of the Roman wall of Gloucester, 25; interest in Roman antiquities, 27-32; Cornish friends, 33; death of parents, 36, 37; American friends, 40; holiday in France, 42-47; death of child, 48; builds 'Upton Knoll,' 50; Home Rule struggle, 61-69; visit to Trèves, 70-74; visit to Germany, 76-78; home life, 82-85; archaeology, 88-90; J.A. Froude, 94; visit to Paris, 97; journey to Russia, 100-245; Petersburg, 107-116; South Russia, 117-231; Count Tolstoi, 119; return to Gloucester, 239; Senator George F. Hoar, 247; American Antiquarian Society, 247; Paignton, 249-251; Khama, 265; journey to Varna and Constantinople, 273-289; Hague Peace Conference, 301; *Truth about the Transvaal War*, 307; Doukhobors, 318-337; Slavery

- in Pemba, 329; second journey to Russia, 330-334; visit to United States, 338-356; honorary degree, Harvard, 351; failing health, 360; action with regard to 'Resurrection,' 360, 361; Lake District, 363; illness, 364; Roman antiquities, 372-4; traits and characteristics, 375; independence of thought, 375; teetotalism, 376; vegetarianism 376; the theatre and music, 377; enjoyment of life, 377; relations with employees, 377; sympathy with the poor, 378; acknowledgment of errors, 380; French 'boursiers,' 381; death, 383; funeral at Painswick, 383
 Bellows, John Earnshaw, 82-85, 228, 235, 249, 251, 300
 —, letter to, 354
 Bellows, Katharine, 249, 345
 —, letters to, 270, 278
 Bellows, Lucy, 56, 221, 249
 —, letter to, 332
 Bellows, Marian, 249
 —, letters to, 115, 151, 252
 Bellows, Max, 10, 21, 27, 57, 70, 96,
 —, letters to, 103, 353 [249
 Bellows, Philip, 250, 251, 338, 382
 —, letter to, 316
 Bellows, William, 249, 341
 —, letters to, 92, 109, 258
 Bellows, William Lamb, 1, 2, 8, 37, 375
 Bells, sound of, 105, 232, 237, 240
 Bible Society, 9
 Birukoff, 325
 Blackie, Professor, 24
 Black Sea, 223, 224, 226-229, 230
 Boissier, Gaston, 245
 Bolton, Clara, 159
 Bolton, William, 162, 168, 169
 Bonaparte, Prince L. Lucien, 25
 Bonet-Maury, Professor, letters to,
 Borough English, 294 [381, 266
 Boston, 343-345, 355
 Bright, John, 66, 380
 Brooks, Edmund Wright, 265, 330,
 Brown, James, 167, 173 [335, 370
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 366, 367
 Bucharest, 273, 284
 Budapest, 283
 Bulgaria, 273, 277-281
 Bunyan, John, 256
 CAERLEON, 89, 258, 259, 373, 374
 Camborne, 2, 3, 4
 —, Chapel anecdote, 52
 Campbell, Sir James, 303
 Carleton, Colonel, letters to, 251, 257, 289, 295, 312, 340, 357
 Caucasus, 125-128, 153, 170, 213, 224, 238, 241
 —, brigands in, 178, 181, 205
 —, Governor-General of, 160
 Cave-dwellings, 199, 207, 244
 Carton, 58
 Celtic dialects, 66
 Chamberlain, Joseph, 265, 266
 Chelsea, Carlyle's house, 268, 269
 Child, death of, 48
 Children, Letter on, 33
 —, Society of little, 82
 Children, illness of his, 49
 —, letters to his, 209, 277, 288, 339, 342, 344, 347, 349
 Christ, Divinity of, 120, 233, 234, 370, 371, 372
 Christie, Dr, 290, 292
 Church of England, 5
 Church of Rome, 4
 Church, Professor, letter to, 308
 Clitheroe, marriage at, 10
 Concentration, power of, 33
 Concord, visit to, 349
 Confederate bank-notes, 14
 Confucius, 267, 370, 371
 Constantinople, 286-288
 Cornish friends, 33
 — names and antiquities, 10-13
 Cornwall, 10-13, 78, 91
 Correspondents, letters to, 39, 64, 259
 Cossacks of the Don, 320
 Cotteswold Hills, 29, 31, 50, 51, 364
 Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club, 26, 42
 Crickley, discovery of graves near, Cromwell, 269 [31
 Cyrus, 145, 154, 196
 DAGHESTAN Mountains, 205
 Daliar, 155, 157, 158
 Death, views on, 36, 37
 Dictionary, French, 9, 23-25, 339, Outline, 13 [352
 Dioscurias, 243
 Dobell, Mrs Sydney, letter to, 261
 Douglas, David, 239
 Doukhobors, 163, 217, 263, 264, 297, 318-337, 360, 361
 — in Canada, 319, 327, 328, 330, 336
 — in Cyprus, 319, 325, 328, 330
 Dyk, Armenian village of, 194, 200
 Dyrham, 96

- EASTGATE House, 22, 23
 Earnshaw, Elizabeth, 10
 Earnshaw, Hugh Granger, 9
 Earnshaw, Mark, 10
 Eisenach, 76, 77
 Eliot, President, 352, 370
 Elliott, Mary, 78 [208
 Elizabethopol, 154, 156, 167, 172,
 Elkinton, Joseph letters to, 330,
 334, 336
 Elkinton, Joseph S., 335, 338, 339
 Elkinton, Malinda, 338
 Emerson, Charles, 304
 Emerson, Dr Edward, 350
 Emerson, Miss, 350
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 56-60,
 304, 305, 350
 Erskine's, 'Spiritual Order,' 308
 Evans, Henry T., letter to, 92
 Evans, William, 340
 Extracts from letters, 341, 354
 FAST, Hermann, 119, 123, 159, 161,
 174, 206, 237, 335
 Fénelon, 34
 Forest of Dean, 32, 303
 Forster, William and Anna, 2
 Forster, William Edward, 2
 Fothergill, Dr, 306 [280
 Fox, Dr Hingston, letters to, 273,
 Francis, Alexander, 110, 114, 237,
 Franco-German War, 15-22 [238
 Frankfort, synagogue at, 132, 146,
 Frazer, Katherine, 286 [151
 French 'boursiers,' 381
 French Republic, Centenary of,
 98, 99
 Friends, Society of, 2, 5, 9, 15,
 100, 102, 103, 105, 110, 318, 330, 360
 ——— Armenian Relief Fund,
 282, 283
 ——— Meeting for Sufferings,
 239, 296, 320
 ——— Meeting on Peace, letter
 to, 313
 ——— Testimony against War, 16
 314, 315
 ——— Yearly Meeting, 37
 Frithiof's Saga, 226, 250
 Froude, James Anthony, 94
 GEORGIAN road through the
 Caucasian Mountains, the, 126
 Germany, visits to, 70, 76
 Gerusi, 176, 197, 199, 207, 244
 Glevum, 25-32, 295, 379 [373
 Gloucester, 4, 5, 30, 247, 271, 295
 Goktcha, Lake, 155 [226
 Greek Church, 100, 116, 169, 212,
 Green, James, letters to, 40, 46
 48, 49, 50, 286
 Green, Dr Samuel, 345
 Gregoriowitch, 177, 192, 198, 200
 HAGUE Peace Conference, 301
 Halley, Robert, 1
 Handlow House, Churcham, 10, 22
 Harris, Rendel, 282
 Harvard University, 339, 351, 370
 Haudelin, Dr, 144, 145, 160, 165,
 Hewlett, Joe, 312 [167
 Hilkoﬀ, Prince, 212, 216-220, 328
 Hilton, William, 112, 237
 Hoar, Senator George F., 247,
 303, 338, 346, 347, 350, 351
 ——— letters to, 248, 255, 256,
 264, 268, 305, 355, 364, 367
 ——— letters from, 247, 304,
 352, 366, 368
 ———, his 'Autobiography,' 247
 Hoar, Mrs, 344, 367
 Hoar, John, 345
 Hoar, Rockwood, 239
 Hoar, Samuel, 345, 349 [309, 320
 Hodgkin, Dr Thomas, letters to
 Holland, William, letters to, 300,
 303, 325, 351, 358, 361
 Holmes, Dr Oliver Wendell, 21,
 248, 304, 345
 ———, letters to, 56, 70, 79, 81,
 95, 97, 239
 ———, letters from, 21, 48, 55,
 74, 86, 246
 Holmes, Chief Justice O.W., 345
 ———, letters to, 271, 281, 292,
 Home, Bruce, letters to, 37-8 [362
 Home Rule, 61-69
 Hübner, Dr Emil, 28 [65, 87
 ———, letters to, 29, 30, 31, 32,
 ———, letter from, 379
 Hyett, William Henry, 113
 IRELAND, 61, 269
 Irish Landowner, letter to, 67
 JAMES, John Angell, 1
 Jason's Fleece, 222
 Jewill, Paul, letters to, 52, 53
 KARS, 219, 231
 Kasbek, Mount, 128, 170, 241
 Kedabek, 155, 158-160, 164-167
 Kenchester, 87-90
 Khama, 265, 266
 Khan-i-bagh, 183
 King, Friends' address to the, 316
 Knox, Major, letter to, 298
 Koura, River, 134, 145, 154, 170
 Kutais, 221, 222 [206, 241

LAKE District, the, 362, 363
 Lamb, Charles, 146
 Lamb, Philip, 1
 Latimer, 358
 Legge, Professor, 267
 Leipzig, 76-78
 Liberal Unionist Association, 61
 Liberal Unionist Association, letters to Secretary of, 62, 63, 66
 Liberal Unionist official, letter to, Lisburn School, 2 [68
 Liskeard, 1, 78
 Lord, Arthur, 345, 347
 Lowell, James Russell, 81, 82, 86, 87, 96, 304
 Lucy, William C., 26, 42
 Luther, Martin, 76, 239
 MACAULAY, 256
 Magna Castra, 87, 89
 Mahomedanism, 156
 Makharoff, Admiral, 332
 Marrot, Auguste, 23
 Matson House, 30
 Maurice, Frederick Denison, 308
 Max Müller, Professor, 10, 18, 112
 ———, letters to, 10, 11, 12, 13, 19, 26, 28, 36
 Max Müller, Mrs, 10
 Metz, relief-work at, 15-18 [17, 21
 Metz, 'Track of the War around,'
 Michell, Francis, letters to, 33, 76,
 Milner, Gamaliel, letter to, 297 [331
 Minden, 104, 106, 238
 Molokani, colony of, 215
 Morier, Sir Robert, 113, 237, 238
 Morier, Lady, 237
 Moscow, 118, 233-236, 333
 Mosque, 141
 Motley, 40
 Mowat, J., 87
 NAMES, origin of, 10-12, 29, 374
 Neave, Joseph James, 100, 101, 102, 103, 105, 107, 110, 113, 116, 117, 124, 136, 137, 139, 151, 159, 172, 174, 180, 183, 187, 189, 191, 192, 200, 208, 229, 236, 318, 334
 ———, letters to, 102, 254, 319, 327, 328, 335
 Neva, River, 232, 240
 New England, visit to, 342-354
 Newton, Llewellyn, 3
 Niagara, visit to, 341
 Nicholson, William, 237
 Nicolay, Baron, 237
 Nonconformist ancestors, 1
 Norway, 9
 Novorossisk, 228

ORDNANCE Survey, 32, 372
 Ovannes, 288
 'Over the Teacups,' 79, 87
 PAIGNTON, 249
 Paris, visit to, 97 [313-316
 Peace principles, 21, 268, 297, 308,
 Peck, Thomas Bellows, 329
 Peitsmeyer, David, 105
 Petersburg, 107-116, 231, 232, 236,
 Phasis, 222 [237, 240, 332
 Philadelphia, 338, 339-341
 Philadelphia, Friends at, 338, 340,
 Philippopolis, 289 [341, 354
 Plumbé, William, letter to, 51
 Plymouth, Mass., 347-349
 Poetry, 58, 59
 Poti, 221, 222
 Power, Edward, 8
 Prayer, 261, 262
 Prescott, 40, 345
 Prince, George, 111, 237
 Putnam, Elizabeth, letter to, 268
 Puy de Dôme, visit to, 45
 QUAKERISM, 5-7, 290, 292, 309
 RABBI in Tiflis, 147, 148
 Rasche, Louis, 104, 105, 106, 239
 Rawnsley, Canon, 362
 Redemption Rock, 345-347
 Renan, E., 98
 Resignation, 38
 Rhoads, Jonathan, 335
 Rion, River, 222, 223
 Rolleston, Professor, 25
 Roman Antiquities, 25-32, 46, 88, 89, 97, 257, 271, 272, 289
 ——— Architecture, survival of, lecture on, 328 [374
 ——— roads, 32, 89, 97, 114, 372-
 ——— Wall, Gloucester, 25-27, 295
 ——— Empire, extension of, 70
 Romans in Roumania, 284, 285
 Rowlandson, Mary, 345
 Runeberg, the poet, 79
 Russia, visits to, 107-238, 330-334
 Rustchuck, 275, 285
 SAINTBRIDGE House, 50
 St. Petersburg (see Petersburg)
 Saksaran, mountain, 188
 Salisbury, Lord, 69
 Salisbury, Stephen, letter to, 359
 Saloman, Abraham, 133, 135, 143,
 Schamyl, 130, 134 [145, 148
 Selheim, Dr, 237
 Selheim, Mrs, 237
 Sevastopol, 230

- Shelley, 79, 256
 Sherston, Wiltshire, 96
 Shusha, 156, 176, 181, 184, 187,
 Sibree, John, 23 [202, 203]
 Siemens, William, 165
 Silchester, 88
 Skarvan, Dr, 322
 Slavery in Pemba, 329 [163]
 Slavianka, Doukhobor village of,
 Smith, Louisa, letter to, 290
 Smoking, gives up, 7
 Soldiers, letter to two, 310
 Soper, John, letter to, 249
 Spurrell, William, 66
 Staal, Baron de, 301, 302
 Stephen, Leslie, 367
 Sterling, Miss, 308
 Stickland, John, 1
 Strabo, 155, 163, 170, 207, 228, 243
 Stundists, 100, 335
 Sturge, Wilson, 221, 222, 223, 319,
 Sukhum Khale, 243 [328]
 Symmachus, 258
 Sympathy, 98, 255, 259, 364
 Synagogue at Tiflis, 145, 151

 TANGYE, George, letter to 35
 Tangye, James, 33
 Tasso, 136
 Tavistock, 1
 Tcherkoff, Vladimir, 300, 321
 Temperance, 376
 'Terminus,' 60
 Theatre, the, 377
 Thoreau, Henry D., 304, 350
 Tiflis, 136-154, 156, 167, 212, 221,
 224, 242, 243
 Tithe, objection to, 92-94
 Tolstoi, Count, 118, 261, 262, 264,
 265, 319, 321, 327, 370, 372
 ———, visits to, 119-122, 232-
 235, 334
 ———, letters from, 263, 361

 Tolstoi, Count, his 'Resurrection,'
 360, 361
 Tolstoi, Count Sergius, 327
 Tolstoi, Countess Mary, 233, 235
 Tolstoi, Alexandra, 234
 Tolstoi, Ivan, 234
 Tools, Cornish, 140, 143,
 ———, ancient, 166, 248
 Trans-Caucasus, 108, 136-226, 243
 Transvaal War, 307, 309
 Trees, Music in the, 367-369
 Trêves, 70-73
 Tsar, petition to the, 330

 UDZHARRI, 168, 173, 176, 223
 'Upton Knoll,' 50, 61, 233

 VALS, visit to, 42
 Varna, 273, 278-281
 Vaux, George, 340
 Vegetarianism, 226
 Vladikafkas, 119, 122, 123

 WALLIS, Liskeard, 1
 War, views on, 18-21, 308
 Weir, Harrison, letter to, 90
 Wesleyans, 2
 White, Andrew D., 114, 240, 264,
 Whittier, 86, 96, 339, 352 [351]
 Wife, his, 10, 50, 53, 103, 235, 249,
 268, 273, 277, 279, 287, 288, 352
 ———, letters to, 36, 42, 44, 45,
 46, 104, 106, 107, 108, 109, 113,
 114, 115, 116, 119, 122, 123, 136,
 137, 141, 145, 149, 153, 155, 158,
 168, 176, 181, 187, 203, 212, 221,
 222, 224, 226, 229, 231, 232, 236,
 330, 332, 333
 Wiffen's translation of Tasso, 49
 Worcester, Mass., visit to, 338, 359
 Wordsworth, 41, 49, 58, 59, 304

 ZABOUCH, village of, 190, 200

THE END

AUG 31 1959

**RETURN
TO →**

LIBRARY SCHOOL LIBRARY
2 South Hall

642-2253

LOAN PERIOD 1	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

MAY 27 1983		
JUN 4		

FORM NO. DD 18, 45m, 6'76

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

②

YD 31780

